

# Lou Reed & John Cale, Hello It's Me

Andy it's me, haven't seen you in a while  
I wished I talked to you more when you were alive  
I thought you were self-assured when you acted shy  
Hello it's me  
I really miss you, I really miss your mind  
I haven't heard ideas like that in such a long, long time  
I loved to watch you draw and watch you paint  
But when I saw you last I turned away

When billy name was sick and locked up in his room  
You asked me for some speed, I thought it was for you  
I'm sorry that I doubted your good heart  
Things always seem to end before they start

Hello it's me, that was a great gallery show  
Your cow wallpaper and your floating silver pillows

I wish I paid more attention when they laughed at you  
Hello it's me

"Pop goes pop artist," the headline said  
"is shooting a put-on, is Warhol really dead?"  
You get less time for stealing a car  
I remember thinking as I heard my own record in a bar

They really hated you, now all that's changed  
But I have some resentments that can never be unmade  
You hit me where it hurt I didn't laugh  
Your diaries are not a worthy epitaph

Oh well now andy - guess we've got to go  
I hope some way somehow you like this little show  
I know it's late in coming but it's the only way I know  
Hello it's me - goodnight andy...  
Goodbye, andy