

# Lou Reed, Ennui

All the things you said - you thought I was dead  
Everything made me feel aware  
Ah, you're getting old, you're doing things  
You're losing your hair  
All the things that you used to believe in  
Turned out to be true - you're guilty of reason

You're the kind of person that I could do without  
And certain kinds of money would make you see what it's all about  
There's a first time for everything  
There's a first one's on me, don't you see

All of the things that your old lover said  
Look at them, they jump out of windows  
And now they're just dead  
It's the truth, don't you realize

Faded without any talent of fun  
Running out in the streets, balling everyone  
It's the truth, It's the truth

Pick up the pieces that make up your life  
Maybe some day you'll have a wife and them alimony  
Oh, can't you see