

# Patti Smith, April Fool

Come be my April Fool  
Come you're the only one  
Come on your rusted bike  
Come we'll break all the rules

We'll ride like writers ride  
Neither rich nor broke  
We'll race through alleyways  
In our tattered cloaks so

Come be my April Fool  
Come we'll break all the rules

We'll burn all of our poems  
Add to God's debris  
We'll pray to all of our saints  
Icons of mystery  
We'll tramp through the mire  
When our souls feel dead  
With laughter we'll inspire  
Then back to life again

Come you're the only one  
Come be my April Fool  
Come come  
Be my April Fool  
We'll break all the rules