

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