

# My Friend George

Lou Reed

In the science of the mind  
there is no forgiving  
Paralyzed I lay here sleeping  
quiet as a little child

Heart starts beating, blood rushing pounding  
moving quiet as a little lamb  
In the science of the mind  
limbs are bound devoid of movement

The injuries we do in kind  
are visited upon us often  
In the science of the mind  
trying hard to move a shadow

Don't bury me I'm still alive  
the science of the mind unyielding  
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