

## **Smith Patti**

### **"25th Floor"**

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We explore the men's room.  
We don't give a shit.  
Ladies' lost electricity;  
take vows inside of it.

Desire to dance;  
Too startled to try.  
Wrap my legs 'round you,  
starting to fly.

Let's explore  
up there, up there, up there,  
on the twenty-fifth floor.

Circle all around me,  
coming for the kill, kill, kill  
oh kill me baby  
like a kamikaze  
heading for a spill.  
oh but it's all spilt milk to me.

Desire to dance;  
Too startled to try.  
Wrap my legs 'round you,  
starting to fly.

Let's soar  
up there, up there, up there,  
on the twenty-fifth floor.

We do not eat  
flower of creation.  
We do not eat,  
eat anything at all.  
Love is, love was, love is a manifestation.  
I'm waiting for a contact to call.  
Love's war. Love's cruel.  
Love's pretty, love's pretty cruel tonight.  
I'm waiting here to refuel.  
I'm gonna make contact tonight.  
Love in my heart.

The night to exploit.  
Twenty-five stories over Detroit,  
and there's more  
up there, up there, up there.

stoned in space. zeus. christ. it has always been rock  
and so it is and so  
it shall be. within the context of neo rock we must open  
up our eyes and  
seize and rend the veil of smoke which man calls  
order. pollution is a  
necessary result of the inability of man to reform and  
transform waste.  
the transformation of waste  
the transformation of waste  
the transformation of waste  
the transformation of waste is perhaps the oldest pre-  
occupation of man.  
man being the chosen alloy, he must be reconnected-  
via shit, at all cost.  
inherent with(in) us is the dream of the task of the  
alchemist to create  
from the clay of man. and to re-create from excretion  
of man pure and then  
soft and then solid gold.

all must not be art. some art we must disintegrate.  
positive (anarchy must exist.)

in background:  
(i feel it swirling around me  
i feel it feeling no pain  
i'm waiting above for you baby  
i know that i'll see you up there  
i'm floating in a door backward  
on boundaries over this world  
i'm waiting above in the sky, dear  
upon a [ ] ...)

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