

Crazy Quilt

Quarterflash

I've been walking in the mornings,
With my worried friend,
And she's been working on this crazy quilt,
For months on end,
And she's fighting with the colors and the stitches,
And the batting and the backing,
And the chemo in her hands,
And she's piecing it together the best that she can.
And these quilts that she's made,
They cover all her walls,
She's run out of places to put them,
And she says, What do I do? What do I do with them all?
I don't know who I am.
And she's piecing it together the best that she can,
And she's piecing it together the best that she can.

And it's all we know,
So we sing and sew the best that we can.
Just keep walking, keep on talking up and down these hills,
Just keep singing, keep believing in this crazy quilt.

I've been walking in the mornings,
With my worried friend,
And I've been working on these crazy songs,
For months on end,
And I'm fighting with the meaning and the meter,
And the voicings and the choices in my hands,
And I'm piecing it together the best that I can.