

Widespread Panic, Jack

Jack was really a jester
Who held his one good eye on the queen
And there sat the king beside her
He's pointing his sword up and down with every scene
And the wizard's in the corner
Catching peanuts between his teeth
And the dogs lying in the shadow in the archway
There's one good dog sleeping filled with good ol' dog dreams

He slipped next to the wizard
Whispered something deep, to the bottom of his ear
A little joke, the one about the farmer's daughter
How she was stomping on grapes, coming up with blue feet and beer
And he slipped behind the queen
Where the fools go the rich don't mind
Lately the king's (k)night's have turned a little rusty
And his halo - I mean his crown - has gone and slipped down around his eyes

The wizard's in the corner
Pulling lizards between his knees
And the dog he been long gone
Gone to pitch for the winning team
Fifty-two, I mean fifty-four bicycles on the wall
Ready to ride, ready to ride until the last of them falls
Jack's been cooking in the kitchen
Whompin' up some biscuits for us all
For us all, For us all
Ready to ride, ready to ride, ride