

Hatfield (w/David Blackmon) >

Widespread Panic

Wide awake in San Diego
Smallest root shrinking dry
The fish are swimming closer inside Lake Morena
Still get no rain from the sky
Men were firing cannons
Hoping smoke might tear an angel's eyes
Heard the stories of shooting arrows
Tearin' open the clouds
But Indians shoot the best, and
The Indians they don't like us, muchHatfield
You made rain for L.A.
We've got ten grand
For you to go cook us some rainScience from the cooking pot mixing up with the air
Feeling thunder
Nights since they have started
Now the clouds won't stay apart
A little California voodoo
Care of Hatfield and his brother
Now the horses won't race where the down's turned to mud
Streams and rivers are growing
And my boots are filling up
Water's from back this way
Look at them smiling, cooking and smilingHatfield
Made rain for L.A.
Well, "Hot damn",
People swear with one walk in this rainFamilies on porches
The children are smiling
The owners are mad, owners are crying
Still the eyes of the children, wide open
Wide, wideWell, the blue light is rolling in between the clouds
Feeling of wonder
Some water drying up, some sinking down
"Charles always kept in touch", swears his mother
"Always had the touch"Made rain for L.A.
Made rain for L.A.
Hatfield

Songwriters

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