

Lou Reed, Why Can't I Be Good

Why can't I be good
Why can't I act like a man
Why can't I be good
And do what other men can
Why can't I be good
Make something of this life
If I can't be a god
Let me be more than a wife

Why can't I be good
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I don't want to be weak
I want to be strong
Not a fat happy weakling
With two useless arms
A mouth that keeps moving
With nothing to say
An eternal baby
Who never moved away

Why can't I be good
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I'd like to look in the mirror
With a feeling of pride
Instead of seeing a reflection
Of failure a crime
I don't want to turn away
To make sure I cannot see
I don't want to hold my ears
When I think about me

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I want to be like the wind
When it uproots a tree
Carries it across an ocean
To plant in a valley
I want to be like the sun
That makes it flourish and grow
I don't want to be
What I am anymore

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I was thinking of some kind of whacked out syncopation
That would help improve this song
Some knock 'em down rhythm
That would help it move along
Some rhyme of pure perfection
A beat so hard and strong
If I can't get it right this time
Will a next time come along

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