

## **Lou Reed**

# **"Gassed And Stoked"**

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Well, you covered your tracks  
and now I can't see you  
You had your ashes scattered at sea  
There's no grave to visit no tombstone to look at  
You were in the NY Times obituary  
There's no record no tape no book no movie  
Some photographs and some memories  
Sometime I dial your photo number by mistake  
and this is what I hear

This is no longer a working number baby  
Please redial your call  
This is no longer a working number  
Your party doesn't live here anymore  
This is no longer a working number  
if you still require help  
Stay on the line and an operator  
will try to bail you out

I knew I should have seen you that Thursday  
I knew I shouldn't left  
But you sounded so good your spirits so up  
I thought I'd see you next week  
I say over and over if I had half a brain  
if I had half a brain in my head  
I wouldn't sit here dialing a wrong number

and listening to what some recording said

I knew I should have written, written things down  
I always say I'll never forget  
Who can forget a one-eye pilot  
Who's a concert pianist  
A Opainter a poet songwriter supreme  
My friends are blending in my head  
They're melting into one great spirit  
and that spirit isn't dead

Now I may not remember everything that you said  
But I remember all the sings you've done  
And not a day goes by not an hour  
when I don't try to be like you

You were gassed, stoked and rarin' to go  
and you were that way all the time  
So I guess you know why I'm laughing at myself  
every time I dial the wrong line

This is no longer a working number baby

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