

Skip Tracer

Sonic Youth

This she did in public for us to see
She came in here too drunk to do the show
Between the trains and cars
Broken glass and lost hub-caps, images of a gun
Row house row house pass through
Let the city rise up to fill the screen
Clothes flung out of closets, doorknobs falling off
The guitar guy played real good feedback, and super sounding ri
ffs
With his mild mannered look on, yeah he was truly hip
The girl started out in red patent leather
Very I'm in a band with knee pads
We watch her fall over and lay down,
Shouting the poetic truths of high school journal keepers
Row house row house pass through, let the city rise up
Twister, dust buster, hospital bed, I'll see you, see you
See you on the highway
Now we're told so merge ideas, of song forms and freedom
Miss seafood, miss cheesecake, a couple of miss donuts
The edge of a blade pressed to the throat of your reflected ima
ge
Poised, yet totally screwed up
Yes sir, yes sir, step right up

None of us know, where we're trying to get to
What sort of live where we trying to build
Now we're told so merge ideas, of song forms and freedom
Seasons out of life, nothing is out of reach
L.a. is more confusing now, than anywhere I've ever been to
I'm from new york city, breath it out and let it in

Where are you now?
When your broken eyes are closed
Head in a cloudy dream, green and sailboats
Borrowed and never returned
Emotions, books, outlooks on life

Hello 20 15!

Hello, 20, 15!