

Patti Smith, Gandhi

(Smith/Kaye/Ray/Shanahan/Daugherty)

I had a dream Mr. King If you'll beg my pardon
I was trespassing A sacred garden
And the blossoms fell And they dropped like candy
And nature cried Gandhi Gandhi
And nature cried Gandhi Gandhi

When he was a boy He was afraid of the dark
His mother would fast And pray at his feet
And the lamp burned as he slept Slept as he dreamed
He was dreaming of his sisters Dressed in white muslin
Dressed in white muslin Dancing in a ring
He was afraid of the dark And the lamp burned
And his mother fasted And prayed as he slept
Dreaming of blossoms They were burning his throat
He had eaten flowers Fell burning
Flowers fell burning From the young girls' hair
He was whispering Into his god's ear
Let the children be so Let the children be so
And the lamplight flickered flickered And his mother withered like Job
And he lay there dreaming And the blossoms fell
And Tilak's trumpet Proceeded to call
And the blossoms fell And they dropped like candy
And the people cried Gandhi Gandhi...

I had a dream Mr. King If you'll beg my pardon
I was trespassing The sacred garden
And the blossoms fell Well, they dropped like candy
And nature cried Gandhi Gandhi

Hey little man Awake from your slumber
Get 'em with the numbers Get 'em with the numbers

He was frail and shy And the cast of his mind
Was mercurial Was mercurial
As the sacred verbs Scrawled
In the dust On the floor
On the floor Long live revolution
And the spinning wheel And a handful of salt
And a handful of salt The untouchables
Dropped like candy They called to him
Gandhi Gandhi The children of god
With hands full of candy They called to him
Gandhi Gandhi Feel our woes
Man of the giving Rejoin the living
Rejoin the living Awake from the net
Where you've been sleeping And their climbing climbing
The flowing hair And the golden flowers
Of the young girls Well they dropped all around
They dropped like candy And people cried
Gandhi Gandhi Awake little man
Awake from your slumber And get 'em with the numbers
Get 'em with the numbers

One Two Three Four hundred
Thousand million people
People People...

Awake from your slumber Awake from your slumber
Awake from your slumber And get 'em with the numbers
Get 'em with the numbers Long live revolution
And the spinning wheel Awake awake
Is the mighty appeal Oh, people awake

Awake from your slumber And get 'em with the numbers
Get 'em with the numbers

I had a dream Mr. King
If you'll beg my pardon I was trespassing
The sacred garden And the blossoms fell
Dropped like candy And nature called
Gandhi Gandhi Gandhi Gandhi

Awake from your slumber Awake from your slumber
And get 'em with the numbers Get 'em with the numbers