

Come Back Little Sheba

[Patti Smith](#)

Come back little Sheba
I hear them calling
Open your eyes
Awake from thy sleep
High above
The stars are falling
Open your arms
You shall receiveThe lights of the city
So bold and flashing
All of it's riches
Imparted to thee
Robes of saffron
Robes of standing
A road of crimson
Spread at your feetYour robes of standing
Your robes of saffron
Your road of crimson
It's pleasing to me
But close your lights
Close your gates
I must arise
My flock awaitsFarewell little Sheba
I hear them a'callin'
Here is your staff
Tend to thy sheep
Good wishes be with you
If that be your callin'
Farewell little Sheba
Arise and take leave

Songwriters

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