

April Fool

Patti Smith

Come - be my April Fool
Come - you're the only one
Come - on your rusted bike
Come - we'll break all the rules

We'll ride like writers ride
Neither rich nor broke
We'll race through alleyways
In our tattered cloaks so

Come - be my April Fool
Come - we'll break all the rules

We'll burn all of our poems
Add to God's debris
We'll pray to all of our saints
Icons of mystery

We'll tramp through the mire
When our souls feel dead
With laughter we'll inspire
Then back to life again

Come - be my April Fool
Come - you're the only one

Be my April Fool
You're the only one

Come
Come - be my April Fool
Come
Come - we'll break all the rules.