

Patti Smith, Whirl Away

Hello friend I've come a-calling
passively stationed
active patrol
sliding in at high noon like some reluctant sheriff
not want to get involved in it all

who stands guard for each other
why must we guard anything at all
anything at all

from the earth's four corners the people are calling
forming equations but the questions are hard
all men are brothers killing each other
and mother earth is wringing in wonder

who stands guard for each other
why must we guard anything at all
anything at all
whirl away now X3
whirl away

there's a cross on the road
there's a great mill turning
some seeking answers
some born to dancers
you can hold on the blade and turn around forever
be flung into space into another kind of grace

who stands guard for each other
why must we guard anything at all
anything at all
whirl away now X3
whirl away
whirl away now X3
whirl away

[?]
some giveth their hand
some giveth their land
some giveth their life
you lay in the fields of grain
the staff of life all around you
but yet you, you will cut someone down for their possessions
some material thing
and our children are being blown away like wishes in the wind
for the sake of their coat
or the colors of their coat
or the color of their skin
or the name on their shoes
and the mother cries "Why they taken my son?"
and the father wonders "Are they taking my boy?"
he extended his hand
he gave them his land
he gave them his bread
he gave them his heart
said hello friend
hello friend X4