

# 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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