

# Patti Smith, Death Singing

In the straw-colored light  
In light rapidly changing  
On a life rapidly fading

Have you seen death singing  
Have you seen death singing

With a throat smooth as a lamb  
Yet dry as a branch not snapping  
He throws back his head  
And he does not sing a thing mournful

Have you seen death singing  
Have you seen death singing  
Have you seen death singing  
In the straw-colored light

He sings a black embrade  
And white opals swimming  
In a child's leather purse  
Have you seen death swimming  
Have you seen death swimming

With a throat smooth as a lamb  
Yet dry as a branch not snapping  
He throws back his head  
And he does not sing a thing mournful

Have you seen death singing  
Have you seen death singing  
Have you seen death singing  
In the straw-colored light

He sings of youth enraged  
And the burning of Atlanta  
And these viral times  
And May ribbons streaming  
And straw-colored curls a-turning  
A mother's vain delight  
And woe to the sun  
And woe to the young  
Another hearse is drawn  
Have you seen death singing  
In the straw-colored light