

# Gung Ho

## Patti Smith

On a field of red one gold star  
    Raised above his head  
    Raised above his head  
    He was not like any other  
    He was just like any other  
    And the song they bled  
Was a hymn to him Awake my little one  
    The seed of revolution  
    Sewn in the sleeve  
    Of cloth humbly worn  
Where others are adorned Above the northern plain  
    The great birds fly  
    With great wings  
    Over the paddy fields  
    And the people kneel  
    And the men they toil  
    Yet not for their own  
    And the children are hungry  
And the wheel groans There before a grass hut  
    A young boy stood  
    His mother lay dead  
    His sisters cried for bread  
    And within his young heart  
    The seed of revolution sewn  
    In cloth humbly worn  
While others are adorned And he grew into a man  
    Not like any other  
    Just like any other  
    One small man  
    A beard the color of rice  
    A face the color of tea  
    Who shared the misery  
    Of other men in chains  
    With shackles on his feet  
Escaped the guillotine Who fought against  
    Colonialism imperialism  
    Who remained awake  
    While others slept  
    Who panned like jefferson

Let independence ring  
And the cart of justice turns  
Slow and bitterly  
And the people were crying  
Plant that seed that seed  
And they crawled on their bellies  
Beneath the giant beast  
And filled the carts with bodies  
Where once had been their crops  
And the great birds swarm  
Spread their wings overhead  
And his mother dead  
And the typhoons and the rain  
The jungles in flames  
And the orange sun  
None could be more beautiful  
Than vietnam  
Nothing was more beautiful  
Than vietnam  
And his heart stopped beating  
And the wheel kept turning  
And the words he bled  
Were a hymn to them  
I have served the whole people  
I have served my whole country  
And as I leave this world  
May you suffer union  
And my great affection  
Limitless as sky  
Filled with golden stars  
The question is raised  
Raised above his head  
Was he of his word  
Was he a good man  
For his image fills the southern heart  
With none but bitterness  
And the people keep crying  
And the men keep dying  
And it's so beautiful  
So beautiful  
Give me one more turn  
Give me one more turn  
One more turn of the wheel  
One more revolution  
One more turn of the wheel

Lyrics provided by

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