

Home of the Brave

Lou Reed

Here's to Johnny with his Jo
and Mickey's got a wife
And here's to Jerry
he has got his Joyce

And me, I'm shaking
in my boots tonight
For the daughters and the sons
lost in the home of the brave

And here's to the home of the brave
And here's to the life that's not saved
Here's to the home of the brave
Here's to the home of the brave

Here's to Frank hit in some bar
in picturesque Brooklyn Heights
And here's to a friend who jumped in front of a train
at seven o'clock one night

And another friend who thinks he lacks worth
has disappeared from sight
Somewhere in the home
of the brave

And here's to the home of the brave
And here's to the life that's not saved
Here's to the home of the brave
Here's to the home of the brave

The stars are hiding in their clouds
the street lights are too bright
A man's kicking a woman
who's clutching his leg tight

And I think suddenly of you
and blink my eyes in fright
And rush off to the home
of the brave

And here's to the home of the brave
Here's to the home of the brave
And here's to the life that is saved
Here's to the home of the brave

And everyday you have to die some
cry some and die some
And everyday you have to die some
cry some and die

In the home of the brave
Home of the brave