

Aunt Mattie's Quilt

Dixie Chicks

Aunt Mattie bent a thousand times down the long black rows
Then battled with the angry weeds so little seeds could grow
Come summer Mattie pulled the snow from cruel and cutting bolls
Round 'n round the spinning wheel beneath Aunt Mattie's boot

She was patient pale and slender and was only eight years old
Two winters spun out summer's threads in rich and creamy folds
She recalled the soil and cotton seeds and summer's hopeful shots

And she had a bolt of cotton cloth when she turned ten years old

If we bend and plant the seeds and tame the wicked weeds

If we follow in the barefoot path of one persistent girl
If we let the sun and rain assist and simplify our needs

Indigo and lavender made up Aunt Mattie's sky
We'll throw a healing quilt across an ever ailing world
The hour before the day would end it fed young Mattie's dream
Remembering her childhood days she made the rustic dye
She made indigo and lavender when she turned just fourteen
If we bend and plant the seeds and tame the wicked weeds

If we let the sun and rain assist and simplify our needs
We'll throw a healing quilt across an ever ailing world
If we follow in the barefoot path of one persistent girl

Aunt Mattie bends a thousand times down each patchwork row
The valley of the shadow cannot call her from her seams
Piece by piece and stitch by stitch in fading candle glow

Until finishing her lifetime's work she dies at seventeen
If we bend and plant the seeds and tame the wicked weeds
If we let the sun and rain assist and simplify our needs
We'll throw a healing quilt across an ever ailing world
If we follow in the barefoot path of one persistent girl