

Patti Smith, Trespassers

Life is designed
With unfinished lines
That another sings
Each story unfolds
Like it was gold
Upon a ragged wing

The bold and the fair
Suffer their share
He whispered to his kin
All of my debts
Left with regrets
I'm sorry for everything

Trespasses stretch like broken fences
Winding as they may
Trespasses stretch like broken fences
Hope to mend them one day

And she pinned back her hair
Shouldered with care
The burdens that were his
Mending the coat
That hung on the post
In heart remembering

Trespasses stretch like broken fences
Winding as they may
Trespasses stretch like broken fences
Hope to mend them one day

And her time was to come
Called to her son
This your song to sing
All of our debts
Wove with regrets
Upon a golden string
And he found the old coat
Hung on a post
Like a ragged wing
And took as his own
The sewn and unsown
Joyfully whistling