

# Sonic Youth, Saucer-Like

Swirling whirling through the city of ages  
You sink a bit whenever angels fly  
Do you have a feeling for their fuzzy faces?  
Are you close enough to see into their eyes?

You're magic fit and free  
Taxi holds on the breeze  
A dream's a dream of feelings  
That never fall at all  
Holds his thoughts in chains  
And tries to bust up the walls

Every day it's just another breath  
Every night another little death  
Do you scratch and itch when your head feels tight  
Or wave it away and just stay out all night?

Got your head in the trees  
If that's the way you're feeling  
It's not good or bad  
Channels of thought revealing now  
Some things we all had

I'm having a wonderful vision of the city today  
Buildings all lined up neat on straight sun lit blocks  
Avenue canyons stretch forever  
Handcut panes grooved like a record  
Flat bridge  
Peer, boat, docks  
I'm slipping round the bottom edge [line echoes]

Do you trip and breeze  
Down city streets  
Just a little free  
With your head in the trees