

Sonic Youth

"Small Flowers Crack The Concrete"

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Small flowers crack concrete
Narcotic squads sweep thru poet dens
Spilling coffee, grabbing 15-yr-old runaway girls
By frazzled ponytailed hair
And tossing them into backseats of cop cars

The narcs beat the bearded oracles
Replacing tantric love with complete violence

Lights and mirrors dot the city
Inkstained hippies
With boxed lunch and marijuana
Mystery plays of shit and nothingness
Blessed by colors from a black hat

Blue lights search thru weeds
Searching for the heart of d.a. levy
And the mind he left behind

What did you expect? Another mystic wreck?
That's what you got crawling
Inside your panic net
What did you bring me? Not a goddam thing yeh
And what did you leave me?
Another tombstone dream, yeh
O salacious mansion, the boys held for ransom
Did you see where he's gone?
The blasted summers dawn
Fucked up in Cleveland, fucked up in Cleveland
Short flight to nothing
Heaven's up to something
Heaven's up to something
Levy's up to something
Levy's up to something

Death poems for the living gods of America
Plastic saxophones bleat
Bleed for nothing, nada

Cops crashing thru doors
Infuriated by silver charms of suburban smoke

At war with patches of red dirt glitter
And bluejean fucking
And protest.

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