

## Patrick's Song

Shawn Mullins

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, in a circle of friends  
How have you all been? We'd never die  
Just go through hell and we group again

So button it down  
So the wind won't blow it all away  
And pass it around, like champagne on a holiday

And pass it around  
There's a lot of that to go around