

## N.Y. Stars

Lou Reed

The stock is empty  
in our eyeball store  
All we got left  
a few cataracts and sores  
The faggot mimic machine  
never had ideas  
Mission impossible  
they self destruct on fear

On a standard New York night  
ghouls go to see their so called stars  
A fairly stupid thing  
to pay 5 bucks for a 4th rate imitators

They say, I'm so empty  
no surface, no depth  
Oh, please, can I be you  
your personality's so great  
Like new buildings  
square tall and the same  
Sorry, Miss Stupid  
didn't you know it was a game  
I'm just waiting  
for them to hurry up and die  
It's really getting to crowed here  
help me New York stars

Contributions accepted all the same  
We need new people store  
remember, we're very good at games