

# Patches

## Alabama

I was born and raised down in Alabama  
On a farm way back up in the woods  
I was so ragged that folks used to call me Patches  
Papa used to tease me about it  
'Cause deep down inside he was hurt  
'Cause he'd done all he couldMy papa was a great old man  
I can see him with a shovel in his hands, see  
Education he never had  
He did wonders when the times got bad  
The little money from the crops he raised  
Barely paid the bills we madeFor, life had kick him down to the ground  
When he tried to get up  
Life would kick him back down  
One day Papa called me to his dyin' bed  
Put his hands on my shoulders  
And in his tears he saidHe said, Patches  
I'm dependin' on you, son  
To pull the family through  
My son, it's all left up to youTwo days later Papa passed away, and  
I became a man that day  
So I told Mama I was gonna quit school, but  
She said that was Daddy's strictest ruleSo every mornin' 'fore I went to school  
I fed the chickens and I chopped wood too  
Sometimes I felt that I couldn't go on  
I wanted to leave, just run away from home  
But I would remember what my daddy said  
With tears in his eyes on his dyin' bedHe said, Patches  
I'm dependin' on you, son  
I tried to do my best  
It's up to you to do the restThen one day a strong rain came  
And washed all the crops away  
And at the age of 13 I thought  
I was carryin' the weight of the  
Whole world on my shoulders  
And you know, Mama knew  
What I was goin' through, 'causeEvery day I had to work the fields  
'Cause that's the only way we got our meals  
You see, I was the oldest of the family  
And everybody else depended on me

Every night I heard my Mama pray  
Lord, give him the strength to make another day  
So years have passed and all the kids are grown  
The angels took Mama to a brand new home  
Lord knows, people, I shedded tears  
But my daddy's voice kept me through the years  
Sing,  
Patches, I'm dependin' on you, son  
To pull the family through  
My son, it's all left up to you  
Oh, I can still hear Papa's voice sayin'  
Patches, I'm dependin' on you, son  
I've tried to do my best  
It's up to you to do the rest  
I can still hear Papa, what he said  
Patches, I'm dependin' on you, son  
To pull the family through  
My son, it's all left up to you

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Published by  
Lyrics © Universal Music Publishing Group

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