

Lou Reed, N.Y. Stars

The stock is empty in our eyeball store
All we got left, a few cataracts and sores
The faggot mimic machine never had an ides
Mission impossible, they self destruct on fear
On a standard N.Y. night ghouls go to see their so called 'stars'
A fairly stupid thing, to pay five bucks for a 4th rate imitation

They say: 'I'm so empty, no surface, no depth
Oh please, can't I be you, your personality's so great.'
Like new buildings, square, tall and the same
Sorry, Miss Stupid, didn't you know it was a game
I'm just waiting for them to hurry up and die
It's really getting to crowded here
Help me N.Y. stars

Contributions accepted all the same
We need new people store
Remember, we're very good at games