

Dick Haymes

"Patches"

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Down by the river that flows by the coal yards stand
wooden houses with shutters torn down. There lives a
girl everybody calls Patches. Patches my darling of old
Shantytown.

We planned to marry when June brought the summer I
couldn't wait to make Patches my bride now I don't see
how that ever can happen. My folks say no and my
heart breaks inside.

Patches oh what can I do I swear I'll always love you but
a girl from that place would just bring me disgrace so
my folks won't let me love you.

Each night I cry as I think of that shanty and pretty
patches there watching the door. She doesn't know that
I can't come to see her Patches must think that I love
her no more.

I hear a neighbor telling my father he says a girl name
of Patches was found floating face down in that dirty
old river that flows by the coal yards in old Shantytown.

Patches oh what can I do I swear I'll always love you. It
may not be right but I'll join you tonight. Patches I'm
coming to you.

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