

Widespread Panic, Henry Parsons Died

It was six o' clock on Saturday
Henry Parsons died.
All of his good neighbors say
That man was never truly satisfied.
Preacherman never said no prayers
Church bells didn't ring
Everybody stood up and stared when some
Choirgirls jumped up and started to sing

He was baptized in every creek in Georgia.
Devil still called his name.
Every time he shot up drinking holy wine
He'd spill it all down his shirt in shame.

Had an auction on his front porch this morning
Sold off all his clothes
Sold off his four-poster bed
There were debutantes and old ladies breaking out in fights in the front row
Burned his house and spent the night
Smoke rose thick and black
Now Henry Parsons' got no place to stay
If he ever gets the nerve up to come back

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Everybody knows his name
They've heard about his reputation
They all came to see him buried down in the ground
What you might call a little bit of morbid fascination
What is everybody gonna say?
What is everybody gonna do?
Now that Henry Parsons' passed away
We got no one to lay our guilt on to

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