

# Blue Poles

Patti Smith

Mother, as I write, the sun dissolves  
Blood life streaming, 'cross my hand  
And these words, these words  
Hope dashed immortal hope  
Hope streaking the canvas skyBlue poles infinitely winding  
As I write, as I write  
Blue poles infinitely winding  
As I write, as I writeWe joined the long caravan  
Hungry, dreaming, going west  
Just for work, just to get a job  
And we never got luckyWe just forged on, and the dust  
The endless dust, like a plague  
It covered everything  
Hal fell, with the fever  
And mother I did, what I couldBlue poles infinitely winding  
As I write, as I write  
Blue poles infinitely winding  
As I write, as I writeWe prayed, we prayed for rain  
I never wanted, to see the sun again  
All my dresses, you made by hand  
We left behind, on the road,  
Hal died, in my arms  
We buried him, by the riverBlue poles infinitely winding  
As I write, as I write  
Blue poles infinitely winding  
As I write, as I write, I write

Songwriters

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YAM GRUEL MUSIC;DRUSE MUSIC INC. Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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