

Patti Smith

"Gandhi"

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I had a dream, Mr. King, if you'll beg my pardon
I was trespassing a sacred garden
And the blossoms fell and they dropped like candy
And the nature cried, "Gandhi, Gandhi"
And the nature cried, "Gandhi, Gandhi"

When he was, when he was a boy, he was afraid of the
dark
And his mother would fast and pray at his feet
The lamp burned as he slept, slept as he dreamed
He was dreaming' of his sisters, dressed in white
muslin
Dressed in white muslin, dancing in a ring

He was afraid of the dark and the lamp burned
And his mother fasted and prayed as he slept
Dreaming of blossoms, they were burning his throat
He had eaten flowers, fell burning
Flowers fell burning from the young girls' hair

He was whispering into his God's ear
Let the children be so, let children be so
And the lamplight flickered, flickered
And his mother withered like Job

And he lay there dreaming and the blossoms fell
And Tilak's trumpet proceeded to call
And the blossoms fell and they dropped like candy
And the people cried, "Gandhi, Gandhi"
Gandhi, Gandhi, Gandhi, Gandhi

I had a dream Mr. King, well, beg my pardon
I was trespassing the sacred garden
And the blossoms fell, well, they dropped like candy
And nature cried, "Gandhi, Gandhi"

Hey, little man, awake from your slumber
Get 'em with the numbers
Get 'em with the numbers

He is frail and shy and the cast of his mind
Was mercurial, was mercurial

As the sacred verbs scrawled in the dust
Scrawled in the dust on the floor, on the floor

Long live revolution and the spinning wheel
And a handful of salt and a handful of salt
And the untouchables felt like candy
They called to him, "Gandhi, Gandhi"

The children of God with hands full of candy
They called to him, "Gandhi, Gandhi"
Feel our woes, man of the giving
Rejoin the living, rejoin the living

Awake from the net where you've been sleeping
And they're climbing, climbing, the burning hair
And the burning flowers from the young girls
Well, they dropped all around, they dropped like candy
The people cried, "Gandhi, Gandhi"

Awake little man, awake from your slumber
And get 'em with the numbers
Get 'em with the numbers
One, two, three, four hundred thousand million
People, people, people, people

Awake from your slumber, awake from your slumber
Awake from your slumber
And get 'em with the numbers
Get 'em with the numbers

Long live revolution and the spinning wheel
Awake, awake is the mighty appeal
Oh, people awake, awake from your slumber
And get 'em with the numbers
Get 'em with the numbers

I had a dream Mr. King, if you'll beg my pardon
I was trespassing the sacred garden
And the blossoms fell, dropped like candy
And nature called, "Gandhi, Gandhi"
Gandhi, Gandhi

Awake from your slumber
Awake from your slumber
And get 'em with the numbers
Get 'em with the numbers

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