

## Lou Reed

### "N.Y. Stars"

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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, Im so empty  
No surface, no depth  
Oh, please, can I be you  
Your personalitys so great  
Like new buildings  
Square tall and the same  
Sorry, miss stupid  
Didnt you know it was a game  
Im just waiting

For them to hurry up and die

Its really getting to crowed here

Help me new york stars

Contributions accepted all the same

We need new people store

Remember, were very good at games

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