

Lou Reed, Home Of The Brave

Here's to Johnny with his Jo, and Mickey's got a wife
And here's to Jerry, he's got Joyce
And me I'm shaking in my boots tonight
For the daughters and the sons
Lost in the home of the brave

Here's to the home of the brave
Here's to the life that's not saved
Here's to the home of the brave
Here's to the home of the brave

Here's to Frank, hit in some bar
In picturesque Brooklyn Heights
And here' to a friend, who jumped in front of a train
At seven o'clock, on night
And another friend, who thinks he lacks worth
Has disappeared from sight
Somewhere in the home of the brave

Here's to the home of the brave, ...

The stars are hiding in their clouds
The street lights are too bright
A man's kicking a woman, who's clutching his leg tight
And rush off to the home of the brave

Here's to the home of the brave, ...

And everyday you have to die some, cry some, die some
And everyday you have to die some, cry some, and die
In the home of the brave - home of the brave