

Widespread Panic, Contentment Blues

I've got no hard lipped woman
Nagging at who I should be
The blues lights rounding the corner
They're not turning for no one like me
Got a bucket of fried on the bench beside me
Enough chicken for one man's needs
Life's been getting a little bit easy lately
Been swingin' from tree to tree

No place I gotta be
Come on up in a tree
My chicken tastes good
My chicken tastes good

I love my chicken
I love my chicken in a tree

There's a good moves of a lifetime
Going back to favor these times
And to work and to move and to see
All those good thing's I've done
Come back to take care of me
Take care of me, care of me
You don't need to pay a dollar for your dues
If all you're planning on playing are Contentment Blues

I've got no hard-lipped woman
Nagging at who I should be
I see blues rounding the corner
Not turning for someone like me
I got a box of fried on the bench beside me
Enough chicken for one's man's needs
Life's been getting a bit breezy lately
Been swinging from tree to breeze

No place you gotta be
Keep your head in the leaves
The air smells sweet up here
The chicken tastes good

I love my chicken
I love my chicken in a tree