

Gradle

Widespread Panic

I hold the flower there
Doesn't know she's beautiful
She wakes every morning seeing
All the other things are beautiful
Well she's free
Companion to the windTime plays a roller coaster
Not afraid to ride itself
Never takes adventure lightly
Always stops enough to let us on for a rideA blind New Orleans painter man
Doesn't get many straight lines
Hurricane tourists poke some fun
The angels whisper, "Pay no mind"
No mindWe don't have any pocket change
We've danced out of all our clothes
Want to give everything every minute
Give it all before we go

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