John Cale, Nobody But You

Words and music: Lou Reed & John Cale
I really care a lot although I look like I do not
Since I was shot there's nobody but you
I know I look blase, party Andy's what the papers say
At dinner I'm the one who pays - for a nobody like you
Nobody but you, a nobody like you
Since I got shot there's nobody but you
Won't you decorate my house
I'll sit there quiet as a mouse
You know me I like to look a lot - at nobody like you
I'll hold your hand and slap my face
I'll tickle you to your disgrace
Won't you put me in my proper place - a nobody like you
Sundays I pray a lot, I'd like to wind you up
and paint your clock
I want to be what I am not - for a nobody like you
The bullet split my spleen and lung, the doctors said I was gone
Inside I've got some shattered bone for nobody but you
I'm still not sure I didn't die
And if I'm dreaming I still have bad pains inside
I know I'll never be a bride - to nobody like you
I wish I had a stronger chin, my skin was good, my nose was thin
This is no movie I'd ask to be in - with a nobody like you
Nobody like you, a nobody like you, all my life -
It's been nobodies like you