

# Babelogue

## Patti Smith Group

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 log of Helen, is my pleasure  
I would measure the success of a night  
By the way by the way 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 white  
I had an ornamental veil, but I couldn't bear to use it

When my hair was cropped, I craved covering  
But now my hair itself is a veil  
And the scalp inside is a scalp of  
A crazy and sleepy Comanche  
Lies beneath this netting of the 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 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

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songlyrics.band/>