

# Widespread Panic, Rock

Rock on my belly, lying on the bottom of the pool  
I'm a rock on the belly, lying on the bottom of the pool  
There's a man on the bank ten thousand years my younger  
I see a face on the water one hundred hundred years my younger  
But I can't go back, he can't go back  
I can't make it back to where I came  
As I hold my whole body under

Legs, tail, and belly shaking the top of the pool  
Legs, tail, and belly shattering the window of the pool  
Mouth and belly scaring the fish down under  
Tongue and belly scaring the snakes there too  
But I can't go back - the dog won't go back  
He won't run the path to his master's home  
'Til he climbs that bank over yonder

Well, the fish gonna make it home in a couple of days  
The birds gonna make it home before his grip turns dry

Everybody's moving but me  
Everybody's moving but me  
I'm gonna make it home piece by piece  
I'm gonna make it home piece by piece

There goes my arms \*make it home\*  
There goes my legs \*make it home\*  
There goes my leadbelly

I'm a rock on my belly lying in the bottom of a pool  
Rock on my belly lying in the bottom of a pool  
Rock on my belly  
Rock on my belly  
Rock on my belly  
Rock on my belly  
Rock on my belly lying in the bottom of a pool