

Patti Smith

"Babelogue/Rock 'N' Roll Nigger"

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I haven't fucked much with the past
But I've fucked plenty with the future
Over the skin of silk are scars
From the splinters of stations and walls I've caressed
A stage is like each bolt of wood, like a, like a log of
Helen
Is my pleasure, I would measure the success of a night
By the way, by the way, by the amount of piss and seed
I could exude over the columns that nestled the P.A
Some nights I'd surprise everybody by skipping off
With a skirt of green net sewed over with flat metallic
circles
Which dazzled and flashed the lights were violet and
white
I had an ornamental veil, but I couldn't bear to use it
When my hair was cropped, I craved covering
But now that my hair itself is a veil, and the scalp inside
is a scalp
Of a crazy and sleepy comanche
Lies beneath this netting of the skin
I wake up, I am lying peacefully, I am lying peacefully
And my knees are open to the sun
I desire him which is absolutely ready to seize me
In in in in heart I am a Moslem, in heart I am I am an
American
In heart I am Moslem, in heart I'm an American artist
And I have no guilt
I seek pleasure, I seek the nerves under your skin
The narrow archway, the layers, the scroll of ancient
lettuce
We worship the flaw, the belly, the belly
The mole on the belly of an exquisite whore
He spared the child and spoiled the rod
I have not sold myself to God

Baby was a black sheep, baby was a whore
Baby got big and baby gets bigger
Baby get something, baby get more
Baby, baby, baby was a rock 'n' roll nigger
A look around you, all around you
Riding on a copper wave

Do you like the world around you?
Are you ready to behave?

Outside the society, they're waitin' for me
Outside the society, that's where I wanna be
Lenny!

Baby was a black sheep, baby was a whore
You know she got big, well, she's gonna get bigger
Baby got her hand, got a finger on the trigger
Baby, baby, baby is a rock 'n' roll nigger

Outside the society, that's where I wanna be
Outside the society, they're waitin' for me

Outside outside outside
Those who have suffered, understand suffering
And there by extend their hand
The storm that brings harm also makes fertile
Blessed is the grass and herb and the true thorn and
light

I was lost in a valley of pleasure
I was lost in the infinite sea
I was lost, and measure for measure
Love spewed from the heart of me
I was lost and the cost
And the cost didn't matter to me
I was lost and the cost
Was to be outside society

Jimi Hendrix was a nigger
Jesus Christ and Grandma, too
Jackson Pollock was a nigger
Nigger, nigger, nigger, nigger, nigger, nigger, nigger

Outside the society, they're waitin' for me
Outside the society, if you're looking
That's where you'll find me
Outside the society, they're waitin' for me
Outside the society
Outside the society
Outside the society

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