

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