

## **Lou Reed**

### **"Xmas In February"**

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Sam was lyin' in the jungle  
Agent orange spread against the sky like marmalade  
Hendrix played on some foreign jukebox  
They were praying to be saved  
Those gooks were fierce and fearless  
That's the price you pay when you invade  
Xmas in february

Sam lost his arm in some border town  
His fingers are mixed with someone's crop  
If he didn't have that opium to smoke  
The pain would never ever stop  
Half his friends are stuffed into black body bags  
With their names printed at the top  
Xmas in february

Sammy was a short order cook  
In a short order black and blue collar town

Everybody worked the steel mill  
But the steel mill got closed down  
He thought if he joined the army  
He'd have a future that was sound  
Like no xmas in february

Sam's staring at the vietnam wall  
It's been a while now that he's home  
His wife and kid have left, he's unemployed  
He's a reminder of the war that wasn't won  
He's the guy on the street with the sign that reads  
"please help send this vet home"  
But he is home  
And there's no xmas in february  
No matter how much he saves

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