

# Widespread Panic, The Last Straw

Straw can bury us  
We can carry the hay  
But straws can break  
Like the reasons for my behavior

Straws mend  
And straws bend  
And dry ones catch like  
A secret worth never paid for

Strong muscles  
My strong muscles  
Plowman, come and dig my farm  
It's only making my body sneeze

Straw

Straw can bury us  
We can carry us  
But you better jump right now  
Cause these brakes left some sparks  
And now the wagon's caught fire

Let's jump up on the camel's back  
Not one straw there gonna break his back  
Not one straw there gonna break his back  
Just the weight of five short men

Let's jump up on the camel's back  
Not one straw there gonna break his back  
Not one straw there gonna break his back  
Just the weight of six young men