

# Pat

## Built To Spill

Pat, we need your brains back  
Pat, we need your fire and your imagination  
Pat, we know you fucked up  
But we don't care you fucked up, everybody's fucked up  
Thought I heard your voice the other night  
And sure enough, it came from you  
Thought I'd be surprised that you weren't dead  
But all I was was glad  
Just sitting by your bed  
And talking to your head  
And hearing what you said  
As if you'd never left

Can't you see yourself yet, can't you see through our eyes?  
Can't you see the truth?  
Nothing's worse than ever, falling in a dream's where  
We can see each other  
Saw you the other night  
Have to say something wasn't right  
Of course, but I didn't mind  
'Cause seeing you being all alive  
Just walking in the room made me so relieved  
Like everything was fine and you had never died  
Or second-guessed your mind or gave up on our trust  
Thought you'd gone too far for us to take you back  
But distances like that, Pat, don't exist in fact

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