

Street Dogs, Patrick

Neponset neighborhood landscape
You loomed larger than most
Owned scholastic and academic achievements
All which you did boast
The world was in the palm of your hand
When you went backdoor on school and friends
Drink, drugs, fighting fast lane life
Grew big chips on those imposing shoulders

[Chorus]
Take it back Patrick
Where is the kid that I once knew
Such a young sick kid
Where is this lifestyle taking you
Look at what booze did
The insanity breaking you
Take it back Patrick

Put in choice dry out spots
But you always broke out
Claimed they didn't know your reality
Loaded with self doubt
Jump back on the pain train
The ride will be different this time
Denial express closes to a stop
Your death, the end of the ride

[Chorus]
You can claim ignorance
Once the reaper comes
Because you got told about the cure by your drink doctor
Go back on the bright, straighten up your life
To you we do implore a second shot at this tonight
Saw you lying there, beaten at town field
With an unshakeable angry frown and requisite bottle
That won't happen to you, you were once the ace
A field's corner kid that the booze just knocked right out of place

Take it back Patrick
Lazarus runs out of time
Such a young sick kid
Without reason or a rhyme
Look at what booze did
A family left beyond the wake
Take it back Patrick