

# 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