

Patti Smith, Somalia

I don't know why I feel this way today
The sky is blue the table is laid
The trees are heavy with yellow fruit
And in their shade children happily play

The pears have fallen to the ground
My child places one in my hand
The sun is warm upon my face
And I dream of a burning land

Mother of famine take this pear
Upon an arrow through the rings of time
This small fruit this golden prayer
May it pass from this hand to thine

If I were rain I'd rain on Somalia
If I were grain for Somalia I'd grow
If I were bread I would rise for Somalia
If I were a river for Somalia I'd flow

All the mothers will dream of thee
All the mothers bless thy empty hand
All the mothers will grieve for thee
All the sorrow a mother can stand

If we were rain we would rain on Somalia
If we were grain for Somalia we'd grow
If we were bread we would rise for Somalia
If we were a river for Somalia we'd flow