

# Patti Smith, Gung Ho

(Smith/Ray/Kaye/Shanahan/Daugherty)

On a field of red one gold star  
Raised above his head  
Raised above his head  
He was not like any other  
He was just like any other  
And the song they bled  
Was a hymn to him

Awake my little one  
The seed of revolution  
Sewn in the sleeve  
Of cloth humbly worn  
Where others are adorned

Above the northern plain  
The great birds fly  
With great wings  
Over the paddy fields  
And the people kneel  
And the men they toil  
Yet not for their own  
And the children are hungry  
And the wheel groans

There before a grass hut  
A young boy stood  
His mother lay dead  
His sisters cried for bread  
And within his young heart  
The seed of revolution sewn  
In cloth humbly worn  
While others are adorned

And he grew into a man  
Not like any other  
Just like any other  
One small man  
A beard the color of rice  
A face the color of tea  
Who shared the misery  
Of other men in chains  
With shackles on his feet  
Escaped the guillotine

Who fought against  
Colonialism imperialism  
Who remained awake  
While others slept  
Who penned like Jefferson  
Let independence ring  
And the cart of justice turns  
Slow and bitterly  
And the people were crying  
Plant that seed that seed  
And they crawled on their bellies  
Beneath the giant beast  
And filled the carts with bodies  
Where once had been their crops

And the great birds swarm  
Spread their wings overhead  
And his mother dead

And the typhoons and the rain  
The jungles in flames  
And the orange sun  
None could be more beautiful  
Than Vietnam  
Nothing was more beautiful  
Than Vietnam

And his heart stopped beating  
And the wheel kept turning  
And the words he bled  
Were a hymn to them  
I have served the whole people  
I have served my whole country  
And as I leave this world  
May you suffer union  
And my great affection  
Limitless as sky  
Filled with golden stars

The question is raised  
Raised above his head  
Was he of his word  
Was he a good man  
For his image fills the southern heart  
With none but bitterness

And the people keep crying  
And the men keep dying  
And it's so beautiful  
So beautiful  
Give me one more turn  
Give me one more turn  
One more turn of the wheel

One more revolution  
One more turn of the wheel