

Lou Reed, Kill Your Sons

All your two-bit psychiatrists are giving you electro shock
They say, they let you live at home, with mom and dad
Instead of mental hospital
But everytime you tried to read a book
You couldn't get to page 17
'Cause you forgot, where you were
So you couldn't even read
Don't you know, they're gonna kill your sons
Don't you know, they're gonna kill, kill your sons
They're gonna kill, kill your sons
Until they run run run run run run run run away

Mom informed me on the phone
She didn't know what to do about dad
Took an axe and broke the table
Aren't you glad you're married
And sister, she got married on the island
And her husband takes the train
He's big and he's fat and he doesn't even have a brain
They're gonna kill your sons
Don't you know, they're gonna kill, kill your sons
Don't you know, they're gonna kill, kill your sons
Until they run away

Creedmore treated me very good
But Paine Whitney was even better
And when I flipped on PHC
I was so sad I didn't even get a letter
All of the drugs, that we took, it really was lots of fun
But when they shoot you up with thozizene on crystal smoke
You choke like a son of a gun
Don't you know, they're gonna kill your sons
Don't you know, they're gonna kill, kill your sons
They're gonna kill, kill your sons
Until they run run run run run run run run away