

Coney Island Baby

Lou Reed

intro: C - G 2 times the pair

C F

You know, man, when I was a young man in high school

F C F

you believe in or not I wanted to play football for the coach

F C F

And all those older guys

F

they said he was mean and cruel, but you know

F C

wanted to play football for the coach

They said I was to little too light weight to play line-backer

So I say I m playing right-end

Wanted to play football for the coach

Cause, you know some day, man
you gotta stand up straight unless you re gonna fall
then you re gone to die

And the straightest dude

Ever knew was standing right for me all the time

So I had to play football for the coach

and I wanted to play football for the coach

When you re all alone and lonely

in your midnight hour

C F

And you find that your soul

F F G

it s been up for sale

And you begin to think bout

all the things that you ve done

C F

And you begin to hate

F **FG**
just bout everything

CHORUS:

Am **F** **F-G**
But remember the princess who lived on the hill
Am **F** **F-G**
Who loved you even though she knew you was wrong
Am **F-G**
And right now she just might come shining through
G
and the -

C **F** **C** **F**
- Glory of love, glory of love
C **F** **F** **G**
glory of love, just might come through

And all your two-bit friends
have gone and ripped you off
They re talking behind your back saying, man
you re never going to be no human being
And you start thinking again
bout all those things that you ve done
And who it was and what it was
and all the different things you made every different scene

CHORUS (FINAL)

Ahhh, but remember that the city is a funny place
Something like a circus or a sewer
And just remember different people have peculiar tastes
and the -

- Glory of love, the glory of love
the glory of love, might see you through
yeah, but now, now
Glory of love, the glory of love
the glory of love, might see you through
Glory of love, ah, huh, huh, the glory of love
Glory of love, glory of love
Glory of love, now, glory of love, now
Glory of love, now, now, now, glory of love
Glory of love, give it to me now, glory of love see you through
Oh, my Coney Island baby, now
(I m a Coney Island baby, now)

I d like to send this one out for Lou and Rachel
and all the kids and P.S. 192
Coney Island baby
Man, I d swear, I d give the whole thing up for you

More lyrics: <http://www.lyricsfreak.com/l/lou+reed/#share>