

# Lou Reed, The Bells

And the actress is relayed  
and the actor comes home late  
And the plays have gone down  
the crowds have scattered way  
Neath the city lights and the street  
No ticket could be beat  
for the beautiful show of shows  
Ah, Broadway only knows  
The great white Milky Way  
it had something to say  
When he fell down on his knees  
after soaring through the air  
With nothing to hold him there  
It was really not so cute  
to play without a parachute  
As he stood upon the ledge  
looking out, he thought he saw a crock

And he hollered: Look, there are the bells  
And he said: Now, here come the bells  
Here come the bells, here come the bells  
Here come the bells

Here come the bells [x4]