

Lou Reed, Sally Can't Dance

Sally dances on the floor
She says she can't do it anymore
She walks down St. Marks Place
And eats natural food at my place

Sally can't dance no more, she can't get off of the floor
Sally can't dance no more
They found her in the trunk of a ford
Oooh, she can't dance no more

Sally is loosing her face
She lives on St., Marks Place
In a rent-controlled appartment, eighty dollars a month
She has lots of fun, she has lots of fun

But, Sally can't dance no more
Sally can't dance no more
She took too much meth and can't get off the floor
Now Sally, she can't dance no more

She was the first girl in the neighbourhood
To wear tied-dyed pants, ah, like she should
She was the first girl that I ever seen
That had flowers painted on her jeans
She was the first girl in her neighbourhood
that got raped on Tompkins Square real good
Now she wears a sword, like Napoleon
And she kills the boys and acts like a son

Sally can't dance no more, Sally can't dance no more
She can't get herself off the floor, Sally, she can't dance no more

Sally became a big model, she moved up to eighties and park
She had a studio appartment and that's where she used to ball
folk singers, and that's where she used to ball folk singers

Sally can't dance no more, Sally can't get off of the floor
She can't dance no more, Sally can't dance

She knew all the right people, she went to Le Jardin
She danced with Picasso's illegitimate mistress
And wore Kenneth Lane jewels - it's trash -

But - Sally can't dance no more, she can't get off of the floor
Sally can't dance no more, Sally can't dance