

Street Dogs "Patrick"

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Watching neighborhood landscape
You loomed larger than most
Scholastic and academic achievements
All which, you did boast

World was in the palm of your hand
When you went back door on school and friends
Drink, drugs, fighting, fast lane life
Grew big chips on those imposing shoulders

Take it back, Patrick
Where is the kid that I once knew?
Such a young sick kid
Where is this lifestyle taking you?

Look at what booze did
The insanity breaking you
Take it back, Patrick

Put in choice dry out spots
But you always broke out
Claimed they didn't know your reality
Loaded with self doubt

Jump back on the pain train now
The ride will be different this damn time
Denial express closes to a stop
Your death, the end of the ride

Take it back, Patrick
Where is the kid that I once knew?
Such a young sick kid
Where is this lifestyle taking you?

Look at what booze did
The insanity breaking you
Take it back, Patrick
Have one more peg

You can claim ignorance
Once the reaper comes
'Cause you got told about the cure

By your shrink doctor

Pull back on the bright
Straighten up your life
To you, we do implore
A second shot at this tonight

Saw you lying there
Beaten at town field
With unshakable angry frown
And requisite bottle

That won't happen to you
You were once the ace
A field's corner kid that the booze
Just knocked right out of place

Take it back, Patrick
Lazarus runs out of time
Such a young sick kid
Without reason or a rhyme

Look at what booze did
Family left beyond the wake
Take it back, Patrick
Take it back, Patrick

Change is all you saw
But I told you saw the end

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