

Lou Reed - Halloween Parade

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Tom: C
                                                                This celebration somehow get me down
                                                                Especially when I see you're not around
There's a down town fairy singing out "Proud Mary"
as she cruises Christopher Street
                                                                There's no Peter Pedantic saying things romantic
And some Southern Queen is acting loud and mean
                                                                in Latin, Greek or Spic
where the docks and the Badlands meet
                                                                There's no Three bananas or Brandy Alexander
                                                                dishing all their tricks
This Halloween is something to be sure
                                                                It's a different feeling that I have today
Especially to be here without you
                                                                Especially when I know you've gone away
There's a Greta Garbo and an Alfred Hitchcock
                                                                There's a girl from Soho with a teeshirt saying "I Blow"
and some black Jamaican stud
                                                                she's with the "jive five 2 plus 3"
There's five Cinderellas and some leather drags
                                                                And the girls for pay dates are giving cut rates
I almost fell into my mug
                                                                or else doing it for free
There's a Crawford, Davis and a tacky Cary Grant
                                                               The past keeps knock, knock, knocking on my door
And some Homeboys lookin' for trouble down here from the Bronx
                                                                And I don't want to hear it anymore
But there ain't no Hairy and no Virgin Mary
                                                                No consolations please for feelin' funky
you won't hear those voices again
                                                                I got to get my head above my knees
And Johnny Rio and Rotten Rita
                                                                But it makes me mad and mad makes me sad
you'll never see those faces again
                                                                and then I start to freeze
This Halloween is something to be sure
                                                                In the back of my mind I was afraid it might be true
                                                                In the back of my mind I was afraid that they meant you
Especially to be here without you
There's the Born Again Losers and the Lavender Boozers
                                                                The Halloween Parade
and some crack team from Washington Heights
                                                                At the Halloween parade
The boys from Avenue B and the girls from Avenue D
                                                                At the Halloween parade
a Tinkerbell in tights
                                                                See you next year, at the Halloween parade
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Acordes

