

# The Heroine

Lou Reed

The heroine stood up on the deck  
The ship was out of control  
The bow was being ripped to shreds  
Men were fighting down below  
The sea had pummeled the boat for so long  
That they knew nothing but fear And the baby's in his box  
He thinks the door is locked  
The sea is in a state The baby learns to wait for the heroine  
Oh, oh, for the heroine  
Locked in his defense  
He waits for the heroine The mast is cracking as the waves are slapping  
Sailors rolled across the deck  
And when they thought no one was looking  
They would cut a weaker man's neck While the heroine dressed in a virgin white dress  
Tried to steer the mighty ship  
But the raging storm wouldn't hear of it  
They were in for a long trip Baby's in the box  
He thinks the door is locked  
He finds it hard to breathe  
Drawing in the sea And where's the heroine  
To fire off the gun  
To calm the raging seas  
And let herself be seized  
By the baby in the box He thinks the door is locked  
The woman has the keys  
But there is no moment she can seize Here's to the heroine  
Who transcends all the men  
Who are locked inside the box  
Will the lady let them out Oh, the heroine, ooh, ooh, the heroine  
Strapped to the mast, the pale ascendant heroine  
Strapped to the mast, the pale ascendant heroine

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