

25th Floor

Patti Smith

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 split 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

(I feel it swirling around me)
We must open up our eyes and seize and rend the veil of smoke
(I feel it feeling no pain)
Which man calls order
(I'm waiting above for you baby)
Pollution is a necessary result of the inability of man
(I know that I'll see you up there)
To reform and transform waste

The transformation of waste
(I'm floating in a door backward)
(On boundaries over this world)
The transformation of waste
(I'm waiting above in the sky, dear)
The transformation of waste
(Upon a ...)

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 within 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