

# The Original Wrapper

Lou Reed

I was sittin' home on the west end  
Watchin' cable tv with a female friend  
We were watchin' the news, the world's in a mess  
The poor and the hungry, a world in distress  
Herpes, aids, the middle east at full throttle  
Better check that sausage, before you put it in the waffle  
And while you're at it, check what's in the batter  
Make sure that candy's in the original wrapper  
Hey, pitcher, better check that batter  
Make sure that candy's in the original wrapper  
Reagan says abortion's murder  
While he's looking at cardinal o'connor  
Look at jerry falwell louis farrakhan  
Both talk religion and the brotherhood of man  
They both sound like they belong in teheran  
Watch out, they're goin' full throttle  
Better check that sausage, before you stick it in the waffle  
And while you're at it better check, what's in the batter  
Make sure that candy's in the original wrapper  
Hey, pitcher, better check that batter  
Make sure that candy's in the original wrapper  
White against white, black against jew  
It seems like it's 1942  
The baby sits in front of mtv  
Watching violent fantasies  
While dad guzzles beer with his favorite sport  
Only to find his heroes are all coked up  
Classic, original, the same old story  
The politics of hate in a new surrounding  
Hate if it's good and hate if it's bad  
And if this all don't make you mad  
I'll keep yours and I'll keep mine  
  
Nothing sacred and nothing divine  
Father, bless me, we're at full throttle  
Better check that sausage, before you put it in the waffle  
And while you're at it better check that batter  
Make sure the candy's in the original wrapper  
Hey, pitcher, better check that batter

Make sure that candy's in the original wrapper, hey, hey  
I was born in the united states  
And I grew up hard but I grew up straight  
I saw a lack of morals and a lack of concern  
A feeling that there's nowhere to turn  
Yippies, hippies and upwardly mobile yuppies  
Don't treat me like I'm some dumb lackey  
'cause the murderer lives while the victims die  
I'd much rather see it an eye for an eye  
A heart for a heart, a brain for a brain  
And if this all makes you feel a little insane  
Kick up your heels, turn the music up loud  
Pick up your guitar and look out at the crowd, and say, -  
- "don't mean to come on sanctimonious  
But life's got me nervous and little pugnacious  
Lugubrious so I give a salutation  
And rock on out to beat really stupid  
Ohh, poop, ah, doo and how do you do  
Hip hop gonna bop till I drop."  
Watch out world, comin' at you full throttle  
Better check that sausage, before you put it in the waffle  
And while you're at it better check that batter  
Make sure the candy's in the original wrapper  
Hey, hey, pitcher, better check that batter  
Make sure the candy's in the original wrapper  
Hey, pitcher, better check that batter  
Make sure the candy's in the original wrapper, hey, hey, hey

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