

# 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