

Richard Thompson

"Miss Patsy"

Visit "[Miss Patsy](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

My dearest Miss Patsy, Iâ€™m writing to say
That Iâ€™m sorry to not be in touch
Itâ€™s been quite a parade, but my thoughts never
strayed
Too far, or too long, or too much

CHORUS

Miss Patsy, forgive all the choices I made
Iâ€™ve been fighting shadows on the wrong crusade
Looking for ghosts in a penny arcade
Miss Patsy, no more will I roam
Miss Patsy, wonâ€™t you carry me home

They held me to ransom back there in the foothills
And nobody stumped up a bean
Not Swifty, nor Eddie, came up with the ready
It can make you think people plain mean

CHORUS

Iâ€™ve been hanging out with some virtuous people
They emptied my bank account twice
They gave me self-confidence, even some clothes
And a truckload of love and advice
When they gave out the cyanide pills with a wink
And said, Wait for the word, any day now, we think
I knew it was time to pull back from the brink
Miss Patsy, no more will I roam
Miss Patsy, wonâ€™t you carry me home

Miss Patsy, I looked at myself in the mirror
Decided I needed some work
Got me a nose job, a shave and a haircut
To drive all them ladies berserk
But the arm round my waist was a man in dark blue
He said, Ainâ€™t you him? Weâ€™ve been looking for you
Now Iâ€™m sharing a cell with a holy kung fu
Miss Patsy, no more will I roam
Miss Patsy, wonâ€™t you carry me home

