

B.B. King, Patches

I was born and raised down in Alabama on a farm way back up in the woods. Oh I was so ragged folks used to call me "Patches". Papa used to tease me about it, but deep down inside dad was hurtin' 'cause he'd done the best he could.

My papa was a great old man
I can see him with a shovel in his hand
Education that he never had
But he did wonders when the times got bad
The little money from the crops we raised
Barely paid the bills we made

Oh life whipped him
Down to the ground
When he tried to get up
Life would kick him back down
On the day papa called me
To his dyin' bed
Placed his hand on my shoulders
And in tears he said

Patches
I'm depending on you, son
To pull the family through
My son, it's all left up to you

Two days later papa passed away
And I became a man that day
Everyday I had to work the fields
'Cause that's the only way
We got our meals
See, I was the oldest of the family
And everybody was depending on me

Now the years have passed
And everybody's grown
Mama's been livin'
In a brand new home
Lord knows it took
A lot of sweat and tears
And my daddy's voice
To help us through the years
He said -

Patches
I'm depending on you, son
To pull the family through
My son, it's all left up to you

Daddy had been sick for a long time, flat on his back. Every evenin' after we'd finish our chores and eat our dinner, we'd all go into papa's room to cheer him up a little. And this particular day dad was in good spirits, sittin' on the side of the bed, tellin' mama how good she looked. When all of a sudden, papa had a pain in his chest. I was too young to understand, talkin' about a heart attack here. Mama rushed us all out of the room into the hallway. About ten minutes later she came out with tears in her eyes. She called out to me, "Patches, Patches, get in here, boy. Your daddy wanna see you." I went runnin' into papa's room, there papa lay. Daddy had tears in his eyes. I knew something was wrong, daddy was a poor man, but all of my life he'd been a proud man. I knelt down on one knee beside the bed, papa put his hand on my shoulder. He said, "Patches, Patches, boy, the hammer of life done beat your old papa down to the ground, and I ain't got nobody to turn to to take care of mama and the younger. So what I want you to do is promise me, son, is that you're gonna do your best to help your mama as much as you can." I said, "Papa, I'm gonna do my best." But little did I know

then like I know now, that tryin' to climb life's mountains searchin' for a
top where there ain't no top, sometimes you find yourself frustrated, lazy.
But every time I feel like I can't live my life like I want to, my mind goes
back to that day when I see those tears in my daddy's eyes. But most of all
I remember his words, "Patches, I'm dependin' on you, boy." Every time I
feel like givin' up, I hear his voice. "Patches, Patches, Patches, Patches -"

I'm depending on you, son
I've tried to do my best
It's up to you to do the rest

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Patches
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