

# Tortured Artist

## Widespread Panic

Feelin' ticklish, just met a new girl  
She's got a tattoo, said she remembers you  
Oh, one day waitin' out the rain  
She embroidered the portrait of a tortured artist on your sleeve  
Laugh at your own jokes, ooh wouldn't dare laugh at yourself  
What a surprise  
Happy, happy birthday to you  
Oh you're mama's little dream come true  
She painted the colors of the sunset with her fingers on my  
teepee  
Likes cold, cold wine, cradled in the evening sky  
Drinks in the deep dark reds of romance and poetry  
Laughs out loud as movie stars shed their tears  
In her sleep, she dreams with melancholy  
And I know, I know I'm just like you  
I was leaving in a way, I'm already gone  
Still young, though, oozing to the radio  
Oh, like poetry, a tired cowboy  
Who just let his horse run free  
I know, ooh, I'm just like you  
Not goin' anywhere.  
Feel near gone,  
There's a van passing fast  
Moving in stereo  
Barely see her face  
Or maybe outline  
I'm not, I can barely see  
Even as she sleeps, oh, she laughs so long  
Laughing loud

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