

Lou Reed, Talking Book

I wish I had a talking book
that told me how to act and look
A talking book that contained keys
to past and present memories

A talking book that said your name
so if you were gone, you'd still remain
More than a picture on a shelf
in imagination I could touch

A talking, talking book

I wish I had a talking book
filled with buttons you could push
Containing looks and sights, your touch
your feel, your breath, your sounds, your sighs

How much I'd bluster to ask it why
one must live and one must die

I wish I had a talking book
by my side so I could look
And touch and feel and dream, a look
much bigger than a talking book
A taste of loving future and past
is that so much to really ask
In this one moment's time and space
can our love really be replaced
By a talking book

Can our love really be replaced
by a talking book
Can our love really be replaced
by a talking book
Can our love ever, forever be replaced
Can our love ever be replaced

Can our love ever be replaced
(can our love really be replaced)
By a talking book