

# Widespread Panic, Hatfield

Wide awake in San Diego  
Smallest root shrinking dry  
The fish are swimming closer inside Lake Morena  
Still get no rain from the sky  
Men were firing cannons  
Hoping smoke might tear an angel's eyes  
Heard the stories of shooting arrows  
Tearin' open the clouds  
But indians shoot the best, and  
The indians they don't like us, much

Hatfield  
You made rain for L.A.  
We've got ten grand  
For you to go cook us some rain

Science from the cooking pot mixing up with the air  
Feeling thunder  
Nights since they have started  
Now the clouds won't stay apart  
A little California voodoo  
Care of Hatfield and his brother  
Now the horses won't race where the down's turned to mud  
Streams and rivers are growing  
And my boots are filling up  
Water's from back this way  
Look at them smiling, cooking and smiling

Hatfield  
Made rain for L.A.  
Well, "Hot damn",  
People swear with one walk in this rain

Families on porches  
The children are smiling  
The owners are mad, owners are crying  
Still the eyes of the children, wide open  
Wide, wide

Well, the blue light is rolling in between the clouds  
Feeling of wonder  
Some water drying up, some sinking down  
"Charles always kept in touch", swears his mother  
"Always had the touch";

Made rain for L.A.  
Made rain for L.A.  
Hatfield