

Lou Reed, Downtown Dirt

Picking up pieces of information

Time locks

Picking up pieces of information about you

And how to pick locks

Scouting around on the Lower East Side and mattresses in the rain

Them uptown ladies with their uptown coats

Come down here to get laid

It's a boring macho trip

And I'm the type that fascinates

Hey, Mrs Pamela Brown, how's the Dakota?

You're twenty eight years and your face has been lifted

But you still look so much older

You been desoiled and your linen is drab,

You've got crabs

The things they sell you

Your credit cards

I love you for it

I love you for it

Sell your sugar

I'm a humanitarian

I give it all to myself

That way you way you cling

And I stay additive

And psychologically you know

Hey, psychologically it's better that I think that I am dirt

Psychologically it's better that I think that I am dirt

Do you know it's better to think I'm dirt

Don't you like to have some dirt

That all it's worth it's just dirt

Cheap

Cheap damn dirt

Hey Pam, dirt

Cheap dirt

Dirt

Uptown dirt

Dirt