

# Widespread Panic, I Walk On Guilded Splinters

Some people think they jive me,  
But I know they must be crazy  
Don't see their misfortune,  
I guess they're just too lazy  
Je suie le grand zombie  
My yellow belt of choisen  
Ain't afraid of no tomcat,  
Fill my brains with poison

Walk through the fire,  
Fly through the smoke  
See my enemy,  
At the end of their rope  
Walk on pins and needles  
See what they can do  
Walk on guilded splinters  
With the King of the Zulu

Walk to me, get it, come, come  
Walk on guilded splinters  
Walk to me, get it, come, come  
Walk on guilded splinters  
Till I burn up.

Till I burn up.  
Till I burn up.  
Till I burn up.

I roll out my coffin  
Drink poison in my chalice  
Pride begins to fade  
And you all feel my malice  
Put gris-gris on your doorstep  
And soon you be in the gutter  
Melt your heart like butter,  
An-an-and I can make you stutter

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