## Widespread Panic, Sparks Fly

Waits all day for the Sun to dim his brights Face shinin' amber in the radio lights It's all that he needs to see Fire ignites when he turns the key

Wonder what it could be like Just look then he's gone Pay attention and you might See just how he makes sparks fly

Hands on the wheel, he's a permanent fixture Reads hot rod mags like Holy Scripture He ignores the brake pedal like step-daddy's child Feel him pushing on the gas like a motherless wife

Wonder what it could be like Just look then he's gone Pay attention and you might See just how he makes sparks fly

While you're trying to think of Why you never could become Things you dreamed of Hot night sky he watch sparks fly

Highway birds, sunrise, paradise Cinderella's morning appetite Squintin' his eyes and the driver kills his lights Ignites his stash, he's a Plymouth Satellite

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