

# Oh, Jim

Lou Reed

All your two-bit friends  
They're shootin' you up with pills  
They said that it was good for you  
That it would cure your ills

I don't care just where it's at  
I'm just like an alley cat

And when you're filled up to here with hate  
Don't you know you gotta get it straight  
Filled up to here with hate  
Beat her black and blue and get it straight

Do, do, do, do, do, do  
When you're lookin' through the eyes of hate

All your two-bit friends  
They asked you for your autograph  
They put you on the stage  
They thought it'd be good for a laugh

But I don't care just where it's at  
'Cause honey, I'm just like an alley cat

And when you're filled up to here with hate  
Don't you know you gotta get it straight  
Filled up to here with hate  
Beat her black and blue and get it straight  
Uh-huh

Oh, Jim  
How could you treat me this way  
Hey, hey, hey  
How could you treat me this way

Oh, Jim  
How could you treat me this way  
Hey, hey  
How could you treat me this way

You know you broke my heart  
Ever since you went away

Now you said that you love us  
But you only make love to one of us  
Oh, oh, oh, oh, Jim  
How could you treat me this way

You know you broke my heart  
Ever since you went away

When you're looking through the eyes of hate  
Oh, oh, oh, oh  
When you're looking through the eyes of hate  
Oh, oh, oh, oh  
When you're looking through the eyes of hate  
Oh, oh, oh, oh

When you're looking through the eyes of hate  
Oh, oh, oh, oh  
When you're looking through the eyes of hate  
Oh, oh, oh, oh  
When you're looking through the eyes of hate  
Oh, oh, oh, oh