

Driving Song

Widespread Panic

The leaves seen through my window pane
Remind me that it's time to move my life again
November sun is felt by none
A chilly breeze has blown my thoughts to what's to come
A cup of warm coffee, some vitamin C
A bowl for the cat, a bowl for the dog, a bowl for me
Choose my bluest tape and unlock my car
An honest tune with a lingering lead has taken me this far

On the edge of the porch in the warm evening night
Throwing the bone for the dog I see two passing lights
Well, I wonder where that driver's bound
Is there someone, somewhere, someway out there that I've not found
A touch of smoke ain't what it seems
Dust and sunshine can also make my eyes look mean
But there's a brown cat sleeping through this day's show
Toppin' off the woodpile, breathing slow