

Lou Reed

"Down At The Arcade"

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A Perfect day to get out of bed
Shower, dress, shave, kiss you on the head
Then I hit the office and my head starts to swim
A perfect day to just walk around
See a violent movie and check the sounds
But even on the street when I hear a phone ring my
heart starts to beat
When I get home I don't want you to speak
Don't talk to me about work
Please don't talk to me about work
I'm up to my eyeballs in dirt -
With work, with work
How many dollars
How many sales
How many liars
How many tales
How many insults must you take in this one life
I'm in prison most of the day
So please excuse me if I get this way
But I have got obligations to keep -
So be very careful when you speak
Don't talk to me about work
Please don't talk to me about work
I'm up to my eyeballs in dirt -
With work, with work
Don't talk to me about work
Please don't talk to me about work
I'm up to my eyeballs in dirt -
With work, with work

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