

Talking Book

Lou Reed

I wish I had a talking book
That told me how to act and look
A talking book that contained keys
To past and present memories
A talking book that said your name
So if you were gone, you'd still remain
More than a picture on a shelf
In imagination I could touch
A talking, talking book
I wish I had a talking book
Filled with buttons you could push
Containing looks and sights, your touch
Your feel, your breath, your sounds, your sighs
How much I'd [Incomprehensible] to ask it why
One must live and one must die
I wish I had a talking book
By my side so I could look
And touch and feel and dream a look
Much bigger than a talking book
A taste of loving's future and past
Is that so much to really ask
In this one moments time and space
Can our love really be replaced
By a talking book?
Can our love really be replaced
By a talking book?
Can our love really be replaced
By a talking book?
Can our love ever be replaced?
Can our love ever be replaced?
Can our love ever be replaced?
(Can our love really be replaced)
By a talking book?

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