

# Patti Smith, Memorial Tribute

Little emerald bird  
Wants to fly away  
If I cup my hand  
Could I make him stay?

Little emerald soul  
Little emerald eye  
Little emerald soul  
Must you say goodbye?

All the things that we pursue  
All that we dream

Are composed as nature knew  
In a feather green

Little emerald bird  
As you light afar  
It is true I heard  
God is where you are

Little emerald soul  
Little emerald eye  
Little emerald bird  
We must say goodbye