

Gimmie Some Good Times

Lou Reed

Hey, if that ain't the rock'n'roll animal himself, what you doing bro.
(standing on the corner)
Well, I can see that, what you got in your hand
(suitcase in my hand)
No, shit, what's this
(jack is in his corset, jane is in her vest)
Fucking faggot johnson
(jack, sweet jane, I'm in a rock'n'roll band)
Well, I can see thatSome people say that you can't - (no no no)
No matter how good you are
And some people say, they can't move - (no no no)
No matter where they areGimmie, gimmie, gimmie some good times
Gimmie, gimmie, gimmie some pain
No matter how ugly you are
You know to me it all looks the sameRain from the morning in the blue clouds
Now just shining up with dew
Riding through the city in their big cars
And me, I ain't got nothing to doGimmie, gimmie, gimmie some good times
Gimmie, gimmie, gimmie some pain
Don't you know things always look ugly
To me they always look the sameOh, gimmie, gimmie, gimmie some good times
Oh, gimmie, gimmie, gimmie some pain
Don't you know that most things look ugly
To me they always look the sameOh, don't you know, hey, don't you know
To me they always look the same
Oh, don't you know, hey, don't you know
To me they always look the same
Oh, don't you know, hey, don't you know
To me they always look the same
Oh, don't you know, hey, don't you know
To me they always look the same
Oh, don't you know, hey, don't you know
To me they always look the same

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