

Widespread Panic, Time Waits

Someday, there'll be nothing more to say
When life is seen as the dance of the seven veils
Well, each teaser reveals the beauty that was always already there
My body and soul and my car are not for sale

Some days are made of silent anticipation
Some days are just quarter-pumping, cheap peepshows
Oh, make-believe is all we have some of these days
Tie your money to your dog if you fear you might lose your way

The sun slips off each night to enjoy on the other side of town
Where barstools, and dreamers, and glasses all get refilled
Clocks and bar tabs are just numbers and memories fighting gravity against the wall
Steamboat fishlight dancin' on the windowsill

Oh, the jukebox man never hits us with the latest
No, he just brushes the the dust from the grooves of the songs we love
Wow a drunk couple sayin' "baby no, no you are no you, you are the greatest"
Haloes and hornies, they're squared off toe to toe

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