

# Beneath The Southern Cross

Patti Smith

Oh  
To be  
Not anyone  
Gone  
This maze of being  
Skin  
Oh  
To cry  
Not any cry  
So mournful that  
The dove just laughs  
The steadfast gaspsOh  
To owe  
Not anyone  
Nothing  
To be  
Not here  
But here  
Forsaking  
Equatorial bliss  
Who walked through  
The callow mist  
Dressed in scraps  
Who walked  
The curve of the world  
Whose bone scraped  
Whose flesh unfurled  
Who grieves not  
Anyone gone  
To greet lame  
The inspired sky  
Amazed to stumble  
Where gods get lost  
Beneath  
The southern cross

Songwriters

Patricia Smith;Leonard KayePublished by

GUITARGET MUSIC;DRUSE MUSIC INC. Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other

patents pending.

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