

# 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