

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