

Come Back Little Sheba

Patti Smith

Come back little Sheba
I hear them calling
Open your ears
Awake from thy sleep
High above
The stars are falling
Open your arms
And you shall receive

The lights of the city
So bold and flashing
All of its riches
Imparted to thee
Robes of saffron
Robes of standing
A road of crimson
Spread at your feet

Your robes of standing
Your robes of saffron
Your road of crimson
All pleasing to me
But close your lights
Close your gates
I must arise
My flock awaits

Farewell little Sheba
I hear them a'calling
Here is your staff
Tend to thy sheep
Good wishes be with you
If that be your calling
Farewell little Sheba
Arise and take leave