

**New York Dolls Perform at  
Axis Nov 20 2006 Boston Ma  
“You Can’t Put Your Arms Around a Memory”**

I thought a prayer for Johnny Thunders  
Sainted punk waif riot-boy  
Pathetic self-destructive genius idiot  
Before heroin chic and retro motor-fashion  
Before punk became music to sell cars and breakfast cereal  
I believed in his ripped screeching chords  
Rug-burn voice and sad-ass beggar lyrics  
In his scarred arms and bruised lips  
His high-octane relationships with tall blond junkies.  
His vagabond eyes and fucked-up haircut  
Jizz stained jeans, stinky high-tops  
Mournful dirt  
No more, gone now, forever  
His fully unwholesome imperfect perfection  
His vainglory momentum  
I’ll quit tomorrow  
Waiting for the black leather whistle  
CBGB all-night razzmatazz  
Jittery love bug street corner waiting  
A boy in black eyeliner waiting  
For his inevitable sacred moment  
A soldier lost in a high-rise battlefield  
That was New Jersey, that was London  
That was L.A., and all that was in between.

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So in this room of noise and poseurs  
[and I among them]  
I thought a prayer for Johnny Thunders  
A prayer for his life eternal and final release from loneliness  
That as he lay dumb with lips too thick to speak  
The heroin spreading through him  
Like butter soaking into hot bread  
That his desperation be forever removed  
Death is a gift only God can give  
And that no way God would not welcome  
Johnny Thunders into heaven