

Patti Smith, Broken Flag

Nodding tho the lamp's lit low, nod for passers underground.
To and fro she's darning, and the land is weeping red and pale.
Weeping yarn from Algiers. Weeping yarn from Algiers.

Weaving tho the eyes are pale, what will rend will also mend.
The sifting cloth is binding, and the dream she weaves will never end.
For we're marching toward Algiers. For we're marching toward Algiers.

Lullaby tho the baby's gone. Lullaby a broken song.
Oh, the cradle was our call. When it rocked we carried on.
And we marched on toward Algiers. For we're marching toward Algiers
We're still marching for Algiers. Marching, marching for Algiers.
Not to hail a barren sky. Sifting cloth is weeping red.
The mourning veil is waving high a field of stars and tears we've shed.
In the sky a broken flag, children wave and raise their arms.
We'll be gone but they'll go on and on and on and on and on.