

# 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