

Pissing in a River

Patti Smith

Pissing in a river, watching it rise
Tattoo fingers shy away from me
Voices, voices mesmerize
Voices, voices beckoning sea
Come, come, come, come back, come back
Come back, come back, come back Spoke of a wheel, tip of a spoon
Mouth of a cave, I'm a slave, I'm free
When are you coming? Hope you come soon
Fingers, fingers encircling thee
Come, come, come, come, come, come
Come, come, come, come, come, come for me, oh My bowels are empty, excreting your soul
What more can I give you? Baby, I don't know
What more can I give you to make this thing grow?
Don't turn your back now, I'm talking to you Should I pursue a path so twisted?
Should I crawl defeated and gifted?
Should I go the length of a river?
The royal, the throne, the cry me a river Everything I've done, I've done for you
Oh, I give my life for you
Every move I made I move to you
And I came like a magnet for you now What about it? You're gonna leave me
What about it? You don't need me
What about it? I can't live without you
What about it? I never doubted you
What about it? What about it?
What about it? What about it? Should I pursue a path so twisted?
Should I crawl defeated and gifted?
Should I go the length of a river?
The royal, the throne, the cry me a river What about it? What about it?
What about it?
Oh, I'm pissing in a river

Songwriters

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