

Patchwork

Tindersticks

I know it's wrong
I know it's selfish
You've such a short life
You've so little time You know this pattern
Patchwork of any direction
Cobbled together
In odd shape and size Take my hand
We'll walk through this together
But my hand gets sweaty
You somehow slip away Try to call you
But I don't call too loud, no
Try to love
And never look that hard 'Cause this blue's a swirling ocean
The green, the ambition
The red is the guilt
There's a lot of red I know it's wrong
I know it's selfish
Such a short life
So little time Try to call you
But I don't call too loud, no
Try to love
And never look that hard 'Cause this blue's a swirling ocean
The green, the ambition
The red is the guilt
There's a lot of red The yellow is my sunshine
Comes out on odd occasion
Barely enough
To keep you around

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