

Pilgrims

Widespread Panic

Black cat crossed our path on little fog feet
There's crows flying beside my window
We left superstition on the roadside a few cities ago
They spent our souls, maybe, but they didn't take our smiles

We listen, we shake, the radio

There's a sweet corn princess smiling through the words on the
glass
Remember we stopped for tamales last time?
But now the lights from the town are fading with radio
There's another song playing, and we can hear it in the wind ou
tside

We listen, Pilgrims
We shake, to the radio
We listen, to the radio

Little black kitty crossed our path wearing little fog feet
And the crows they're just drifters through my window
The late night city's lights are growing sharper
And I hear another song, I see it pouring from the look in your
eyes

We listen,
We shake, to the radio
Pilgrims, we listen, we shake, to the radio, the radio