## **My House**

Lou Reed

The image of the poet's in the breeze Canadian geese are flying above the trees A mist is hanging gently on the lake my house is very beautiful at night

My friend and teacher occupies a spare room he's dead, at peace at last the wandering Jew Other friends had put stones on his grave he was the first great man that I had ever met

Sylvia and I got out our Ouija Board to dial a spirit, across the room it soared We were happy and amazed at what we saw blazing stood the proud and regal name Delmore

Delmore, I missed all your funny ways I missed your jokes and the brilliant things you said My Dedalus to your Bloom, was such a perfect wit and to find you in my house makes things perfect

I really got a lucky life my writing, my motorcycle and my wife And to top it all off a spirit of pure poetry is living in this stone and wood house with me

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Our house is very beautiful at night our house is very beautiful at night Our house is very beautiful at night