

Coney Island Baby

Lou Reed

You know, man, when I was a young man in high school
You believe in or not, that I wanted to play football for the coach
All those older guys,
They said he was mean and cruel
But you know, I wanted to play football, for the coach
They said I was too little too light weight to play line-back
So I say I'm playing right-end
Wanted to play football for the coach
'Cause, you know some day, man
You gotta stand up straight
Unless you're gonna fall
Then you're gonna die
And the straightest dude I ever knew
Was standing right for me, all the time
So I had to play football for the coach
And I wanted to play football for the coach
When you're all alone and lonely
In your midnight hour
And you find that your soul
It has been up for sale
And you getting to think about
All the things you done
And you getting to hate
Just about everything
But remember the princess who lived on the hill
Who loved you even though she knew you was wrong
And right now she just might come shining through
And the
Glory of love, glory of love
Glory of love, just might come through
And all your two-bit friends
Have gone and ripped you off
They're talking behind your back saying, man
You are never going to be a human being
And you start thinking again
About all those things that you've done
And who it was and who it was
And all the different things you made every different scene
Ah, but remember that the city is a funny place
Something like a circus or a sewer
And just remember, different people have peculiar tastes
And the
Glory of love, the glory of love
The glory of love, might see you through
Yeah, but now, now
Glory of love, the glory of love

The glory of love, might see you through
Glory of love, ah, huh, huh, the glory of love
Glory of love, glory of love
Glory of love, now, glory of love, now
Glory of love, now, now, now, glory of love
Glory of love, give it to me now, glory of love see you through
Oh, my Coney Island baby, now
(I'm a Coney Island baby, now)
I'd like to send this one out for Lou and Rachel
And all the kids at P. S. one-ninety-two
Coney Island baby
Man, I'd swear, I'd give the whole thing up for you

Songwriters

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