

Lou Reed, My Friend George

Read in the paper about a man killed with a sword
And that made me think of my friend George
People said the man was five foot six
Sounds like George with his killing stick

Hey Bro, what's the word
Talkin' 'bout My Friend George
Hey Bro, what's the word
Talkin' 'bout My Friend George
You're talkin' 'bout My Friend George

I knew George since he's eight
I always thought that he was great
Anything that George would do
You know that I would do it too

George liked music and George liked to fight
He worked out in a downtown gym every night
I'd spar with him when work has done
We split lips but it was all in fun

Hey Bro, what's the word
Talkin' 'bout My Friend George
Hey Bro, what's the word
Talkin' 'bout My Friend George

Next thing I hear George's got this stick
And using it for more than kicks
I see him down at Smalley's bar
He was wired up, I tried to calm him down

Avenge yourself he says to me
Avenge yourself for humanity
Avenge yourself for the weak and the poor
Stick it to these guys fight through their heads
Well, the fight is my music, the stick is my sword
And you know that I love you, so please don't say a word
Can't you gear the music playing, the anthem, it's my call
And the last I seen of George was him running through the door

I says, Hey Bro, what's the word
Talkin' 'bout My Friend George
Hey Bro, what's the word
You're talkin' 'bout My Friend George
Talkin' 'bout My Friend George