

Lou Reed, My Old Man

When I was a young boy in Brooklyn
Going to public school
During recess in the concrete playground
They lined us up by twos
In alphabetical order, Reagan, Reed and Russo
I still remember the names
And stickball and stoopball
Were the only games that we played
And I wanted to be like my old man
I wanted to grow up just like my old man
I wanted to be like my old man
I wanted to dress like
I wanted to be just like
I wanted to act like my old man
I wanted to be like
I wanted to act like
I wanted to be just like my old man

And then like everyone else I started to grow
And I didn't want to be like my father anymore
I was sick of his bullying
And having to hide under a desk on the floor
And when he beat my mother
It made me so mad I could choke
And I didn't want to be like my old man
I didn't even want to look like my old man
I didn't even want to seem like my old man

A son watches his father
Being cruel to his mother
And makes a vow to return only when
He is so much richer
In every way so much bigger
That the old man will never hit anyone again

Like my old man [x4]

And can you believe what he said to me
He said, "Lou, act like a man"
Why don't you act just like a man
Act like your daddy
Act like a man
Why don't you act like a man
Like your old man

Like my old man