

# 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

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