

# Patti Smith, Come Back Little Sheba

Come back little Sheba  
I hear them calling  
Open your ears  
Awake from thy sleep  
High above  
The stars are falling  
Open your arms  
And you shall receive

The lights of the city  
So bold and flashing  
All of its riches  
Imparted to thee  
Robes of saffron  
Robes of standing  
A road of crimson  
Spread at your feet

Your robes of standing  
Your robes of saffron  
Your road of crimson  
All pleasing to me  
But close your lights  
Close your gates  
I must arise  
My flock awaits

Farewell little Sheba  
I hear them a'calling  
Here is your staff  
Tend to thy sheep  
Good wishes be with you  
If that be your calling  
Farewell little Sheba  
Arise and take leave