

Felonious

Howe Gelb

Well, the piano's stealing Lou Reed licks
Licks that he probably stole
I wish they were Duke Ellington's
Like a wish we never could [hold]

The tongue is talking like Lou now
Like it had no choice or nothing else to do now
I wish it would wag like Kerouac
I wish we'd never feel blue now

Well, a friend who died for three minutes said

“There really is a light at the end of the tunnel when you're d
ead
But it's a tunnel you can't run toward
Because the tunnel is [smart], [then] the size of [] head”

The piano's still stealing Lou Reed licks
Licks he probably stole
I'd rather them [to be] Thelonious'
I'd rather we'd never get old