

# Patti Smith, Citizen Ship

I was nothing. It didn't matter to me.  
Ah, there were tags all over my sleeve.  
There was water outside the windows  
and children in the streets [ ] rats with tags.

Ain't got a passport.  
Ain't got my real name.  
Ain't got a chance, sport, at fortune and fame.  
And I walk these endless streets, won't you give me a lift.  
A lift. A lift. On your citizen ship.

They were rioting in Chicago, movement in L.A.  
Sixty-eight it broke up the yardbirds.  
We were broke as well.  
Took it underground, M.C. borderline, up against the wall.  
The wall. The wall.  
Show your papers, boy.

Citizen ship we got mem'ries.  
Stateless, they got shame.  
Cast adrift from the citizen ship,  
lifeline denied, exiled this castaway.

Blind alley in New York City, in a foreign embrace.  
If you're hungry you're not too particular about what you'll taste.  
Men in uniform gave me vinegar, spoon of misery.  
But what the hell, I fell, I fell.  
It doesn't matter to me.

Citizen ship we got mem'ries  
Citizen ship, we got pain.  
Cast adrift from the citizen ship,  
lifeline denied, exiled this castaway.

I was caught like a moth with its wings outta sync.  
Cut the chord. Overboard. Just a refugee.  
Lady liberty, lend a hand to me, I've been cast adrift.  
Adrift. Adrift. Adrift. Adrift. Adrift.

On the citizen ship we got mem'ries  
Citizen ship, we got pain.  
Lose your grip on the citizen ship,  
you're cast, you're cast away.  
On the citizen ship you got mem'ry.  
Citizen ship you got pain.  
Citizen ship you got identity.  
A name. A name. A name. . .

What's your name, son?  
What's your name? . . .  
What's your name?  
[ ]  
Nothing. I got nothing.  
[ ] Jersey.  
Give me your tired, your poor  
Give me your huddled masses  
your wartorn [ ]  
Give me your wartorn and your [ ]  
Lift up your [ ] unto me.  
Ah, mythology.