

April Fool

Patti Smith

Come be my April Fool
Come you're the only one
Come on your rusted bike
Come we'll break all the rules

We'll ride like writers ride
Neither rich nor broke
We'll race through alleyways
In our tattered cloaks so

Come be my April Fool
Come we'll break all the rules

We'll burn all of our poems
Add to God's debris
We'll pray to all of our saints
Icons of mystery
We'll tramp through the mire
When our souls feel dead
With laughter we'll inspire
Then back to life again

Come you're the only one
Come be my April Fool
Come come
Be my April Fool
We'll break all the rules

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