

## **Lou Reed**

# **"Kill Your Sons"**

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All your two-bit psychiatrists  
Are giving you electroshock  
They said, they'd let you live at home with mom and  
dad  
Instead of mental hospitals  
But every time you tried to read a book  
You couldn't get to page 17  
'cause you forgot where you were  
So you couldn't even read

Don't you know they're gonna kill your sons  
Don't you know gonna kill, kill your sons  
They're gonna kill, kill your sons  
Until they run, run, run, run, run, run, run, run away

Mom informed me on the phone  
She didn't know what to do about dad  
Took an axe and broke the table  
Aren't you glad you're married  
And sister, she got married on the island  
And her husband takes the train  
He's big and he's fat  
And he doesn't even have a brain

They're gonna kill your sons  
Don't you know they're gonna kill, kill your sons  
Don't you know they're gonna kill, kill your sons  
Until they run away

Creedmore treated me very good  
But paine whitney was even better  
And when I flipped out on phc  
I was so sad, I didn't even get a letter  
All of the drugs, that we took  
It really was lots of fun  
But when they shoot you up with thorizene on crystal  
smoke  
You choke like a son of a gun

Don't you know they're gonna kill your sons  
Don't you know they're gonna kill, kill your sons  
Don't you know they're gonna kill, kill your sons

Until they run, run, run, run, run, run, run away

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