

# N.Y. Stars

Lou Reed

The stock is empty in our eyeball store  
All we got left, a few cataracts and sores  
The faggot mimic machine never had an idea's  
Mission impossible, they self destruct on fear  
On a standard N.Y. night ghouls go to see their so called 'stars'  
A fairly stupid thing, to pay five bucks for a 4th rate imitation  
They say: I'm so empty, no surface, no depth  
Oh please, can't I be you, your personality's so great.  
Like new buildings, square, tall and the same  
Sorry, Miss Stupid, didn't you know it was a game  
I'm just waiting for them to hurry up and die  
It's really getting to crowded here  
Help me N.Y. stars  
Contributions accepted all the same  
We need new people store  
Remember, we're very good at games

Songwriters

DAVID NAVARRO, ERIC ADAM AVERY, LOU REED, PERRY FARRELL, STEPHEN

PERKINS

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