

# Broken Flag

[Patti Smith](#)

Nodding though, the lamp's lit low, nod for passers underground  
To and fro, she's darning and the land is weeping red and pale  
Weeping yarn from Algiers, weeping yarn from Algiers  
Weaving though, the eyes are pale, what will rend, will also mend  
The sifting cloth is binding and the dream she weaves will never end  
For we're marching toward Algiers, for we're marching toward Algiers  
Lullaby though, baby's gone, lullaby a broken song

Oh, the cradle was our call, when it rocked we carried on  
And we marched on toward Algiers, for we're marching for Algiers  
We're still marching for Algiers, marching, marching for Algiers  
Not to hail a barren sky, sifting cloth is weeping red  
The mourning veil is waving high a field of stars and tears we've shed  
In the sky a broken flag, children wave and raise their arms  
We'll be gone but they'll go on and on and on and on and on

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