

Lou Reed, Oh, Jim

All your two-bit friends
They're shootin' you up with pills
They said that it was good for you
That it would cure your ills

I don't care just where it's at
I'm just like an alley cat

And when you're filled up to here with hate
Don't you know you gotta get it straight
Filled up to here with hate
Beat her black and blue and get it straight

Do, do, do, do, do, do
When you're lookin' through the eyes of hate

All your two-bit friends
They asked you for your autograph
They put you on the stage
They thought it'd be good for a laugh

But I don't care just where it's at
'Cause honey, I'm just like an alley cat

And when you're filled up to here with hate
Don't you know you gotta get it straight
Filled up to here with hate
Beat her black and blue and get it straight
Uh-huh

Oh, Jim
How could you treat me this way
Hey, hey, hey
How could you treat me this way

Oh, Jim
How could you treat me this way
Hey, hey
How could you treat me this way

You know you broke my heart
Ever since you went away

Now you said that you love us
But you only make love to one of us
Oh, oh, oh, oh, Jim
How could you treat me this way

You know you broke my heart
Ever since you went away

When you're looking through the eyes of hate
Oh, oh, oh, oh
When you're looking through the eyes of hate
Oh, oh, oh, oh
When you're looking through the eyes of hate
Oh, oh, oh, oh
When you're looking through the eyes of hate
Oh, oh, oh, oh
When you're looking through the eyes of hate
Oh, oh, oh, oh
When you're looking through the eyes of hate
Oh, oh, oh, oh
When you're looking through the eyes of hate
Oh, oh, oh, oh