

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?

Songwriters

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