

Patchwork Girlfriend

Punch Brothers

I run my fingers through her blackish blondish hair
Look into her brown blue eyes and touch her skin so dark and fair

Because I like how she encourages and scolds me
How even as her left hand pushes me away her right arm holds me

It's nice to know she's always waiting for me at the dead ends
Guess I need a little love from every little square of my sweet
little patchwork girlfriend
Of my sweet little patchwork girlfriend

I can't tell if she would rather take or leave me
And I'm not sure what I'm saying but I'm sure I want her to believe me

So I run my fingers through her blackish blondish brownish reddish grayish (grayish?!) hair
And tell her I won't mess around with other girls unless they're her

It's nice to know she's always waiting for me at the dead ends
Guess I need a little love from every little square of my sweet
little patchwork girlfriend
Of my sweet little patchwork girlfriend

Though I'm no more boy scout than boyfriend I could see tying the knot
Instead it's my hands that are tied because that'd be against the law even in Utah

It's nice to know she's always waiting for me at the dead ends
Guess I need a little love from every little square of my sweet
little patchwork girlfriend
She's anywhere I could ever go ain't no false start or dead end
That could take me away from, couldn't bring me back to my sweet
little patchwork girlfriend
Or my big bitter patchwork girlfriend
Or my sweet little patchwork girlfriend