

# Ghost Story

Lou Reed

It was seven o'clock in the morning  
Too late to handle the day  
At home it was only two thirty  
The skin on my wrists turning grey

He stood up, wished us good luck  
He changed his attitude twice  
The box in the corner shivered in fear  
It was tired and hungry for days

The next year she bought a new stomach  
Of Liverpool made in Detroit  
Constantly passing old matches  
Some sentries and millionaires

Who did? Gallagher did  
The same old thing every time  
Gave up more empty cups  
They were tired and hungry for nights

It made life a little easier  
To have Holland on the run  
It didn't take that long to forget her  
My old man and his gun

Rushed out, lions about  
Wasting away on advice  
A hundred and three, four hundred or more  
It'll haunt you for the rest of your life