

Lou Reed

The Little Willies

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'

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