



## The Velvet Underground and Nico (1967)

source paroles :

<http://www.alwaysontherun.net/velvet.htm>

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The Velvet Underground and Nico in 1966, ltr: John Cale, Nico, Lou Reed, Sterling Morrison, Maureen Tucker. Promotional shot issued by their then record company, Verve. 1966 Universal Music.

source image et sa légende :

<http://www.nationmaster.com/encyclopedia/Image:Velvet-Underground.jpg>

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*pour impression in-folio,  
quatre pages (recto verso) par feuille A4,  
sur une page A4, la première imprimée page vient à gauche,  
4 feuilles : 4 x 4 = 16 pages*

ordre des pages :

16	1	14	3	12	5	10	7
2	15	4	13	6	11	8	9

16 - 1 - 2 - 15 - 14 - 3 - 4 - 13 - 12 - 5 - 6 - 11 - 10 - 7 - 8 - 9

## ***Sunday Morning***

Sunday morning, praise the dawning  
It's just a restless feeling by my side  
Early dawning, Sunday morning  
It's just the wasted years so close behind  
Watch out, the world's behind you  
There's always someone around you who will call It's  
nothing at all  
Sunday morning and I'm falling  
I've got a feeling I don't want to know  
Early dawning, Sunday morning  
It's all the streets you crossed, not so long ago  
Watch out, the world's behind you  
There's always someone around you who will call It's  
nothing at all  
Watch out, the world's behind you  
There's always someone around you who will call It's  
nothing at all  
Sunday morning  
Sunday morning  
Sunday morning

***European Son***

You killed your European son  
You spit on those under twenty-one  
But now your blue car's gone  
You better say so long  
Hey hey, bye bye bye  
You made your wallpapers green  
You want to make love to the scene  
Your European son is gone  
You'd better say so long  
Your clown's bid you goodbye

The stools of your eyes  
Serve to realize fame, choose again  
And roverman's refrain of the sacrilege recluse  
For the loss of a horse  
Went the bowels and a tail of a rat  
Come again, choose to go  
And if Epiphany's terror reduced you to shame  
Have your head bobbed and weaved  
Choose a side to be on  
If the stone glances off  
Split didactics in two  
Leave the colors of the mouse trails  
Don't scream, try between  
If you choose, if you choose, try to lose  
For the loss of remain come and start  
Start the game I che che che che I  
Che che ka tak koh  
Choose to choose  
Choose to choose, choose to go

## ***I'm Waiting For The Man***

I'm waiting for my man  
Twenty-six dollars in my hand  
Up to Lexington, 125  
Feel sick and dirty, more dead than alive  
I'm waiting for my man  
Hey, white boy, what you doin' uptown?  
Hey, white boy, you chasin' our women around?  
Oh pardon me sir, it's the furthest from my mind  
I'm just lookin' for a dear, dear friend of mine  
I'm waiting for my man  
Here he comes, he's all dressed in black  
Beat up shoes and a big straw hat  
He's never early, he's always late  
First thing you learn is you always gotta wait I'm waiting  
for my man  
Up to a Brownstone, up three flights of stairs  
Everybody's pinned you, but nobody cares  
He's got the works, gives you sweet taste  
Ah then you gotta split because you got no time to  
waste  
I'm waiting for my man  
Baby don't you holler, darlin' don't you bawl and shout  
I'm feeling good, you know I'm gonna work it on out  
I'm feeling good, I'm feeling oh so fine  
Until tomorrow, but that's just some other time  
I'm waiting for my man

## ***Femme Fatale***

Here she comes, you better watch your step  
She's going to break your heart in two, it's true It's not  
hard to realize

Just look into her false colored eyes

She builds you up to just put you down, what a clown

'Cause everybody knows (She's a femme fatale)

The things she does to please (She's a femme fatale)

She's just a little tease (She's a femme fatale)

See the way she walks

Hear the way she talks

You're put down in her book

You're number 37, have a look

She's going to smile to make you frown, what a clown

Little boy, she's from the street

Before you start, you're already beat

She's gonna play you for a fool, yes it's true

'Cause everybody knows (She's a femme fatale)

The things she does to please (She's a femme fatale)

She's just a little tease (She's a femme fatale)

See the way she walks Hear the way she talks

***The Black Angel's Death Song***

The myriad choices of his fate  
Set themselves out upon a plate  
For him to choose  
What had he to lose  
Not a ghost bloodied country  
All covered with sleep  
Where the black angel did weep  
Not an old city street in the east  
Gone to choose  
And wandering's brother  
Walked on through the night  
With his hair in his face  
On a long splintered cut from the knife of G.T.  
The rally man's patter ran on through the dawn  
Until we said so long  
To his skull-shrill yell  
Shining brightly red-rimmed and  
Red-lined with the time  
Infused with the choice of the mind  
On ice skates scraping chunks  
From the bells  
Cut mouth bleeding razor's  
Forgetting the pain  
Antiseptic remains cool goodbye  
So you fly  
To the cozy brown snow of the east  
Gone to choose, choose again  
Sacrificials remains make it hard to forget  
Where you come from



***I'll Be Your mirror***

I'll be your mirror  
Reflect what you are, in case you don't know  
I'll be the wind, the rain and the sunset  
The light on your door to show that you're home  
When you think the night has seen your mind  
That inside you're twisted and unkind  
Let me stand to show that you are blind  
Please put down your hands  
'Cause I see you  
I find it hard to believe you don't know  
The beauty that you are  
But if you don't let me be your eyes  
A hand in your darkness, so you won't be afraid  
When you think the night has seen your mind  
That inside you're twisted and unkind  
Let me stand to show that you are blind  
Please put down your hands  
'Cause I see you  
I'll be your mirror

