

Widespread Panic, Tortured Artist

Feelin' ticklish, just met a new girl
She's got a tattoo, said she remembers you
Oh, one day waitin' out the rain

She embroidered the portrait of a tortured artist on your sleeve

Laugh at your own jokes, ooh wouldn't dare laugh at yourself
What a surprise
Happy, happy birthday to you
Oh you're mama's little dream come true

She painted the colors of the sunset with her fingers on my teepee

Likes cold, cold wine, cradled in the evening sky
Drinks in the deep dark reds of romance and poetry
Laughs out loud as movie stars shed their tears
In her sleep, she dreams with melancholy

And I know, I know I'm just like you
I was leaving in a way, I'm already gone
Still young, though, oozing to the radio
Oh, like poetry, a tired cowboy
Who just let his horse run free

I know, ooh, I'm just like you
Not goin' anywhere.
Feel near gone,
There's a van passing fast
Moving in stereo

Barely see her face
Or maybe outline
I'm not, I can barely see

Even as she sleeps, oh, she laughs so long
Laughing loud