

SONGS FOR DRELLA - A Fiction - Words and music: Lou Reed & John Cale

SONGS FOR DRELLA - A Fiction... is a brief musical look at the life of Andy Warhol and is entirely fictitious. We start with Andy growing up in a "Smalltown" - "There's no Michelangelo coming from Pittsburgh." He comes to New York and follows the customs of "Open House" both in his apartment and the Factory. "It's a Czechoslovakian custom my mother passed on to me/the way to make friends Andy is to invite them up for tea."

Open House

Please

Come over to _____ street I'm in the apartment above the bar
You know you can't miss it, it's across from the _____
and the tacky store with the Mylar _____

My skin's as _____ as outdoors moon
My hair's silver like a Tiffany watch
I like lots of _____ me but don't kiss hello
And please don't touch

It's a Czechoslovakian custom my mother passed on to me
The way to make friends Andy _____
Open house, open house

I've got a lot of cats, here's my _____
She's lady called Sam
I made a paper doll of her - you can have it
That's what I did when I had St.Vitus dance
It's a Czechoslovakian custom my mother passed on to me
Give people little presents _____
Open house, open house

Someone bring the _____, someone please bring _____
My mother showed up yesterday, we need something to eat
I think I got a job today _____
The ones I drew were old and used
They told me - _____
Open house, open house

Fly me to the moon, fly me to a star
But there are no stars in the New York sky

You scared yourself with music, I scared myself with paint
I drew 550 different shoes today
It almost made me faint
Open house, open house

words: tacky – schäbig

1. What do you know about Andy Warhol?
2. Find an autobiography on Andy Warhol on the Internet and prepare a mini presentation on the guy; notes only.
3. Find a work of Andy Warhol and present it in class
4. Can you explain the following phrases:
 - It's a Czechoslovakian custom my mother passed on to me
 - my hair is silver as Tiffany's watch
 - I drew 550 shoes today

Open House

Please
Come over to 81st street I'm in the apartment
Above the bar
You know you can't miss it, it's across from the subway
And the tacky store with the mylar scarves
My skin's as pale as outdoors moon
My hair's silver like a tiffany watch
I like lots of people around me but don't kiss hello
And please don't touch

It's a czechoslovakian custom my mother passed on to me
The way to make friends andy is invite them up for tea
Open house, open house

I've got a lot of cats, here's my favorite
She's lady called sam
I made a paper doll of her, you can have it
That's what I did when I had st.vitus dance

It's a czechoslovakian custom my mother passed on to me
Give people little presents so they remember me
Open house, open house

Someone bring the vegetables
Someone please bring heat
My mother showed up yesterday
We need something to eat

I think I got a job today they want me to draw shoes
The ones I drew were old and used, they told me to draw something new
Open house, open house

Fly me to the moon
Fly me to a star
But there are no stars in the new york sky
They're all on the ground

You scared yourself with music, I scared myself with paint
I drew 550 different shoes today, it almost made me faint
Open house, open house
Open house, open house