

Shawn Mullins "Patrick's Song"

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I had a dream I was in school
Reading your autograph
Pages of green in seventh grade
Now like an epitaph
Alone in your room
With an artist inside of you
You died way too soon
But I still can feel you
Warm in a circle of friends
How have you all been
We'd never die just go through hell
And re group again
So button it down
So the wind won't blow it all away
And pass it around
Like champagne on a holiday
Pass it around
There's a lot of that to go around

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