

# Future Farmers of America

Lou Reed

Born on a farm in a transatlantic moonlight  
split like a cord of wood my family broke up  
Sold like a piece of steer, a piece of meat, a cow  
a breathing piece of shit

Picked for my age, for my strength and make up  
called for I was tall, I was big, I could hold up  
A tree or a piece of steel I could do  
what my fat owner can't

Ah, future farmers of America  
future farmers of America  
Future farmers of America

Ah  
I'm always watching the way his wife looks me over  
I have a sex twice as big as her husband's  
If I wasn't so large, so strong, so pale  
I'd disappear under a bush

Colorless men and ladies of the world unite  
kill your master with one cut of your knife  
Kill them during sex, kill them during talk  
kill them whenever you can

Future farmers of America  
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These -  
- stupid black owners are foreigners to affairs of the heart  
look at me, I'll never own land that I work on  
Every one of us here shares a surname  
this father must die

I was born on the dark cusp of twilight  
my father was dark, my mother was light  
Look at me, I'm strong  
I could crush him in my fist

Ah  
I could crush him in my  
I could crush him in my  
I could crush him in my fist

I could crush him in my  
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