

# Memento Mori

Patti Smith

The fans were whirlin'  
Like the blades of a 'copter  
Liftin' into the skies above some foreign land  
Soaked with the bodies of so many friends  
Johnny waved, he was on his way home  
Waved goodbye to his comrades in arms  
And all the twisted things he'd seen

Waved goodbye  
And the blades hit somethin'  
Maybe just fate, but the blades hit  
The 'copter went up in flames  
And Johnny never went marchin' home  
Johnny never went marchin' home  
They took his name  
And they carved it on a slab of marble  
With several thousand other names  
All the fallen idols  
The apples of their mother's eye  
Just another name

Meanwhile  
Back on that burning shore  
Johnny's comrades stood speechless  
They looked with uh uh uh uh disbelievin' eyes  
As those bits of metal and the embers  
The embers of his eyes, fanned out into the air  
Black dust, flames

Oh! Johnny  
Some day they'll make a movie about you  
And in the makin' of movie  
Some mad apocalypse  
It will become even stranger  
Than the simple act  
Just a boy goin' up, up, up  
Just a boy goin' up, in flames, in the smoke  
Just another life, just another breath  
And who'll remember  
Oh! Eternity now  
As eternal as a sheet of marble  
Eternal as a slab on a green hill  
And your name and all your fallen brothers  
And all the ones not cut  
All the ones remembered only in the hearts  
A mother, a father, a brother  
A sister, a lover, a son, daughter  
Shall not, shall not fade, shall not fade

Your ancestors salute you  
And the Gods of your ancestors, salute you  
Havin', havin' been formed by the minds of your ancestors  
The Gods of your ancestors, salute you  
Havin' been formed by your ancestors  
The Gods of your ancestors, salute you  
They draw you in, they draw you through  
They draw, they draw you through that golden door

Mornin' boy, come in, we remember you  
We conceived of you, we conceived of your breath  
We conceived of the whole human race  
And we conceived it to be a beautiful thing  
Like a tulip bending in the wind  
Sometimes, it comes back to us  
In the form of a handful of dust  
Comes back in the form of smitten child  
Our raped daughters, our  
The broken bones, souls cleaved from hearts  
They come back to us and our hands are filled  
With their rotting tissues  
But we turn not our backs we press our lips  
Into their cancer, into the dust  
Into the remains of each one  
And that love is there and will greet you, will greet you  
Mornin' boy, it's eternal love

Well here, go ahead  
Run through that flame  
Aww man, runnin' through your mind  
You took a cat, you took a life, you took it by the tail  
And you swirled it around your head  
And you thrashed it, you smashed the life out of it  
And you knew that would be your own  
But you wanted to feel, you wanted to feel it die  
Because you know, you would feel your own  
You would feel your own, but you're remembered  
You're remembered, you're remembered dead  
You're remembered dead, you're remembered dead  
We remember, we remember  
We remember, everything hah  
Everything hah  
Wau wau wau  
Wau wau wau