

Lou Reed, Some Kinda Love

Some kinda love, Margarita told Tom
Between thought and expression lies a lifetime
Situation arise, because of the weather
And no kinds of love are better than others

Some kinda love, Margarita told Tom
Like a dirty French novel, the absurd court the vulgar
And some kinds of love, the possibilities are endless
And for me to miss one would seem to be groundless

I heard what you said, Margarita heard Tom
And of course you're a bore
But you are not charmless in
'Cause a bore is a straight line
That finds wealth in division
And some kinds of love are mistaken for vision

Put jelly on your shoulder, let's do what you feel most
That, from which you recoil, but which still makes your eyes moist
Ooooh, put jelly on your shoulder, lies down upon the carpet
Between thought and expression, let us now kiss the culprit
Ooooh, I don't know, just what it's all about
Oooh, put on your red pajamas and let's find out
Lord rock it on, long walk really satisfies