

Small Flowers Crack Concrete

Sonic Youth

Small flowers crack concrete
Narcotic squads sweep through poet dens
Spilling coffee grabbing 15 yr old runaway girls
By frazzled pony tailed 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
Ink stained hippies with boxed lunch and marijuana
Mystery plays of shit and nothingness
Blessed by colors from a black hat Blue lights search through weeds
Searching for the heart of D.A levy
And the mind he left behind What did you expect another mystic wreck?
Thats whatcha got crawling inside your panic net
What did you bring me? Not a goddamn thing yeah
And what did you leave me? Another tombstone dream yeah 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 through doors infuriated
By silver charms of suburban smoke
At war with patches of red dirt glitter
And blue jean fucking and protest

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