

Patti Smith, Trespasses

(Smith/Daugherty)

Life is designed With unfinished lines
That another sings Each story unfolds
Like it was gold Upon a ragged wing

The bold and the fair Suffer their share
He whispered to his kin All of my debts
Left with regrets I'm sorry for everything

Trespasses stretch like broken fences Winding as they may
Trespasses stretch like broken fences Hope to mend them one day

And she pinned back her hair Shouldered with care
The burdens that were his Mending the coat
That hung on the post In heart remembering

Trespasses stretch like broken fences Winding as they may
Trespasses stretch like broken fences Hope to mend them one day

And her time was to come Called to her son
This your song to sing All of our debts
Wove with regrets Upon a golden string
And he found the old coat Hung on a post
Like a ragged wing And took as his own
The sewn and unsown Joyfully whistling