## Pat Green "Poetry"

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Some things I've done make my conscience burn My very spine shudder and squirm I only hope that I've learned from my sin I heard a voice when I was thirteen

Got baptized, washed up clean But the world has a way If you know what I mean To scuff you up again and again

I can't explain a blessed thing Not a falling star, or a feathered wing Or how a man in chains Has the strength to sing?

Just one thing is clear to me
There's always more than what appears to be
When the light's just right
I swear I see, yeah man it's poetry

But somebody made every thing From the soul, inside out to saturn's rings How my baby smiles and how Ray Charles sings Of course we were created

The clouds make rain, the ocean makes sand The earth breathes fire, and lava makes land Now that took a mighty hand And a wild imagination

I can't explain a blessed thing Not a falling star, or a feathered wing Or how a man in chains Has the strength to sing, yeah fly away

Just one thing is clear to me
There's always more than what appears to be
And when the light's just right
I swear I see, yeah oh Lord poetry

The dreams I dreamed came back ten-fold The friends I have to the woman I hold

I look down, I'm on streets of gold After all the mud along the way

But sometimes the big old mystery Just leans right in on me Says that I'm home and I am free And I'll take that any day, any day

I can't explain a blessed thing Not a falling star, or a feathered wing Or how a man in chains Has the strength to sing, like a bird

Just one thing is clear to me There's always more than what appears to be And when the light's just right I swear I see, yeah

Just one thing is clear to me
There's always more than what appears to be
And when the light's just right
I swear I see poetry, yeah man poetry

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