

# Lou Reed, Some Kinda Love

Some kinda love, Margarita told Tom  
Between thought and expression lies a lifetime  
Situation arise, because of the weather  
And no kinds of love are better than others

Some kinda love, Margarita told Tom  
Like a dirty French novel, the absurd court the vulgar  
And some kinds of love, the possibilities are endless  
And for me to miss one would seem to be groundless

I heard what you said, Margarita heard Tom  
And of course you're a bore  
But you are not charmless in  
'Cause a bore is a straight line  
That finds wealth in division  
And some kinds of love are mistaken for vision

Put jelly on your shoulder, let's do what you feel most  
That, from which you recoil, but which still makes your eyes moist  
Ooooh, put jelly on your shoulder, lies down upon the carpet  
Between thought and expression, let us now kiss the culprit  
Ooooh, I don't know, just what it's all about  
Oooh, put on your red pajamas and let's find out  
Lord rock it on, long walk really satisfies