

# Contentment Blues

## Widespread Panic

I've got no hard lipped woman  
Nagging at who I should be  
The blues lights rounding the corner  
They're not turning for no one like me  
Got a bucket of fried on the bench beside me  
Enough chicken for one man's needs  
Life's been getting a little bit easy lately  
Been swingin' from tree to tree No place I gotta be  
Come on up in a tree  
My chicken tastes good  
My chicken tastes good I love my chicken  
I love my chicken in a tree There's a good moves of a lifetime  
Going back to favor these times  
And to work and to move and to see  
All those good thing's I've done  
Come back to take care of me  
Take care of me, care of me  
You don't need to pay a dollar for your dues  
If all you're planning on playing are Contentment Blues I've got no hard-lipped woman  
Nagging at who I should be  
I see blues rounding the corner  
Not turning for someone like me  
I got a box of fried on the bench beside me  
Enough chicken for one's man's needs  
Life's been getting a bit breezy lately  
Been swinging from tree to breeze No place you gotta be  
Keep your head in the leaves  
The air smells sweet up here  
The chicken tastes good I love my chicken  
I love my chicken in a tree

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