Lou Reed, The Bed

This is the place where she lay her head
When she went to bed at night
And this is the place our children were conceived
Candles lit the room brightly at night

And this is the place where she cut her wrists
That odd and fateful night
And I said, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, what a feeling
And I said, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, what a feeling

This is the place where we used to live
I paid for it with love and blood
And these are the boxes that she kept on the shelf
Filled with her poetry and stuff

And this is the room where she took the razor
And cut her wrists that strange and fateful night
And I said, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, what a feeling
And I said, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, what a feeling

I never would have started if I'd known
That it's end this way
But funny thing, I'm not at all sad
That it stopped this way

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