

Babelogue

Patti Smith

I haven't fucked much with the past
But I've fucked plenty with the future
Over the skin of silk are scars
From the splinters of stations and walls I've caressed
A stage is like each bolt of wood
Like a, like a log of Helen, is my pleasure
I would measure the success of a night by the way, by the way I
By the amount of piss and seed I could exude
Over the columns that nestled the P.A. Some nights I'd surprise everybody by skipping off
With a skirt of green net sewed over
With flat metallic circles which dazzled and flashed
The lights were violet and [Incomprehensible] white
I had an ornamental veil, I can't bear to use it
With the way my hair was cropped, I craved, craved covering
But now that my hair itself is a veil
And the scalp inside is a scalp of a crazy
And a sleepy Comanche lies beneath this netting of skin
I wake up, I am lying peacefully
I am lying peacefully and my knees are open to the sun
I desire him and he is absolutely ready to seize me
In, in, in, in, in heart, I am a Moslem, in heart, I am an American
In heart, I am Moslem, in heart, I'm an American artist and I have no guilt
I seek pleasure, I seek the nerves
under your skin
The narrow archway, the layers, the scroll of ancient lettuce
We worship the flaw, the belly, the belly
The mole on the belly of an exquisite whore
He spared the child and spoiled the rod
I have not sold myself to God

Songwriters

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