## **Dead City**

Patti Smith

This dead city longs to be This dead city longs to be free Seven screaming horses Melt down in the sun Building scenes on empty dreams And smoking them one by one

This dead city longs to be This dead city longs to be living Is it any wonder there's squalor in the sun With their broken schemes and their lotteries They never get nowhere

Is it any wonder they're spitting at the sun God's parasites in abandoned sites and they never have much fun

If I was a blind man Would you see for me Or would you confuse The nature of my blues And refuse a hand to me

Is it any wonder crying in the sun Is it any wonder I'm crying in the sun Well I built my dreams on your empty scenes Now I'm burning them one by one

This damn city this dead city Immortal city Motor city Suc-cess city Longs to be Longs to be Free Free Free