

Lou Reed & John Cale

"Hello It's Me"

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Andy it's me, haven't seen you in a while I wished I talked to you more when you were alive I thought you were self-assured when you acted shy Hello it's me I really miss you, I really miss your mind I haven't heard ideas like that in such a long, long time I loved to watch you draw and watch you paint But when I saw you last, I turned away When Billy Name was sick and locked up in his room You asked me for some speed, I thought it was for you I'm sorry that I doubted your good heart Things always seem to end before they start Hello it's me, that was a great gallery show Your cow wallpaper and your floating silver pillows I wish I paid more attention when they laughed at you Hello it's me "Pop goes pop artist," the headline said "Is shooting a put-on, is Warhol really dead ?" You get less time for stealing a car I remember thinking as I heard my own record in a bar They really hated you, now all that's changed But I have some resentments that can never be unmade You hit me where it hurt I didn't laugh Your Diaries are not a worthy epitaph Oh well now Andy, guess we've got to go I hope some way somehow you like this little show I know it's late in coming but it's the only way I know Hello it's me, goodnight Andy Goodbye, Andy

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