

My House

Lou Reed

The image of the poet's in the breeze
Canadian geese are flying above the trees
A mist is hanging gently on the lake
My house is very beautiful at night
My friend and teacher occupies a spare room
He's dead, at peace at last, the wandering Jew
Other friends had put stones on his grave
He was the first great man that I had ever met
Sylvia and I got out our Ouija Board
To dial a spirit, across the room it soared
We were happy and amazed at what we saw
Blazing stood the proud and regal name Delmore
Delmore, I missed all your funny ways
I missed your jokes and the brilliant things you said
My dedalus to your bloom was such a perfect wit
And to find you in my house makes things perfect
I've really got a lucky life
My writing, my motorcycle and my wife
And to top it all off a spirit of pure poetry
Is living in this stone and wood house with me
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