

Pat Green, Poetry

Some things I've done make my conscience burn
My very spine shutter and squirm
I only hope that I've learned from my sins
I heard a voice when I was thirteen
Got baptized and washed up clean
The world has a way if you know what I mean
Stuffing you up again and again

I can't explain a blessed thing
Not a fallen star or a feathered wing
How a man in chains has the strength to sing
Just one thing is clear to me
There's always more than what appears to be
When the lights just right I swear I see
Man, it's poetry

Now somebody made everything
From the soul inside out to Saturn's rings
How my baby smiles and how Ray Charles sings
Of course we were created
The clouds make rain, the ocean makes sand
The earth breathes fire and lava makes land
Now that took a mighty hand a wild imagination

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The dreams I dream came back tenfold
The friends I had to the woman I hold
I look down I'm on a street of gold
After all the mud along the way
Sometimes the big old mystery just leans right in on me
Says that I am home and I am free
And I'll take that any day, any day

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