

# 25th Floor

## Patti Smith Group

We explore the men's room  
We don't give a shit  
Ladies lost electricity  
Take vows inside of it Desire to dance, too startled to try  
Wrap my legs 'round you, starting to fly  
Let's explore  
Up there, up there, up there on the twenty-fifth floor Circle all around me  
Coming for the kill, kill, kill, oh, kill me baby  
Like a Kamikaze heading for a spill  
Oh, but it's all split milk to me Desire to dance, too startled to try  
Wrap my legs 'round you, starting to fly  
Let's soar  
Up there, up there, up there on the twenty-fifth floor We do not eat flower of creation  
We do not eat, eat anything at all  
Love is, love was, love is a manifestation  
I'm waiting for a contact to call Love's war, love's cruel  
Love's pretty, love's pretty cruel tonight  
I'm waiting here to refuel  
I'm gonna make contact tonight Love in my heart, the night to exploit  
Twenty-five stories over Detroit  
And there's more  
Up there, up there, up there Stoned in space  
Zeus, Christ  
It has always been rock and so it is and so it shall be  
Within the context of neo rock (I feel it swirling around me)  
We must open up our eyes and seize and rend the veil of smoke  
(I feel it feeling no pain)  
Which man calls order  
(I'm waiting above for you baby)  
Pollution is a necessary result of the inability of man  
(I know that I'll see you up there)  
To reform and transform waste The transformation of waste  
(I'm floating in a door backward)  
(On boundaries over this world)  
The transformation of waste  
(I'm waiting above in the sky, dear)  
The transformation of waste  
(Upon a [Incomprehensible]) The transformation of waste is perhaps the oldest pre-occupation of man  
([Incomprehensible])

Man being the chosen alloy, he must be reconnected via shit  
([Incomprehensible])  
At all cost inherent within us is the dream of the task of the alchemist  
([Incomprehensible])  
To create from the clay of man  
([Incomprehensible]) And to re-create from excretion of man pure and then soft  
And then solid gold  
All must not be art, some art we must disintegrate  
Positive

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