

The Velvet Underground, Lady Godiva's Operation

Lady Godiva, dressed so demurely,
Pats the head of another curly-haired boy,
Just another toy.
Sick with silence, she weeps sincerely,
Saying words that have oh so clearly been said
So long ago.

Draperies wrapped gently around her shoulder,
Life has made her that much bolder now
That she (has) found out how.

Dressed in silk, latin lace and envy,
Pride and joy of the latest penny-fare,
Pretty passing care.

Hair today now dipped in the water,
Making love to every poor daughter's son,
Isn't it fun?

Now today, propping grace with envy,
Lady Godiva peers to see if anyone's there
And hasn't a care.

"Doctor is coming," the nurse thinks SWEETLY,
Turning on the machines that NEATLY PUMP AIR.

The body lies bare.

Shaved and hairless, what once was SCREAMING,
Now lies silent and ALMOST SLEEPING.

The rain must have gone away.

STRAPPED SECURELY TO THE WHITE TABLE,
ETHER CAUSES THE BODY TO WITHER AND WRITHE,
Underneath the white light.

THE DOCTOR ARRIVES WITH A KNIFE AND BAGGAGE
SEES THE GROWTH, JUST SO MUCH CABBAGE

That must now be cut away.

NOW COMES THE MOMENT OF GREAT, GREAT DECISION.

THE DOCTOR IS MAKING HIS FIRST INCISION.

One goes here,

AND ONE GOES THERE.

"The ether tube's leaking," says someone who's sloppy.

THE PATIENT, IT SEEMS, IS NOT SO WELL SLEEPING.

The screams echo off the walls.

Don't panic -- someone give him pentathol instantly.

The doctor removes his blade cagily slow from the brain.

BY MY COUNT OF TEN.

THE HEAD WON'T MOVE!

N.B.

Normal text is sung by John Cale;

UPPER-CASE TEXT IS SUNG/SPOKEN/SHOUTED BY LOU REED.