

# Widespread Panic, Henry Parsons Died

It was six o' clock on Saturday  
Henry Parsons died.  
All of his good neighbors say  
That man was never truly satisfied.  
Preacherman never said no prayers  
Church bells didn't ring  
Everybody stood up and stared when some  
Choirgirls jumped up and started to sing

He was baptized in every creek in Georgia.  
Devil still called his name.  
Every time he shot up drinking holy wine  
He'd spill it all down his shirt in shame.

Had an auction on his front porch this morning  
Sold off all his clothes  
Sold off his four-poster bed  
There were debutantes and old ladies breaking out in fights in the front row  
Burned his house and spent the night  
Smoke rose thick and black  
Now Henry Parsons' got no place to stay  
If he ever gets the nerve up to come back

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Everybody knows his name  
They've heard about his reputation  
They all came to see him buried down in the ground  
What you might call a little bit of morbid fascination  
What is everybody gonna say?  
What is everybody gonna do?  
Now that Henry Parsons' passed away  
We got no one to lay our guilt on to

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