

Patti Smith, My Blakean Year

(Smith)

In my Blakean year I was so disposed
Toward a mission yet unclear Advancing pole by pole

Fortune breathed into my ear Mouthed a simple ode
One road is paved in gold One road is just a road

In my Blakean year Such a woeful schism
The pain of our existence Was not as I envisioned

Boots that trudged from track to track Worn down to the sole
One road is paved in gold One road is just a road

Boots that tramped from track to track Worn down to the sole
One road was paved in gold One road was just a road

In my Blakean year Temptation but a hiss
Just a shallow spear Robed in cowardice

Brace yourself for bitter flack For a life sublime
A labyrinth of riches Never shall unwind
The threads that bind the pilgrim's sack Are stitched into the Blakean back

So throw off your stupid cloak Embrace all that you fear
For joy shall conquer all despair In my Blakean year

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