

Widespread Panic, The Last Straw

Straw can bury us
We can carry the hay
But straws can break
Like the reasons for my behavior

Straws mend
And straws bend
And dry ones catch like
A secret worth never paid for

Strong muscles
My strong muscles
Plowman, come and dig my farm
It's only making my body sneeze

Straw

Straw can bury us
We can carry us
But you better jump right now
Cause these brakes left some sparks
And now the wagon's caught fire

Let's jump up on the camel's back
Not one straw there gonna break his back
Not one straw there gonna break his back
Just the weight of five short men

Let's jump up on the camel's back
Not one straw there gonna break his back
Not one straw there gonna break his back
Just the weight of six young men