

Lou Reed, Gimmie Some Good Times

Hey, if that ain't the rock'n'roll animal himself, what you doing bro.

(Standing on the corner)

Well, I can see that, what you got in your hand

(Suitcase in my hand)

No, shit, what's this

(Jack is in his corset, Jane is in her vest)

Fucking faggot Johnson

(Jack, sweet Jane, I'm in a rock'n'roll band)

Well, I can see that

Some people say that you can't - (no no no)

No matter how good you are

And some people say, they can't move - (no no no)

No matter where they are

Gimmie, gimmie, gimmie some good times

Gimmie, gimmie, gimmie some pain

No matter how ugly you are

You know to me it all looks the same

Rain from the morning in the blue clouds

Now just shining up with dew

Riding through the city in their big cars

And me, I ain't got nothing to do

Gimmie, gimmie, gimmie some good times

Gimmie, gimmie, gimmie some pain

Don't you know things always look ugly

To me they always look the same

Oh, gimmie, gimmie, gimmie some good times

Oh, Gimmie, gimmie, gimmie some pain

Don't you know that most things look ugly

To me they always look the same

Oh, don't you know, hey, don't you know

To me they always look the same

Oh, don't you know, hey, don't you know

To me they always look the same

Oh, don't you know, hey, don't you know

To me they always look the same

Oh, don't you know, hey, don't you know

To me they always look the same