

# Ennui

## Lou Reed

All the things you said you thought I was dead  
Everything made me feel aware  
Ah, you're getting old you're doing things  
You're losing your hair All of the things that you used to believe in  
Turned out to be true, you're guilty of reason You're the kind of person  
That I could do without  
And certain kinds of money would make you see  
What it's all about There's a first time for everything  
And the first one's on me, don't you see? All of the things that your old lover said  
Look at them, they jump out of windows  
And now they're just dead, it's the truth  
Don't you realize? Faded without any talent of fun  
Running out on the streets, balling anyone  
It's the truth  
It's the truth Pick up the pieces that make up your life  
Maybe some day you'll have a wife  
And then alimony  
Oh, can't you see?

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