

Widespread Panic, Papa's Home

Papa's hitting the road again
Takes the show cross-country for hire
And the crowds come and go
Secret agents getting bigger
Mom's holding sister in the chair
Turning pages of photographs
Warm in their memories
Falling asleep by the fire

To the highway where some new cowboys go
Drivers and drifters and rouges
And the crew's still working
Everybody's cracking jokes
Morning comes so easy
Sharing stories and forgetting time
Take the rest in the look in her eyes
As they go and close time

Papa's driving past the night
He's working his way to make it home
The old man gonna be a sight
When the morning come, when the morning comes

To the highway where some old cowboys go
Drivers and drifters and rouges
Some drink here, some dance here
Hear old big boy telling jokes
Mom's holding sister in the chair
Sharing stories and forgetting time
Warm in their memories of
Falling asleep by the fire

Papa's he driving past the night
He's working his way to make it home
The old man gonna be a sight
When the morning come, when the morning comes
Papa's coming home
Papa's coming home

Papa coming home...