

## **Patti Smith**

# **"Broken Flag"**

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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

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