

Patti Smith, Dead City

This dead city longs to be
This dead city longs to be free
Seven screaming horses
Melt down in the sun
Building scenes on empty dreams
And smoking them one by one

This dead city longs to be
This dead city longs to be living
Is it any wonder there's squalor in the sun
With their broken schemes and their lotteries
They never get nowhere

Is it any wonder they're spitting at the sun
God's parasites in abandoned sites
and they never have much fun

If I was a blind man
Would you see for me
Or would you confuse
The nature of my blues
And refuse a hand to me

Is it any wonder crying in the sun
Is it any wonder I'm crying in the sun
Well I built my dreams on your empty scenes
Now I'm burning them one by one

This damn city this dead city
Immortal city
Motor city
Suc-cess city
Longs to be
Longs to be
Free
Free
Free