

Oh, Jim (Lou Reed's Berlin)

Lou Reed

All your two-bit friends they're shootin' you up with pills
They said that it was good for you, that it would cure your ills
I don't care just where it's at
I'm just like an alley cat
And when you're filled up to here with hate
Don't you know you gotta get it straight
Filled up to here with hate
Beat her black and blue and get it straight
Do, do, do, do, do, do,
When you're lookin' through the eyes of hate
All your two-bit friends they're ask you for your autograph
They put you on the stage, they thought it'd be good for a laugh
But I don't care just where it's at
'Cause honey I'm just like an alley cat
And when you're filled up to here with hate
Don't you know you gotta get it straight
Filled up to here with hate
Beat her black and blue and get it straight
Uh huh
Oh Jim, how could you treat me this way
Hey hey hey
How could you treat me this way?
Oh Jim, how could you treat me this way
Hey hey
How could you treat me this way?
You know you broke my heart
Ever since you went away
Now you said that you love us
But you only make love to one of us
Oh Jim, how could you treat me this way
You know you broke my heart
Ever since you went away
When you're looking through the eyes of hate
Oh, oh, oh, oh
When you're looking through the eyes of hate
Oh, oh, oh, oh ...

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