

Frying Pan

Victoria Williams

One laugh in the middle of a struggle
A diamond at the bottom of a puddle
Did you ever walk somewhere, just to take the time
Or take the fast road and get going
I looked in a frying pan, I sang a song
I looked at a dying man, he sang along

We got mountains, yeah we got beaches,
We got that things that make us mad and
Things that have to teach us

I looked in a frying pan, I sang a song
I looked at a dying man, he sang along

These are the times, yeah these are the times