

# Patti Smith

## "Trespassers"

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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

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