

Patti Smith, Where Duty Calls

In a room in Lebanon
they silently slept
They were dreaming crazy dreams
in foreign alphabet
Lucky young boys
cross on the main
The driver was approaching
the American zone
The waving of hands
The tiniest train
They never dreamed
they'd never wake again

Voice of the Swarm
We follow we fall
Some kneel for priests
Some wail at walls
Flag on a match head
God or the law
And they'll all go together
Where duty calls

United children
Child of Iran
Parallel prayers
Baseball Koran
I'll protect Mama
I'll lie awake
I'll die for Allah
In a holy war
I'll be a ranger
I'll guard the streams
I'll be a soldier
A sleeping Marine

Refrain

In the heart of the ancient
Ali smiles
In the soul of the desert
the sun blooms
Awake
into the glare of all out little wars
Who pray to return to salute
the coming and dying of the moon
Oh sleeping sun

Assassin in prayer
laid a compass deep
Exploding dawn
and himself as well
Their eyes for his eyes
Their breath for his breath
All to his end

And a room in Lebanon
Dust of scenes
Erase and blend
May the blanket of Kings
Cover them and him

Forgive them Father
They know not what they do
From the vast portals

of their consciousness
they're calling to you