

# Lou Reed & John Cale, Work

Andy was a catholic, the ethic ran through his bones  
He lived alone with his mother, collecting gossip and toys  
Every sunday when he went to church  
He'd kneel in his pew and say, &quot;it's just work,  
All that matters is work.&quot;

He was a lot of things, what I remember most  
He'd say, &quot;i've got to bring home the bacon,  
someone's got to bring home the roast.&quot;  
He'd get to the factory early  
If you'd ask him he'd tell you straight out  
It's just work, the most important thing is work  
No matter what I did it never seemed enough  
He said I was lazy, I said I was young  
He said, &quot;how many songs did you write?&quot;  
I'd written zero, I'd lied and said, &quot;ten.&quot;  
&quot;You won't be young forever  
You should have written fifteen.&quot;  
It's work, the most important thing is work  
It's work, the most important thing is work

&quot;you ought to make things big  
People like it that way  
And the songs with the dirty words record them that way&quot;  
Andy liked to stir up trouble, he was funny that way  
He said, &quot;it's just work, all that matters is work&quot;  
Andy sat down to talk one day  
He said decide what you want  
Do you want to expand your parameters  
Or play museums like some dilettante  
I fired him on the spot, he got red and called me a rat  
It was the worst word that he could think of  
And I've never seen him like that  
It's just work, I thought he said it's just work  
Work, he said it's just work

Andy said a lot of things, I stored them all away in my head  
Sometimes when I can't decide what I should do  
I think what would andy have said  
He'd probably say you think too much  
That's 'cause there's work that you don't want to do  
It's work, the most important thing is work  
Work, the most important thing is work