

Good Evening Mr. Waldheim

Lou Reed

Good evening Mr. Waldheim
And Pontiff how are you?
You have so much in common
In the things you do And here comes Jesse Jackson
He talks of common ground
Does that common ground include me
Or is it just a sound? A sound that shakes
Oh Jesse, you must watch the sounds you make
A sound that quakes
There are fears that still reverberate Jesse you say common ground
Does that include the P.L.O?
What about people right here, right now
Who fought for you not so long ago? The words that flow so freely
Falling dancing from your lips
I hope that you don't cheapen them
With a racist slip Oh common ground
Is common ground a word or just a sound?
Oh, oh, common ground
Remember those civil rights workers buried in the ground If I ran for president
And once was a member of the Klan
Wouldn't you call me on it
The way I call you on Farrakhan? And Pontiff, pretty Pontiff
Can anyone shake your hand ?
Or is it just that you like uniforms
And someone kissing your hand? Or is it true
The common ground for me includes you too?
Oh, oh, is it true
The common ground for me includes you too? Good evening Mr. Waldheim
Pontiff how are you?
As you both stroll through the woods at night
I'm thinking thoughts of you And Jesse you're inside my thoughts
As the rhythmic words subside
My common ground invites you in
Or do you prefer to wait outside? Or is it true
The common ground for me is without you?
Or is it true
The common ground for me is without you? Oh is it true
There's no ground common enough for me and you?

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