

Patti Smith, Wild Leaves

wild leaves are falling
falling to the ground
every leaf a moment
a light upon the crown
that we'll all be wearing
in a time unbound
and wild leaves are falling
falling to the ground

every word that's spoken
every word decreed
every spell that's broken
every golden deed
all the parts we're playing
binding as the reed
and wild leaves are falling
wild wild leaves

as the campfire's burning
as the fire ignites
all the moments turning
in the stormy bright
well enough the churning
when enough believe
the coming and the going
wild wild leaves
wild wild leaves
wild wild leaves