

# 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