

# Shawn Mullins, Patrick's Song

I had a dream I was in school  
Reading your autograph  
Pages of green in seventh grade  
Now like an epitaph alone in your room  
With an artist inside of you  
You died way too soon,  
But I can still feel you warm in a circle of friends  
How have you all been  
We'd never die, just go through hell and re-group again  
So button it down, so the wind won't blow it all away  
And pass it around  
Like champagne on a holiday  
Pass it around  
There's a lot of that to go around