

Life as a Tree

Widespread Panic

Day dreams and night lives
Chasing what might be
Round every next corner
Who knows what we'll see
Maybe an old friend
Or a storefront reflection
Take a long brave look
At God's imperfection

There's the Rock and Roll star Hero
What the hell does he know
Different city each night
With his snake oiled freak show
Strolling babies they do cry
Soldiers do and die
And a Mama of three
Feeds your mini-bar each night

It takes a lifetime to the middle
A half-life to the finish
Sacred moments like atoms
Some bonded, some free
We might bruise, we might lose
Maybe win, sometimes wonder
But a tree never questioned
Its days as a seed

Well, nobody's perfect
What fun would that be
We make our own movies
And star in them too
It takes two to tango
And billions for the big dance
We're lucky if we find
Just some of them who

Take all souls for who they are
And in that take us too
This life is too short
Not to stand in those shoes

It takes a lifetime to the middle
A half-life to the finish
Scattered moments like atoms
Some bonded, some free
My Daddy once told me
Son, don't be a jack-ass
And if you meet one, he's sleepwalkin'
Just let him be

It takes a lifetime to the middle
A half-life to the finish
Sacred moments like atoms
Some bonded, some free
We might bruise, we might lose
Maybe win, sometimes wonder
Old guitars never question

Their life as a Tree