

Widespread Panic, Old Joe

Well, Old Joe, he moves slow
He likes to look at things and paint pictures on his radio
He says they make the songs look better.

One day, Joe met a girl
Sweet breathing thing
Dancin' naked, nudey, in the winter snow
Underneath her dozen sweaters

And someday, somewhere
Some things get hit by lighting
And some things just don't
Hope we live long and lucky

At least one things for sure
Or maybe it isn't.
No matter where we are
It's this life that we're livin' in

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