

Sonic Youth, Nyc Ghosts Flowers

(lee)

When the phone rang, 3 in the morning, dead middle of night
There was nuthin' on the line
I set back the silent receiver
Tiny flames lit in my head
Hey did any of you freaks here ever remember lenny?
I can't remember his last name
He's turned to dust now, one of the chosen few
Left out in the rain, out of town again
Left out in the rain, ocean bound I guess

Between the mattress and a column of hazy faces
I remember every word you said
Quite a clear picture: ev'ry word you said
The door was open but the way was not lit
And there was no way out of my head

On a crimson hiway by a chrome bumper I last saw you:
Alive
Inclined to thrive
Evening fireflies lit sparks around yr head

But wait a minute let's back up a bit:
Some famous stars were busted down on fashion avenue
Impersonating real men
Not knowing who they really were

Now here at dark corners all is calm and quiet and good
The kids are up late dreaming quiet questions in a graceful mood:

Can you please pass me a jug of winter light?
Fold me in an ocean's whim?
In sweet corrosive fire light?
In the city made of tin?

Are you famous under the skin?
Familiar with the things you wanted?
Able now to take it all in?
Making peace w every hole in the story?

Did lightning keep you up all night?
Illuminate the soot and grit?
Can you tell how high the sky tonight?
Dig out from under in spite of it?

Can you cover up the one that floats?
Push back the hours?
I hear yr voice, I speak yr name
Among nyc ghosts and flowers
Will we meet? to run again?
Thru nyc ghosts and flowers