

## Velvet Underground "The Gift"

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(reed, cale, morrison, tucker)

Waldo jeffers had reached his limit. it was now mid-august which meant that he had been separated from marsha for more than two months. two months, and all he had to show was three dog-eared let  
And two very expensive long-distance phone calls.  
true, when school had ended and she'd returned to wisconsin, and he to locust, pennsylvania. she had sworn to maintain a certain fidelity, she would occasionally, but merely as amusement. she would remain faithful.

But lately waldo had begun to worry. he had trouble sleeping at night and when he did, he had horrible dreams. he lay awake at night, tossing and turning underneath his pleated quilt protector,  
Welling in his eyes. as he pictured marsha, her sworn vows overcome by liquor and the smooth soothing of some neanderthal, finally submitting to the final caresses of sexual oblivion. it was more  
An the human mind could bear.

Visions of marsha's faithlessness haunted him. daytime fantasies of sexual abandon permeated his thoughts. and the thing was they wouldn't understand how she really was. he, waldo, alone, understood  
This. he had intuitively grasped every nook and cranny of her psyche. he had made her smile, and she needed him, and he wasn't there (aaahh..). the idea came to him on the thursday before the parade  
Parade was scheduled to appear. he had just finished mowing and etching the edelsons lawn for a dollar fifty and had checked the mailbox to see if there was at least a word from marsha. there was  
Thing more than a circular form the amalgamated aluminum company of america inquiring into his awning needs. at least they cared enough to write.

It was a new york company. you could go anywhere in the mail. then it struck him, he didn't have enough money to go to wisconsin in the accepted fashion, true,

but why not mail himself? it was a  
Ly simple. he would ship himself parcel post special  
delivery. the next day waldo went to the supermarket to  
purchase the necessary equipment. he bought  
masking tape, a staple gun and a medium s  
Cardboard box, just right for a person of his built. he  
judged that with a minimum of jostling he could ride  
quite comfortably. a few airholes, some water, perhaps  
some midnight snacks and it wo  
Robably be as good as going tourist.

By friday afternoon, waldo was set. he was packed and  
the post office had agreed to pick him up at three  
o'clock. he'd marked the package "fragile", and as he  
sat curled up inside, res  
The foam rubber cushioning he'd thoughtfully  
included, he tried to picture the look of awe and  
happiness on marshas face as she opened the door,  
saw the package, tipped the deliverer, and then o  
It to see her waldo finally there in person. she would  
kiss him, then, maybe they could see a movie. if he'd  
only thought of this before. suddenly rough hands  
gripped his package and he felt hi  
Barne up. he landed with a thud in a truck and then he  
was off.

Marsha bronson had just finished setting her hair. it  
had been a very rough weekend. she had to remember  
not to drink like that. bill had been nice about it though.  
after it was over he'd said t  
E still respected her and, after all, it was certainly the  
way of nature, and even though, no he didn't love her,  
he did feel an affection for her. and, after all, they  
were grown adults. oh, wh  
Lly could teach waldo - but that seemed like years ago.  
sheila klein, her very, very best friend walked in  
through the porch screen door and into the kitchen.  
"oh, it's absolutely maudlin o  
E." "ach, I know what you mean, I feel all icky!" marsha  
tightened her cotton robe with the silk outer edge.  
sheila ran her finger over some salt grains on the  
kitchen table, lick  
R fingers and made a face. "i'm supposed to take  
these salt pills," but she wrinkled her nose, "they make  
me feel like throwing up." marsha started to pat herself  
under the c  
An exercise she'd seen on television. "g-d, don't even  
talk about tha  
T." she got up from the table and went to the sink  
where she picked up a bottle of pink and blue vitamins.  
"want one? supposed to be better than steak." and

attempted to touch her

S. "i don't think i'll ever touch a daiquiri again." she gave up and sat down, this time nearer the table that supported the telephone. "maybe he'll call." she said to sheila

Ance. sheila nibbled on a cuticle. "after last night, i thought maybe you'd be through with him." "i know what you mean, my g-d, he was like an octopus. hands all over the place.&

She gestured, raising her arms upwards in defense. "the thing is after a while, you get tired of fighting with him, you know, and after all he didn't really do anything friday and saturday

Kind of owed it to him, you know what i mean." she started to scratch. sheila was giggling with her hand over her mouth. "i'll tell you, i feel the same way, and even after a while,&q

Here she bend forward in a whisper, "wanted to," and now she was laughing very loudly.

It was at this point that mr. jameison of the clarence darrow post office rang the door bell of the large colored stucco frame house. when marsha bronson opened the door, he helped her carry the Age in. he had his yellow and green slips of paper signed and left with a fifteen cent tip that marsha had gotten out of her mothers small beige pocket book in the den. "what do you think i" sheila asked. marsha stood with her arms folded behind her back. she stared at the brown cardboard carton that sat in the middle of the living room: "i don't know."

Inside the package waldo quivered with excitement as he listened to the muffled voices. sheila ran her fingernail over the masking tape that ran down the center of the carton. "why don't yo K at the return address and see who it is from?" waldo felt his heart beating. he could feel the vibrating footsteps. it would be soon.

Marsha walked around the carton and read the ink-scratched label. "it's from waldo." "that schmuck!" said sheila. waldo trembled with expecta- tion. "you might as well o

T," said sheila. both of them tried to flip the stable flap. "ah," said marsha groaning. "he must have nailed it shut." they tagged at the flap again. "my god, you A power drill to get this thing opened." they pulled again. "you can't get a grip!" they both stood still, breathing heavily. "why don't you get the scissors,"

said shei

Arsha ran into the kitchen, but all she could find was a little sewing scissors. then she remembered that her father kept a collection of tools in the basement. she ran downstairs and when she c

Ack, she had a large metal cutter in her hand. "this is the best I could find." she was out of breath. "here, you do it. I'm gonna die." she sank into a large fluffy couch an

Aled noisily. sheila tried to make a slit between the masking tape and the end of the cardboard, but the blade was too big and th

Ere was not enough room. "g-ddamn this thing!" she said feeling very exaspe- rated. then smiling "i got an idea." "what? " said marsha. "just watch," said

A touching her finger to her head.

Inside the package, waldo was transfixed with excitement that he could hardly breathe. his skin felt prickly from the heat and he could feel his heart beating in his throat. it would be soon. sh

Stood upright and walked around to the other side of the package. then she sank down to her knees, grasped the cutter by both hands, took a deep breath and plunged the long blade through the mid

F the package, through the middle of the masking tape, through the card- board through the cushioning and (thud) right through the center of waldo jeffers head, which split slightly and caused l

Rhythmic arcs of red to pulsate gently in the morning sun...

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