

George Jones "Patches"

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(Spoken)

I was born and raised down in Alabama
On a farm way back up in the woods
Why 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 done the best he could.

(Sang)

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 had kicked 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
Placed his hands on my shoulder and with tears he
said
Patches, I'm depending on you son to pull the family
through
My son, it's all, it's 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.

I was the oldest of the family
And everybody was depending on me
Now here's the path that everybodies on
Mamas been living in a brand new home.

Lord, knows it took a lot of sweat and tears
And my daddy's blood to help us through the teas
Patches, I'm depending on you son to pull the family
through
My son, it's all, it's up to you.

--- Instrumental ---

(Spoken)

Daddy had been sick for a long time, flat on his back
Every evening after we'd finished 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
Sitting on his side of the bed telling mama how good
she looked
When all of a sudden papa had a pain in his chest

I was too young to understand, talking about a heart
attack here

Mama rushed all of us 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
You're daddy want to see you."

I went running to papa's room, there papa lay.

Daddy had tears in his eyes, I knew something was
wrong

'Cause daddy was a poor man but all of his 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 young ones."

"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 right now
That trying to climb life's mountain
Searching for a top when there ain't no top.

Sometimes you find yourself frustrated, lazy
But everytime I feel like I can't live my life like I want to
My mind goes back to the day when I see those tears in
my daddy's eyes

But most of all I remember his words
"Patches, I'm depending on you boy."

Every time I feel like giving up I hear his voice
"Patches, Patches, Patches, Patches."

(Sang)

"I'm depeping on you son

I tried to do me best, it's up to you to do the rest."

"Patches, I'm depending on you son

I've tried to do my best, it up to you to do the rest."

"Patches, I'm depeping on you son

I tried to do me best, it's up to you to do the rest."

(Patches, I'm depeping on you son

I tried to do me best, it's up to you to do the rest.)

(Patches, I'm depeping on you son

I tried to do me best, it's up to you to do the rest.)

(Patches, I'm depeping on you son

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(Patches, I'm depeping on you son

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(I'm depeping on you son

I tried to do me best, it's up to you to do the rest..)

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