

John Cale, Open House

Words and music: Lou Reed & John Cale

Please

Come over to 81st street I'm in the apartment above the bar

You know you can't miss it, it's across from the subway
and the tacky store with the Mylar scarves

My skin's as pale as outdoors moon

My hair's silver like a Tiffany watch

I like lots of people around me but don't kiss hello

And please don't touch

It's a Czechoslovakian custom my mother passed on to me

The way to make friends Andy is invite them up for tea

Open house, open house

I've got a lot of cats, here's my favorite

She's lady called Sam

I made a paper doll of her - you can have it

That's what I did when I had St.Vitus dance

It's a Czechoslovakian custom my mother passed on to me

Give people little presents so they remember me

Open house, open house

Someone bring the vegetables, someone please bring heat

My mother showed up yesterday, we need something to eat

I think I got a job today they want me to draw shoes

The ones I drew were old and used

They told me - draw something new

Open house, open house

Fly me to the moon, fly me to a star

But there are no stars in the New York sky

They're all on the ground

You scared yourself with music, I scared myself with paint

It almost made me faint

Open house, open house