

# The Little Willies, Lou Reed

We were drivin through West Texas  
The land of beef and pork  
Where they tend the hides of leather  
We wear back in New York  
In a pasture, along a roadside  
Behind a brokedown shack  
On a dusky side of evening  
We saw a figure dressed in black

And we don't mean to sound like we're trippin  
But we swear to God  
We saw Lou Reed cow tippin  
Cow tippin

Hey Lou, "Is that you?"  
She said as we pulled to the shoulder  
He just said, "Go screw."  
And then he turned and tipped one over  
Under a spitshine Western sky  
The color of blue varnish  
Hey it's like Fellini  
Actually I'm thinkin more like Jim Jarmusch

And we can't say how much we've been sippin  
But we swear to God  
We saw Lou Reed cow tippin  
Cow tippin

I got cops on the cell  
I said I got a little story to tell  
Lou Reed is in the cow pen  
They said, Oh no! Not again!

And we hope our perceptions isn't slippin  
But we swear to God  
We saw Lou Reed cow tippin  
Cow tippin

Cow tippin  
Cow tippin  
Cow tippin  
You really think that was Lou Reed?  
Cow tippin  
I'm sure it was, he was wearing black Levis  
Cow tippin  
I thought he was a vegetarian  
Cow tippin  
He's just tippin them over, he wasn't eating them  
Cow tippin  
Oh  
Cow tippin