

Patti Smith

"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 cal
Der. 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
E 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 [] ...)

High on rebellion
What I feel when I'm playing guitar is completely cold
and crazy, like I don't owe nobody nothing and it's just
a test just to see how far I can relax into the cold wave
of a note. when everythi
Ts just right (just and right) the note of nobility can go
on forever. I never tire of the solitary e and I trust my
guitar and I don't care about anything. sometimes I feel
like I've broken thr
And I'm free and I could dig into eternity into eternity
riding the wave and realm of the e. sometimes it's
useless. here I am struggling and filled with
dread afraid that I'll never squeeze en
Graphite from my damaged cranium to inspire or
asphyxiate any eyes grazing like hungry cows across

the stage or page. inside of me I'm crazy I'm just crazy.
inside I must continue. I see her, my
F muse, jutting around round round round like a broken
speeding statue. the colonial year is dead and the
greeks too are finished. the face of alexander remains
not only solely due to sculpture
Hrough the power and foresig
Ht and magnetism of alexander himself. the artist must
maintain his swagger. he must he must he must be
intoxicated by ritual as well as result. look at me I am
laughing. I am laughing. I am lap
Cocaine from the hard brown palm of the bouncer. and
I trust my guitar. therefore we black out together.
therefore I would run through scum. and scum is just
ahead, ah we see it, but we just lau
E're ascending through the hollow mountain. we are
peeking. we are laughing. we are kneeling. we are
laughing. we are radiating at last. this rebellion is just a
gas our gas a gas that we pass.

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