

Broken Flag

Patti Smith

Nodding though, the lamp's lit low, nod for passers underground
To and fro, she's darning and the land is weeping red and pale
Weeping yarn from Algiers, weeping yarn from Algiers

Weaving though, the eyes are pale, what will rend, will also mend
The sifting cloth is binding and the dream she weaves will never end
For we're marching toward Algiers, for we're marching toward Algiers

Lullaby though, baby's gone, lullaby a broken song
Oh, the cradle was our call, when it rocked we carried on
And we marched on toward Algiers, for we're marching for Algiers
We're still marching for Algiers, marching, marching for Algiers

Not to hail a barren sky, sifting cloth is weeping red
The mourning veil is waving high a field of stars and tears we've shed
In the sky a broken flag, children wave and raise their arms
We'll be gone but they'll go on and on and on and on and on