

Mass by Lou Reed

"Goodby Mass"

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Sitting on a hard chair try to sit straight
Sitting on a hard chair this moment won't wait
Listening to the speakers they're talking about you
Look at all the people all the people you know
Sitting with my back straight it becomes hard to hear
Some people are crying it becomes hard to hear
I don't think you'd have liked it
you would have made a joke
You would have made it easier
you'd say "tomorrow I'm smoke"
Sitting on a hard chair how far we have come
Trying hard to listen to your friends who have come
Some of them are famous and some are just like me
Trying hard to listen trying hard to see
Sitting in a hard chair it's over time
to stand
Some people are crying I turn to grab your hand
It's your daughter saying thank you
You, you would have made a joke
"Isn't this something," you say, "tomorrow I'm smoke"

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