

# 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