

## **Imani Coppola** **"Naked City"**

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Thursday came,  
I was tired of the Fire Engines,  
Tired of the Taxi Cabs,  
Tired of the elevators,  
Tired of the door-man smiling,  
When I know he wants to,  
Kick off his shoes and jump around like a fire cracker.  
From the sidewalk  
Trains about to pass  
It smells like,  
Hot open steaming ass.  
I gotta get out.  
Gotta get the hell out.  
I gotta get out.  
Get the hell out.

Ran through the streets.  
Threw off my clothes,  
Onto the ground.  
Laughed as we danced around.  
One with the city.  
Drank from the fountains.  
Swam through the pavement.

Nice to see you shine again.  
Good to know you've got a friend.

I built a campfire in my in my 14309,  
West 17th Street apartment complex.  
Marshmallows roasted by a candlestick,  
Quick, get the water,  
It's gettin' out of hand, yo.  
Little glowing constellations,  
On my ceiling, everywhere.  
House plants covering,  
Our naked butts are bare.  
Grab the kitten,  
'cos the critters getting bored.  
I'm gonna pick a big fat booger for the Lord.

Ran through the streets.  
Threw off my clothes,

Onto the ground.  
Laughed as we danced around.  
One with the city.  
Drank from the fountains.  
Swam through the pavement.  
Suddenly I looked around.

Nice to see you shine again.  
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