

Lou Reed & John Cale, Open House

Please

Come over to 81st street I'm in the apartment above the bar
You know you can't miss it, it's across from the subway
And the tacky store with the mylar scarves

My skin's as pale as outdoors moon
My hair's silver like a tiffany watch
I like lots of people around me but don't kiss hello
And please don't touch

It's a czechoslovakian custom my mother passed on to me
The way to make friends andy is invite them up for tea
Open house, open house

I've got a lot of cats, here's my favorite
She's lady called sam
I made a paper doll of her you can have it

That's what I did when I had st.vitus dance
It's a Czechoslovakian custom my mother passed on to me
Give people little presents so they remember me
Open house, open house

Someone bring the vegetables, someone please bring heat
My mother showed up yesterday, we need something to eat
I think I got a job today they want me to draw shoes
The ones I drew were old and used
They told me draw something new
Open house, open house

Fly me to the moon, fly me to a star
But there are no stars in the new york sky
They're all on the ground
You scared yourself with music, I scared myself with paint
It almost made me faint
Open house, open house