

# Widespread Panic, Jack

Jack was really a jester  
Who held his one good eye on the queen  
And there sat the king beside her  
He's pointing his sword up and down with every scene  
And the wizard's in the corner  
Catching peanuts between his teeth  
And the dogs lying in the shadow in the archway  
There's one good dog sleeping filled with good ol' dog dreams

He slipped next to the wizard  
Whispered something deep, to the bottom of his ear  
A little joke, the one about the farmer's daughter  
How she was stomping on grapes, coming up with blue feet and beer  
And he slipped behind the queen  
Where the fools go the rich don't mind  
Lately the king's (k)night's have turned a little rusty  
And his halo - I mean his crown - has gone and slipped down around his eyes

The wizard's in the corner  
Pulling lizards between his knees  
And the dog he been long gone  
Gone to pitch for the winning team  
Fifty-two, I mean fifty-four bicycles on the wall  
Ready to ride, ready to ride until the last of them falls  
Jack's been cooking in the kitchen  
Whompin' up some biscuits for us all  
For us all, For us all  
Ready to ride, ready to ride, ride