

## Old Joe

Widespread Panic

Well, Old Joe, he moves slow  
He likes to look at things and paint pictures on his radio  
He says they make the songs look better.

One day, Joe met a girl  
Sweet breathing thing  
Dancin' naked, nudey, in the winter snow  
Underneath her dozen sweaters

And someday, somewhere  
Some things get hit by lightning  
And some things just don't  
Hope we live long and lucky

At least one things for sure  
Or maybe it isn't.  
No matter where we are  
It's this life that we're livin' in

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