

# Widespread Panic, Pilgrims

Black cat crossed our path on little fog feet  
There's crows flying beside my window  
We left superstition on the roadside a few cities ago  
They spent our souls, maybe, but they didn't take our smiles

We listen, we shake, the radio

There's a sweet corn princess smiling through the words on the glass  
Remember we stopped for tamales last time?  
But now the lights from the town are fading with radio  
There's another song playing, and we can hear it in the wind outside

We listen, Pilgrims  
We shake, to the radio  
We listen, to the radio

Little black kitty crossed our path wearing little fog feet  
And the crows they're just drifters through my window  
The late night city's lights are growing sharper  
And I hear another song, I see it pouring from the look in your eyes

We listen,  
We shake, to the radio  
Pilgrims, we listen, we shake, to the radio, the radio