

## **B.B. King "Patches"**

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I was born and raised down in Alabama on a farm way  
back up in the woods. Oh  
I was so ragged folks used to call me "Patches". Papa  
used to tease me about  
It, but deep down inside dad was hurtin' 'cause he'd  
done the best he could.

My papa was a great old man  
I can see him with a shovel in his hand  
Education that he never had  
But he did wonders when the times got bad  
The little money from the crops we raised  
Barely paid the bills we made

Oh life whipped him  
Down to the ground  
When he tried to get up  
Life would kick him back down  
On the day papa called me  
To his dyin' bed  
Placed his hand on my shoulders  
And in tears he said

Patches  
I'm depending on you, son  
To pull the family through  
My son, it's all left up to you

Two days later papa passed away  
And I became a man that day  
Everyday I had to work the fields  
'Cause that's the only way  
We got our meals  
See, I was the oldest of the family  
And everybody was depending on me

Now the years have passed  
And everybody's grown  
Mama's been livin'  
In a brand new home  
Lord knows it took  
A lot of sweat and tears

And my daddy's voice  
To help us through the years  
He said -

Patches  
I'm depending on you, son  
To pull the family through  
My son, it's all left up to you

Daddy had been sick for a long time, flat on his back.  
Every evenin' after  
We'd finish our chores and eat our dinner, we'd all go  
into papa's room to  
Cheer him up a little. And this particular day dad was in  
good spirits,  
Sittin' on the side of the bed, tellin' mama how good  
she looked. When all  
Of a sudden, papa had a pain in his chest. I was too  
young to understand,  
Talkin' about a heart attack here. Mama rushed us all  
out of the room into  
The hallway. About ten minutes later she came out with  
tears in her eyes.  
She called out to me, "Patches, Patches, get in here,  
boy. Your daddy wanna  
See you." I went runnin' into papa's room, there papa  
lay. Daddy had tears  
In his eyes. I knew something was wrong, daddy was a  
poor man, but all of my  
Life he'd been a proud man. I knelt down on one knee  
beside the bed, papa  
Put his hand on my shoulder. He said, "Patches,  
Patches, boy, the hammer of  
Life done beat your old papa down to the ground, and I  
ain't got nobody to  
Turn to to take care of mama and the younger. So what  
I want you to do is  
Promise me, son, is that you're gonna do your best to  
help your mama as much  
As you can." I said, "Papa, I'm gonna do my best." But  
little did I know  
Then like I know now, that tryin' to climb life's  
mountains searchin' for a  
Top where there ain't no top, sometimes you find  
yourself frustrated, lazy.  
But every time I feel like I can't live my life like I want to,  
my mind goes  
Back to that day when I see those tears in my daddy's  
eyes. But most of all  
I remember his words, "Patches, I'm dependin' on you,  
boy." Every time I

Feel like givin' up, I hear his voice. "Patches, Patches,  
Patches, Patches -"

I'm depending on you, son  
I've tried to do my best  
It's up to you to do the rest

Patches  
I'm depending on you, son  
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Patches  
I'm depending on you, son  
To pull the family through  
My son, it's all left up to you

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