## **Up There Down There**

**Patti Smith** 

Up there there's a ball of fire Some call it the spirit, some call it the sun Its energies are not for hire It serves man, it serves everyone

Down there where Jonah wails In the healin' water, in the ready depths Twistin' like silver swans No line of death, no boundaries

Up there the eye is hollow The eye is winkin', the winds ablaze Angels howlin', the Sphinx awakens But what can she say, you'd be amazed

Down there your, days are numbers You're no numbers, nothin' to fear There will be trumpets, there will be silence In the end it'll here just here

Ahh, the borders of heaven are zipped up tight tonight The abstract streets, the lights like some switched on Mondrian Cats like us are obsolete, hey man, don't breathe on my feet

Thieves, poets we're inside out and everybody's a soldier Angels howl at those abstract lights And the borders of heaven are zipped up tight tonight

Up there there's a ball of fire Some call it the spirit, some call it the sun Its energies are not for hire It serves man, it serves everyone

The air we breathe, the flame of wisdom The earth we grind, the beckonin' sea No mystery, not sentimental Ahh, the equation, it's all elemental

The world is restless, Heaven in flux ,angels appear From the bright storm out of the shadows Up there, down there but what can we say Man's been forewarned

All communion is not holy, even those that fall Well, they can prophet understandin' It's all for man, it's for everyone

It's up there, down there, everywhere, everywhere Time for communion, time for communion Oh, and it's up there, out there, in there Everywhere, everywhere, everywhere