

Mullins Shawn

"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 can still 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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