

# Junior Dad

Lou Reed

Would you come to me  
If I was half drowning  
An arm above the last wave

Would you come to me  
Would you pull me up  
Would the effort really hurt you  
Is it unfair to ask you  
To help pull me up

The window broke the silence of the matches  
The smoke effortlessly floating

Pull me up  
Would you be my lord and savior  
Pull me up by my hair  
Now would you kiss me, on my lips

Burning fever burning on my forehead  
The brain that once was listening now  
Shoots out its tiresome message

Won't you pull me up  
Scalding, my dead father  
Has the motor and he's driving towards  
An island of lost souls

Sunny, a monkey then to monkey  
I will teach you meanness, fear and blindness  
No social redeeming kindness  
Or - oh, state of grace

Would you pull me up  
Would you drop the mental bullet  
Would you pull me by the arm up  
Would you still kiss my lips  
Hiccup, the dream is over  
Get the coffee, turn the lights on  
Say hello to junior dad  
The greatest disappointment  
Age withered him and changed him  
Into junior dad  
Psychic savagery

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The greatest disappointment  
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