

Lou Reed, Future Farmers Of America

Born on a farm in a transatlantic moonlight
split like a cord of wood my family broke up
Sold like a piece of steer, a piece of meat, a cow
a breathing piece of shit

Picked for my age, for my strength and make up
called for I was tall, I was big, I could hold up
A tree or a piece of steel I could do
what my fat owner can't

Ah, future farmers of America
future farmers of America
Future farmers of America

Ah
I'm always watching the way his wife looks me over
I have a sex twice as big as her husband's
If I wasn't so large, so strong, so pale
I'd disappear under a bush

Colorless men and ladies of the world unite
kill your master with one cut of your knife
Kill them during sex, kill them during talk
kill them whenever you can

Future farmers of America
future farmers of America
Future farmers of America

These -
- stupid black owners are foreigners to affairs of the heart
look at me, I'll never own land that I work on
Every one of us here shares a surname
this father must die

I was born on the dark cusp of twilight
my father was dark, my mother was light
Look at me, I'm strong
I could crush him in my fist

Ah
I could crush him in my
I could crush him in my
I could crush him in my fist

I could crush him in my
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Future farmers of America
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