

# My Friend George

Lou Reed

Read in the paper 'bout a man killed with a sword  
And that made my think of my friend George  
People said the man was five foot six  
Sounds like George with his killing stick  
Hey bro, what's the word  
Talkin' 'bout my friend George  
Hey bro, what's the word  
Talkin' 'bout my friend George  
You're talkin' 'bout my friend George  
I knew George since he's eight  
I always thought that he was great  
And anything that George would do  
You know that I would do it too  
George liked music and George liked to fight  
He worked out in a downtown gym every night  
I'd spar with him when work has done  
We split lips but it was all in fun  
Hey bro, what's the word  
You're talkin' 'bout my friend George  
Hey bro, what's the word  
Talkin' 'bout my friend George  
Talkin' 'bout my friend George  
Next thing I hear George's got this stick  
And using it for more than kicks

I see him down at Smalley's bar  
He was wired up, I tried to calm him down  
Avenge yourself he says to me  
Avenge yourself for humanity  
Avenge yourself for the weak and the poor  
Stick it to these guys fight through their heads  
Well, the fight is my music, the stick is my sword  
And you know that I love you, so please don't say a word  
Can't you gear the music playing, the anthem, it's my callin'  
And the last I seen of George was him running through the door  
I says, hey bro, what's the word  
Talkin' 'bout my friend George  
Hey bro, what's the word  
You're talkin' 'bout my friend George

Talkin' 'bout my friend George  
Hey bro, what's the word  
You're talkin' 'bout my friend George  
Hey bro, what's the word  
What were you saying 'bout my friend George  
Hey bro, what's the word  
You're talkin' 'bout my friend George  
Hey bro, what's the word  
I hear you talking 'bout my friend George

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