

C. Brown (Live In Atlanta 01/29/12)

Widespread Panic

C. Brown wakes from bed
Brushes his teeth and he combs his head for school
Out the door and down the street
Down to the corner and a bus and some friends that he's supposed to meet
But there, not to his surprise
His friends have gone and they've told C a lie But you can walk on with me
You don't even need to say a word
You don't have to worry about the others I C (see) him and he runs up fast
Kicks at the air his friends watch him fall and then laugh
Charlie really likes his friends
But in his heart he knows that sometimes a dog is as good as any man
Trying to do as we should
That doesn't always rhyme with doing what feels good But you can sit in the grass; it feels good
You don't even need to think a word
You don't have to worry, don't worry Charlie there is drawing a gun
Right there in the square he's sketched Lucy on the run
Aims his eye, cocks his head
In a cloud of dust, dear old Lucy's gone
Charlie's only trying the golden rule
Draw unto others as they have been drawn to you And you can walk on home with me
You don't even need to think a word
You don't have to worry...

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