

Frustration

Lou Reed

Frustration

In my lexicon of hate
I see you with your portraiture
Does he love you?
Does he love you too?

The brush strokes
Kiss your breasts and toes
I cry icicles in my stein
The heartbeats flutter
With an abnormal rhythm

The pain shoots through my body
A sword between my thighs
I wish that I could kill you
But I too love your eyes

You're feeling less whore but you stimulate
The hatred smolders in your eyes
I'd drop to my knees in a second
To salivate in your thighs

But all I do is fall over
I don't have the strength I once had
In you and your prickless lover
And his easel in his eyes

I feel the pain creep up my leg
Blood runs from my nose
I puke my guts out at your feet
You're more man than I
To be dead to have no feeling
To be dry and spermless like a girl

I want so much to hurt you
I want so much to hurt you
I want so much to hurt you
Marry me
I want you as my wife

Spermless like a girl
More man than I
More man than I

Frustration
In my lexicon of hate
You're feeling less like a whore but you
Stimulate

All I do is fall over
I don't have the strength I once had
All I do is fall over
I don't have the strength I once had

I want you so much to hurt you
I want so much to hurt you
I want so much to hurt you

I want you as a wife

Frustration is my lexicon of hate
Frustration is my lexicon of hate
Fru... fru... frustration, my lexicon of hate

I cry icicles
Heartbeats flutter
Abnormal rhythm

I wish that I could kill you
But I too love your eyes
I want you as my wife
I want you as my wife
Spermless like a girl

Lucky in feeling
More man than I
Marry me, marry me, marry me
I want you as a wife
Spermless like a girl
Puking my guts at your feet
More man than I
Fru... fru... fru... frustration
Frustration