

Lou Reed, White Prism

There's a white prism with phony jism
spread across its face
and the soulful convicts forever interred
lose the smile across their faces
The smile that registered hopes or dreams
has proven just a waste

And I'm the indentured servant
forever in his place
and I'm the indentured servant
forever in his place

I wish I built a cabinet
of shiny bolts and wood
secret draws and hiding places
sculpted out of wood
Secret places, secret lies
in a desk lying alone

Secret letter written to you
to be read when you're alone
secret letter written to you
to be read when you're alone

It says, I'm your indentured servant
I can no longer pretend
that I'm a lover or an equal
I'm not even a friend
I'm not good enough to serve you
I'm not good enough to stay

So it is that I beseech you
to please turn me away
so it is that I beseech you
to please turn me away

Turn me away
turn me away
turn me away

I'm asking you to let me go
it hurts me when you're sad
and I can not do better than this
which must surely make you mad
I'd be better off in your cabinet
or in a prison made of cloth

Crouched beneath your dress I come
shooting little spurts
crouched beneath your dress I come
shooting little spurts

I'm your indentured servant
but even I have pride
in what I make or say or do
although I've lots to hide
I hide from freedom and I hide from you
'cause you've found me out

I belong in prison beneath your legs
in a cabinet that I've built
beneath a candle in a secret drawer
in a prison by a moat

I'm your indentured servant
and I'm asking you to leave
me outside this prison cell
where only you can breathe
I-I-I, I'm your indentured servant
but I'm asking you for this

Please release me from this love
and do it with a kiss
I'm your indentured servant
I'm the one you'll miss

Do it with a kiss
do it with a kiss
do it with a kiss
I'm the one you'll miss