

# Patchwork Girlfriend

## Punch Brothers

I run my fingers  
Through her blackish blondish hair  
Look into her brown blue eyes  
And touch her skin so dark and fair Because I like  
How she encourages and scolds me  
How, even as her left hand pushes me away  
Her right arm holds me It's nice to know she's always waiting for me at the dead ends  
Guess I need a little love from every little square  
Of my sweet little patchwork girlfriend  
Of my sweet little patchwork girlfriend I can't tell  
If she would rather take or leave me  
And I'm not sure what I'm saying  
But I'm sure I want her to believe me So I run my fingers  
Through her blackish, blondish  
Brownish reddish grayish hair  
And tell her I won't mess around  
With other girls unless they're her It's nice to know  
She's always waiting for me at the dead ends  
Guess I need a little love from every little square  
Of my sweet little patchwork girlfriend  
Of my sweet little patchwork girlfriend Though I'm no more boy scout  
Than boyfriend I could see tying the knot  
Instead it's my hands that are tied  
Because that'd be against the law even in Utah It's nice to know  
She's always waiting for me at the dead ends  
Guess I need a little love from every little square  
Of my sweet little patchwork girlfriend She's anywhere I could ever go  
Ain't no false start or dead end  
That could take me away from  
Couldn't bring me back  
To my sweet little patchwork girlfriend Or my big bitter patchwork girlfriend  
Or my sweet little patchwork girlfriend

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