

# Patchwork Quilt

Warren Haynes

I never knew you  
But then who really did?  
If you were at all like me  
You managed to keep yourself hid  
A patchwork quilt of a life  
Memories embroidered  
On your soul

So please forgive me  
For putting you in my song  
But the spirit she moves me  
In fact she pushes me along  
It's a patchwork quilt of a life  
Can't stop the river  
Just let it roll

We were at Jones Beach  
When we got the word  
Saddest sound that I ever heard  
The bluest note that nobody could play  
Ravens sang with us that night on the stage  
Tears of sadness, tears of rage  
But nobody spoke, we all felt old  
And in the way

So walk beside me  
Or above me, I don't know  
These days it sure seems  
I'm lost where ever I go

God, how could you, I heard someone say  
And what do we do with our lives now anyway?  
Now that our North Star can no longer be found

But there's a banjo moon in a tie-dyed sky  
Hippies dance and babies cry  
Church bells ring as a silver-haired angel look down  
And the blood of his music runs through the veins of our guitars  
Bright lights, Dark Star

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But then who really did  
If you were at all like me  
You managed to keep yourself hid

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