

## Miss Patsy

Richard Thompson

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

Miss Patsy, forgive all the choices I made  
I've been fighting shadows on the wrong crusade  
Looking for ghosts in a penny arcade  
Miss Patsy, no more will I roam  
Miss Patsy, won'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

I'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, won'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, "Ain't you him? We've been looking for you"  
Now I'm sharing a cell with a holy kung fu  
Miss Patsy, no more will I roam  
Miss Patsy, won't you carry me home?