***Venus In Furs***

Shiny, shiny, shiny boots of leather  
Whiplash girlchild in the dark  
Comes in bells, your servant, don't forsake him  
Strike, dear mistress, and cure his heart  
Downy sins of streetlight fancies  
Chase the costumes she shall wear  
Ermine furs adorn the imperious  
Severin, Severin awaits you there  
I am tired, I am weary  
I could sleep for a thousand years  
A thousand dreams that would awake me  
Different colors made of tears  
Kiss the boot of shiny, shiny leather  
Shiny leather in the dark  
Tongue of thongs, the belt that does await you  
Strike, dear mistress, and cure his heart  
Severin, Severin, speak so slightly  
Severin, down on your bended knee  
Taste the whip, in love not given lightly  
Taste the whip, now plead for me  
I am tired, I am weary  
I could sleep for a thousand years  
A thousand dreams that would awake me  
Different colors made of tears  
Shiny, shiny, shiny boots of leather  
Whiplash girlchild in the dark  
Severin, your servant comes in bells, please don't  
forsake him  
Strike, dear mistress, and cure his heart

***Run Run Run***

Teenage Mary said to Uncle Dave  
I sold my soul, must be saved  
Gonna take a walk down to Union Square  
You never know who you're gonna find there  
You gotta run, run, run, run, run  
Take a drag or two  
Run, run, run, run, run  
Gypsy Death and you  
Tell you whatcha do  
Marguerita Passion had to get her fix  
She wasn't well, she was getting sick  
Went to sell her soul, she wasn't high  
Didn't know, thinks she could buy it  
And she would run, run, run, run, run  
Take a drag or two  
Run, run, run, run, run  
Gypsy Death and you  
Tell you whatcha do  
Seasick Sarah had a golden nose  
Hobnail boots wrapped around her toes  
When she turned blue, all the angels screamed  
They didn't know, they couldn't make the scene  
She had to run, run, run, run, run  
Take a drag or two  
Run, run, run, run, run  
Gypsy Death and you  
Tell you whatcha do  
Beardless Harry, what a waste  
Couldn't even get a small-town taste

## ***There She Goes Again***

There she goes again  
She's out on the streets again  
She's down on her knees, my friend  
But you know she'll never ask you please again  
Now take a look, there's no tears in her eyes  
She won't take it from just any guy, what can you do  
You see her walkin' on down the street  
Look at all your friends she's gonna meet  
You better hit her  
There she goes again  
She's knocked out on her feet again  
She's down on her knees, my friend  
But you know she'll never ask you please again  
Now take a look, there's no tears in her eyes  
Like a bird, you know she would fly, what can you do  
You see her walkin' on down the street  
Look at all your friends that she's gonna meet  
You better hit her  
Now take a look, there's no tears in her eyes  
Like a bird, you know she will fly, fly, fly away  
See her walking on down the street  
Look at all your friends that she's gonna meet  
She's gonna bawl and shout  
She's gonna work it  
She's gonna work it out, bye bye  
Bye bye baby  
All right

Oh, and I guess that I just don't know  
Heroin, be the death of me  
Heroin, it's my wife and it's my life  
Because a mainer to my vein  
Leads to a center in my head  
And then I'm better off and dead  
Because when the smack begins to flow  
I really don't care anymore  
About all the Jim-Jim's in this town  
And all the politicians makin' crazy sounds  
And everybody puttin' everybody else down  
And all the dead bodies piled up in mounds  
'Cause when the smack begins to flow  
Then I really don't care anymore  
Ah, when the heroin is in my blood  
And that blood is in my head  
Then thank God that I'm as good as dead  
Then thank your God that I'm not aware  
And thank God that I just don't care  
And I guess I just don't know  
And I guess I just don't know

Rode the trolleys down to forty-seven  
Figured he was good to get himself to heaven  
'Cause he had to run, run, run, run, run Take a drag or  
two  
Run, run, run, run, run  
Gypsy Death and you  
Tell you whatcha do

## ***All Tomorrows Parties***

And what costume shall the poor girl wear  
To all tomorrow's parties  
A hand-me-down dress from who knows where  
To all tomorrow's parties  
And where will she go and what shall she do  
When midnight comes around  
She'll turn once more to Sunday's clown  
And cry behind the door  
And what costume shall the poor girl wear  
To all tomorrow's parties  
Why silks and linens of yesterday's gowns  
To all tomorrow's parties  
And what will she do with Thursday's rags When  
Monday comes around  
She'll turn once more to Sunday's clown  
And cry behind the door  
And what costume shall the poor girl wear  
To all tomorrow's parties  
For Thursday's child is Sunday's clown  
For whom none will go mourning  
A blackened shroud, a hand-me-down gown  
Of rags and silks, a costume  
Fit for one who sits and cries  
For all tomorrow's parties

## ***Heroin***

I don't know just where I'm going  
But I'm gonna try for the kingdom, if I can  
'Cause it makes me feel like I'm a man  
When I put a spike into my vein  
And I'll tell ya, things aren't quite the same  
When I'm rushing on my run  
And I feel just like Jesus' son  
And I guess that I just don't know  
And I guess that I just don't know  
I have made the big decision  
I'm gonna try to nullify my life  
'Cause when the blood begins to flow  
When it shoots up the dropper's neck  
When I'm closing in on death  
And you can't help me now, you guys  
And all you sweet girls with all your sweet talk  
You can all go take a walk  
And I guess that I just don't know  
And I guess that I just don't know  
I wish that I was born a thousand years ago  
I wish that I'd sail the darkened seas  
On a great big clipper ship  
Going from this land here to that  
In a sailor's suit and cap  
Away from the big city  
Where a man can not be free  
Of all of the evils of this town  
And of himself, and those around  
Oh, and I guess that I just don't know