

Lou Reed, Gassed And Stoked

Well, you covered your tracks
and now I can't see you
You had your ashes scattered at sea
There's no grave to visit no tombstone to look at
You were in the NY Times obituary
There's no record no tape no book no movie
Some photographs and some memories
Sometime I dial your photo number by mistake
and this is what I hear

This is no longer a working number baby
Please redial your call
This is no longer a working number
Your party doesn't live here anymore
This is no longer a working number
if you still require help
Stay on the line and an operator
will try to bail you out

I knew I should have seen you that Thursday
I knew I shouldn't left
But you sounded so good your spirits so up
I thought I'd see you next week
I say over and over if I had half a brain
if I had half a brain in my head
I wouldn't sit here dialing a wrong number
and listening to what some recording said

I knew I should have written, written things down
I always say I'll never forget
Who can forget a one-eye pilot
Who's a concert pianist
A Opainter a poet songwriter supreme
My friends are blending in my head
They're melting into one great spirit
and that spirit isn't dead

Now I may not remember everything that you said
But I remember all the sings you've done
And not a day goes by not an hour
when I don't try to be like you
You were gassed, stoked and rarin' to go
and you were that way all the time
So I guess you know why I'm laughing at myself
every time I dial the wrong line

This is no longer a working number baby