

Patti and Robert

Mason Jennings

Patti wasn't noticing, she noticed and she fell. She watched mountains rise from poetry. She did not climb Chanelle. Kneled down when she recognized her kiss could not be earned. And that knowledge brought her kindness and humility to learn.

I feel the beauty that you bring and it, it stirs my heart, it makes me sing. I sing a song that's always been, always been, always been.

Robert was a universe, complete and incomplete. He wore Saturn's rings and cosmic things, vibrant as the stream. Photographs formed in his mind before the camera clicked. He gave life to those around him, even though he got so sick.

I hear the story that you tell and it, it gives me strength, it makes me well. It lets me know we've always been, always been. Always been. Always been, been, been, been, been, been.

Oh baby, let go of your pain. Come on, give it all to me. [x2]

Leaning off the window ledge she sways and shuts her eyes, dreaming of the last words Robert said before he died. Tell our story Patti, you're the only one who can. She steps out into his emptiness by picking up the pen.

Ours is a love that will not break, it just goes out like ripples on a lake. What's set in motion has no end, what has no end has always been. Always been. Always been. Always been. Always been.

Oh baby, let go of your pain. Come on, give it all to me. [x8]