

# Patti Smith, Up There Down There

Up there  
There's a ball of fire  
Some call it the spirit  
Some call it the sun  
Its energies are not for hire  
It serves man / It serves everyone  
Down there where Jonah wails  
in the healing water  
in the ready depths  
Twisting like silver swans  
No line of death no boundaries

Up there  
The eye is hollow / The eye is winking  
The winds ablaze / Angels howling  
The sphinx awakens / But what can she say  
You'd be amazed

Down there  
Your days are numbers  
Nothing to fear  
There will be trumpets  
There will be silence  
In the end the end  
Will be here just here

Ahh the borders of heaven  
Are zipped up tight tonight  
The abstract streets  
The lights like some switched on Mondrian  
Cats like us are obsolete  
Hey Man don't breathe on my feet  
Thieves, poets we're inside out  
And everybody's a soldier  
Angels howl at those abstract lights  
And the borders of heaven  
Are zipped up tight tonight

Up there  
There's a ball of fire  
Some call it the spirit  
Some call it the sun  
Its energies are not for hire  
It serves man / It serves everyone  
The air we breathe  
The flame of wisdom  
The earth we grind  
The beckoning sea  
It's no mystery / Not sentimental  
Ahh the equation / It's all elemental

The world is restless  
Heaven in flux / Angels appear  
From the bright storm  
Out of the shadows  
Up there, down there  
But what can we say  
Man's been forewarned

All communion is not holy  
Even those that fall  
They can prophet understanding  
It's all for man / It's for everyone  
It's up there, down there

Everywhere / Everywhere  
Time for communion / Time for communion  
Talking communion ...