

## Gumbo

Phish

There's a mouse starin' out of the window  
His car is trapped in the snow  
He's planning a family vacation  
But he just can't go

Around the next corner's a red bird  
His feathers are trapped in a sling  
He's passed by some gunslinging parrot  
Who's jealous he ain't got no grin

There ain't no time to stash the gumbo  
Or rattle around in a cage  
The sacrificed child's made bubbles  
And spittle is everywhere enraged

In a hot sand I render my feet  
They're blistered and caked with debris  
Chez rolez is guarding the tote board  
While Angry piddles with glee

There's a fool writing notes out on sandpaper  
He's sending them off to himself  
He gets them a couple days later  
Who put them along his top shelf

If you get tired of shavings  
And carve up a good hunk of wood  
Remembering to check on the sausage  
He's got cooking somewhere look good