

Little Willies, The

"Lou Reed"

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We were drivin through West Texas
The land of beef and pork
Where they tend the hides of leather
We wear back in New York
In a pasture, along a roadside
Behind a brokedown shack
On a dusky side of evening
We saw a figure dressed in black

And we don't mean to sound like we're trippin
But we swear to God
We saw Lou Reed cow tippin
Cow tippin

Hey Lou, "Is that you?"
She said as we pulled to the shoulder
He just said, "Go screw."
And then he turned and tipped one over
Under a spitshine Western sky
The color of blue varnish
Hey it's like Fellini
Actually I'm thinkin more like Jim Jarmusch

And we can't say how much we've been sippin
But we swear to God
We saw Lou Reed cow tippin
Cow tippin

I got cops on the cell
I said I got a little story to tell
Lou Reed is in the cow pen
They said, Oh no! Not again!

And we hope our perceptions isn't slippin
But we swear to God
We saw Lou Reed cow tippin
Cow tippin

Cow tippin
Cow tippin
Cow tippin

You really think that was Lou Reed?
Cow tippin
I'm sure it was, he was wearing black Levis
Cow tippin
I thought he was a vegetarian
Cow tippin
He's just tippin them over, he wasn't eating them
Cow tippin
Oh
Cow tippin

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