

From the Cradle

Widespread Panic

Black hole, paradise found
Something so dark and something so bright
Blue skies over our head
Why the hell is everything turning out gray now? All things are not what they seem
The man behind the curtain is probably mean Deep six keeps the population down
Broke and soaking wet, lost and floating around
Keep your head down, keep your voice down
Ooh, listen to the sound, all the races, all the faces
They just might find a winner lying on the ground Learn to take it, try to shake it
You cant fake it now
From the cradle youve been labeled
About as stable as a drunk on shaky ground Blind luck stumbling into a tree
Wouldve passed by if I could have seen
Got no cares I never felt pressed
I wonder what theyre getting for a pound of flesh?
[Incomprehensible] down now throwing a shoe
Old dogs, new tricks something they cant use Deep six keeps the population down
Soaks wet and broke, lost and floating around
Keep your head down, keep your voice down
Oh, listen to the sound, all the races, all the faces
They just might find a winner lying on the ground Learn to take it, try to shake it
Can't fake it now, now
From the cradle youve been labeled
About as stable as a drunk on shaky ground Black hole, paradise found
Something so dark and something so bright
Blue skies over our head
Why the hell is everything turning out gray hair? All things are not what they seem
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Broke and soaking wet, lost and floating around
Keep your head down, keep your voice down
Oh, listen to the sound, all the races, all the faces
They just might find a winner lying on the ground Learn to take it, [Incomprehensible]
I can't fake it now, now
From the cradle youve been labeled
About as stable as a drunk on shaky ground

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