

## NYC Ghosts & Flowers

Sonic Youth

When the phone rang, 3 in the morning  
Dead middle of night  
There was nothing on the line  
I set back the silent receiver  
Tiny flames lit in my head  
Hey did any of you freaks here ever remember Lenny?  
I can't remember his last name  
He's turned to dust now, one of the chosen few  
Left out in the rain, out of town again  
Left out in the rain, ocean bound I guess

Between the mattress  
And a column of hazy faces  
I remember every word you said  
Quite a clear picture: every word you said  
The door was open but the way was not lit  
And there was no way out of my head

On a crimson highway by a chrome bumper  
I last saw you alive, inclined to thrive  
Evening fireflies lit sparks around your head  
But wait a minute, let's back up a bit  
Some famous stars were busted  
Down on fashion avenue  
Impersonating real men  
Not knowing who they really were

Now here at dark corners all is calm and quiet  
And good  
The kids are up late dreaming quiet questions  
In a graceful mood  
Can you please pass me a jug of winter light?  
Fold me in an ocean's whim?  
In sweet corrosive fire light?  
In the city made of tin?  
Are you famous under the skin?  
Familiar with the things you wanted?  
Able now to take it all in?  
Making peace with every hole in the story?

Did lightning keep you up all night?  
Illuminate the soot and grit?  
Can you tell how high the sky tonight?  
Dig out from under in spite of it?  
Can you cover up the one that floats?  
Push back the hours?  
I hear your voice, I speak your name  
Among New York City ghosts and flowers  
Will we meet? To run again?  
Thru New York City ghosts and flowers