

# Edgar Allan Poe

Lou Reed

These are the stories of Edgar Allan Poe  
Not exactly the boy next door  
He'll tell you tales of horror  
Then he'll play with your mind  
If you haven't heard of him  
You must be deaf or blind  
These are the stories of Edgar Allan Poe  
Not exactly the boy next door  
He'll tell you about Usher  
Whose house burned in his mind  
His love for his dear sister  
Her death would drive him wild  
The murder of a stranger  
The murder of a friend  
The callings from the pits of hell  
That never seem to end  
These are the stories of Edgar Allan Poe  
Not exactly the boy next door  
These are the stories of Edgar Allan Poe  
Not exactly the boy next door  
The diabolic image of the city and the sea  
The chaos and the carnage that reside deep within me  
Decapitations, poisonings, hellish not a bore  
You won't need 3D glasses to pass beyond this door  
Edgar Allan Poe  
Not exactly the boy next door  
No Nosferatu Vincent Price or naked women here  
A mind unfurled, a mind unbent is all we have here  
Truth, fried orangutans flutter to the stage  
Leave your expectations home  
And listen to the stories of Edgar Allan Poe  
We give you the soliloquy the raven at the door  
Flaming pits the moving walls no equilibrium  
No ballast, no bombast  
The unvarnished truth we've got  
Mind swoons guilty  
Cooking ravings in a pot  
Edgar Allan Poe  
Not exactly the boy next door  
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Not exactly the boy next door  
Tell-tale heart a rotting cask  
A valley of unrest  
A conqueror worm devouring souls  
Keep the best for last  
Rings for Annie Lee  
As Poe's buried alive  
Regretting his beloved's death in  
All her many guises-a