Poetry

Pat Green

Some things I've done make my conscience burn
My very spine shudder and squirm
I only hope that I've learned from my sin
I heard a voice when I was thirteen
Got baptized, washed up clean
But the world has a way, if you know what I mean
To scuff you up again and againI can't explain a blessed thing
Not a falling star, or a feathered wing
Or 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
And when the light's just right
I swear I see poetryNow, somebody made every natural thing
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
And a wild imaginationI can't explain a blessed thing
Not a falling star, or a feathered wing
Or 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
And when the light's just right
I swear I see poetryThe dreams I dreamed came back ten-fold
The friends I have, the woman I hold
I look down and I'm on streets of gold
After all the mud along the way
And sometimes the big old mystery
Just leans right on me
And whispers that I'm home and I am free
And I'll take that any dayI can't explain a blessed thing
Not a falling star, or a feathered wing
Or 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
And when the light's just right
I swear I see poetry

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