

Trespases

Patti Smith

Life is designed with unfinished lines
That another sings
Each story unfolds like it was gold
Upon a ragged wing

Bold and the fair suffer their share
He whispered to his kin
All of my debts left with regrets
I'm sorry for everything

Trespass stretch like broken fences
Winding as they may
Trespases stretch like broken fences
Hope to mend them one day

And she pinned back her hair
Shouldered with care the burdens that were his
Mending the coat that hung on the post
In heart remembering

Trespass stretch like broken fences
Winding as they may
Trespases stretch like broken fences
Hope to mend them one day

And her time was to come, called to her son
This your song to sing
All of our debts wove with regrets
Upon a golden string

And he found the old coat hung on a post
Like a ragged wing
And took as his own the sewn and unsown
Joyfully whistling