

# Patti Smith, We Three

(Every Sunday I will go down to the bar  
and leave him the guitar.)

You say you want me.  
I want another.  
Say you dream of me.  
Dream of your brother.  
Oh, the stars shine so suspiciously  
for we three.

You said when you were with me that nothing made you high.  
We drank all night together and you began to cry so recklessly.  
Baby, please, don't take my hope away from me.

You say you want me.  
I want another, baby.  
You say you wish for me.  
Wish for your brother.  
Oh, the dice roll so deceptively  
for we three.

It was just another Saturday  
and ev'rything was in the key of A.  
And I lit a cigarette for your brother.  
And he turned and heard me say so desp'rately,  
"Baby, please, don't take my hope away from me."

You say you want me.  
I want another.  
You say you pray for me.  
Pray for your brother.  
Oh, the way that I see him is the way I see myself.  
So please stand back now and let time tell you.  
Oh, can't you see that time is the key that will unlock the destiny  
of we three?

Every night on sep'rate stars, before we go to sleep, we pray so breathlessly.  
Baby, please, don't take my hope away from me.