

Kicks

Lou Reed

Hey man, what's your style
How you get your kicks for living
Hey man, what's your style
How you get your adrenalin flowing now
How you get your adrenalin flowing
Hey man, what's your style
I love the way, try to call now
Hey man, what's your style
I ain't jealous of the way you're living
I ain't jealous of the way you're living
When you cut that dude with just a little mania
You did it so, ... ah
When the blood comma' down his neck ...
Don't you know it was better than sex, now, now, now
It was way better than getting mean
'cause it was, the final thing to do, now
Get somebody to come on to you
And then you just get somebody to
To now, now, come on to you
And then you kill 'em, yeah
You kill 'em, now, now, cause I need kicks ...
I'm getting bored, I need, need, need now, now some kicks
Oh, give it, give it, give it, give it to me now, now, kicks
Hey man, what's your style
How you get your kicks for living
Hey man, what's your style
How you get your adrenalin flowing now, now, now, now
How you get your adrenalin flowing
Hey man, what's your style
You know, I love the way you drive your car now
Hey man, what's your style
I ain't jealous of the way you're living
Ain't jealous of, now, now, the way you're living
Hey, newspaper ...
You did it so, wow, crudely, now
With that blood coming down his chest
It was way better than sex, now, now
It was way better than getting mean
It was the final thing to do
Get somebody to come on to you, then
Get somebody to, ah, come on to you
Better kill them now
Better kill him now, now
Yeah, yeah, yeah, kill him now, now
'cause I need kicks

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