

Widespread Panic, From The Cradle

Black hole, paradise found
something so dark and something so bright
Blue skies over our head
Why the hell is everything turning out gray?

All things are not what they seem
The man behind the curtain is probably mean

Deep six keeps the population down
Broke and soaking wet, floating around
Keep your head down, keep your voice down
Ohh listen to the sound
All the races, all the faces
Just might find a winner lying on the ground

Learn to take it, meditate it
Can't fake it now
From the cradle you've been labeled
About as stable as a drunk on shaky ground

Blind luck stumbling into a tree
Would've passed by if I could have seen
Got no cares I never felt pressed
I wonder what they're getting for a pound of flesh?
Hunker down now throwing a shoe
Dogs new tricks Something they can't use

Deep six keeps the population down
Broke and soaking wet, floating around
Keep your head down keep your voice down
Ohh listen to the sound
All the faces, you can't shake 'em now now
Just might find a winner lying on the ground

Learn to take it, try to shake it
All the faces, you can't shake 'em now now
From the cradle you've been labeled
About as stable as a drunk on shaky ground