

Patti Smith, Gone Again

Hey now man's own kin
we commend into the wind
grateful arms grateful limbs
grateful soul he's gone again

I have a winter's tale
how vagrant hearts relent prevail
sow their seed into the wind
seize the sky and they're gone again

fame is fleeting God is nigh
we raise our arms to him on night
we shoot our flint into the sun
we bless our spoils and we're gone we're gone

Hey now man's own kin
we commend into the wind
grateful arms grateful limbs
grateful heart he's gone again

Here a man man's own kin
he turned his back and his own people shot him
and he fell on his knees
before the burning plane
and he beheld fields of gold his land his sun
and he arose his blood aflame
the clouds pressed with hand prints stained

one last breath
the sky is high
the hungry earth
the empty vein
the ashes rain
death's own bed
man's own kin
into the wind
one last breath
hole in life
love knot tied
braid undone
child born
the hollow horn
warrior cried
a warrior died
one last breath
lick of flame
spirit moaned
spirit shed
the heavens fed
man's own kin
grips the sky
and he's gone again

Hey now man's own kin
we lay down into the wind
grateful arms grateful limbs
grateful heart he's gone again

Hey now man's own kin
he ascends into the wind
grateful heart grateful limbs
grateful man he's gone again