

Lou Reed

"Coney Island Baby"

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You know, man, when I was a young man in high school
You believe in or not I wanted to play football for the
coach
And all those older guys
They said he was mean and cruel, but you know
Wanted to play football for the coach
They said I was too little too light weight to play line-
backer
So I say I'm playing right-end
Wanted to play football for the coach
'cause, you know some day, man
You gotta stand up straight unless you're gonna fall
Then you're gone to die
And the straightest dude
I ever knew was standing right for me all the time
So I had to play football for the coach
And I wanted to play football for the coach

When you're all alone and lonely
In your midnight hour
And you find that your soul
It's been up for sale

And you begin to think 'bout
All the things that you've done
And you begin to hate
Just 'bout everything

But remember the princess who lived on the hill
Who loved you even though she knew you was wrong
And right now she just might come shining through
And the -

- glory of love, glory of love
Glory of love, just might come through

And all your two-bit friends
Have gone and ripped you off
They're talking behind your back saying, man
You're never going to be no human being
And you start thinking again
'bout all those things that you've done

And who it was and what it was
And all the different things you made every different
scene

Ahhh, but remember that the city is a funny place
Something like a circus or a sewer
And just remember different people have peculiar
tastes
And the -

- glory of love, the glory of love
The glory of love, might see you through
Yeah, but now, now
Glory of love, the glory of love
The glory of love, might see you through
Glory of love, ah, huh, huh, the glory of love
Glory of love, glory of love
Glory of love, now, glory of love, now
Glory of love, now, now, now, glory of love
Glory of love, give it to me now, glory of love see you
through
Oh, my coney island baby, now
(I'm a coney island baby, now)
I'd like to send this one out for lou and rachel
And all the kids and p.s. 192
Coney island baby
Man, I'd swear, I'd give the whole thing up for you

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