

Memorial Tribute

Patti Smith

Little emerald bird
Wants to fly away
If I cup my hand
Could I make him stay? Little emerald soul
Little emerald eye
Little emerald soul
Must you say goodbye? All the things that we pursue
All that we dream
Are composed as nature knew
In a feather green Little emerald bird
As you light afar
It is true I heard
God is where you are

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