

Lou Reed, Walk And Talk It

I got horrors in my luney tunes
I got dreams and you do, too
I got ten wheel drive, pick you up into your ears

I got retake carbine and in my eyelids gear
I got no one to love and no one to fear

You better walk it, and talk it less you loose that beat
You better loose yourself, mama
And rock yourself right off of your feet

If you're moving too fast, don't you want it to last
You better walk it, talk it
You better walk it as you talk less you loose that beat

I got dimes in my shoes, real nice
I got bells that are laid on ice
I got dreams, let me mix it with a little gin

I got cruel when I told you woman, I'm hard
But me is the one thing baby, you ain't got

You better walk it, and talk it less you loose that beat
You better loose yourself, mama
And rock yourself right off of your feet

Yeah, if you're moving too fast, don't you want it to last
You better walk it, talk it
You better walk it as you talk less you loose that beat

You better walk it, and talk it less you loose that beat
You better loose yourself, mama
And rock yourself right off of your feet

Yeah, if you're moving too fast, now don't you want it to last
You better walk it, talk it
You better walk it as you talk less you loose that beat
Ah - ha - ha