

Downtown Dirt

Lou Reed

Picking up pieces of information
Down on the docks
Picking up pieces of information about you
And how to pick locks
Scouting around on the Lower East Side and mattresses in the rain
Those uptown ladies with their uptown coats
Come down here to get laid
It's a boring macho trip
And I'm the type that fascinates
Hey, Mrs Pamela Brown, how's the Dakota?
You're twenty eight years old and your face has been lifted
But you still look so much older
You been desoiled and your linen is drab,
You've got the crabs
The things they sell you
Your credit cards
I love you for it
I love you for it
Sell your sugar
I'm a humanitarian
I give it all to myself
That way you're clean
And I stay out of debt
And psychologically you know
Hey, psychologically it's better that I think that I'm dirt
Psychologically it's better that I think that I'm dirt
Don't you know it's better to think I'm dirt
Don't you like to have some dirt
That all it's worth it's just dirt
Cheap
Cheap damn dirt
Hey Pam, dirt
Cheap dirt
Dirt
Uptown dirt
Dirt