

Widespread Panic, Holden Oversoul

The screen door to the farmer's porch
To the back porch, to the backlands
It's never left closed

A new air pushed a full wind
That brought worlds on through
That only he could know

As the last of November passed
With his new life, with his new wife
She said she was feeling a little cold

The ghost of a clown just danced in and
Did a few tricks and danced out again
Warming a farmer's soul

Summer was all there was
We were working, breathing heat
Terror rising out of control

Through that door came a breeze
Wrapped on through our heads and around our spines
Cooling off the burning floor

The morning's breaking woke us long enough
We were sure we could see
The whole of some older birds
Riding to the ground on the falling leaves
Riding to the ground on some falling leaves
One last time
One last time
To feed