

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 ...