

# Patti Smith, Radio Ethiopia/Abyssinia

Oh I'll send you a telegram  
Oh I have some information for you  
Oh I'll send you a telegram  
Send it deep in the heart of you  
Deep in the heart of your brain is a lever  
Oh deep in the heart of your brain is a switch  
Oh deep in the heart of your flesh you are clever  
Oh honey you met your match in a bitch

Deep in the heart of  
Deep in the heart of

[ ]  
There will be no famine in my existence  
I merge with the people of the hills  
Oh people of Ethiopia  
Your opiate is the air that you breathe  
All those mint bushes around you  
Are the perfect thing for your system  
Aww clean clean it out  
You must rid yourself from these, these animal fixations  
You must release yourself  
From the thickening blackmail of elephantiasis  
You must divide the wheat from the rats  
You must turn around [and look oh God]

When I see Brancusi  
His eyes searching out the infinite abstract spaces  
In the [radio] rude hands of sculptor  
Now gripped around the neck of a [duosonic]  
[ ]  
[I swear on your eyes no pretty words will sway me]  
[ ]  
Oh look at me aah  
[ ] cannot move ahh so much aahh everything I am  
[ ] possible  
Aah [ ]  
Feel so f\*\*ked up  
[ ]  
much too  
I know I know [ ]  
[ ]  
[ ]  
[ ]  
tell him to get out of here  
go down to the sea  
[ ] if he would just tell me  
he appreciates Brancusi's [ ] space  
the sculptor's mallet has been taken in place  
[ ]  
every time I see [ ]