

# The Poorhouse Of Positive Thinking

Widespread Panic

I pinch my pennies in a mason jar  
Stashin' all my thoughts for the rainy days  
See them come and watch them go  
Redneck drunks and southern belles

So pick a card, any card  
These jokers got no hearts and ten men on the make  
Bring them in and take them out  
Another lost soul on Music Row  
Waiting for that sacred midnight ride

Alcohol: sleeping all day forget your dream  
Stand in line all night for a watered-down drink  
It's a hard, hard religion, channels souls astray  
Gonna hold on for dear life

Yes, alcohol, a good thing you don't get paid to think  
And gotta hold...

Alcatraz doesn't seem so bad  
Birdman on the rocks your time's a waste  
Tide rolls in and jutters out  
All washed up, a swollen corpse  
Waiting for that sacred midnight ride

In fantasies break your own rules  
Insanity is all I see around the room  
High Sierra station Inn  
An 8 piece family bluegrass band  
Waiting for that sacred midnight ride

Alcohol: sleeping all day forget your dream  
Stand in line all night for a watered-down drink  
Yes, alcohol, a good thing you don't get paid to think  
You gotta hold on for dear life

So just sit back down and dwell on things  
No one cares about I gotta hold...