

## **Vic Chesnutt**

### **"Panic Pure"**

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My earliest memory is of holding up a sparkler  
High up to the darkest sky  
Some 4th of July spectacular  
I shook it with an urgency  
I'll never ever be able to repeat  
At times I might could be accused of being  
Painfully nostalgic  
But as of late I'm looking forward to the future  
Though I've never been much of a planner  
Throwing caution into the fan  
Catch as catch as those catchers can  
And so all you observers in your scrutiny  
Don't count my scars like tree rings  
My jigsaw disposition, it's piecemeal properties  
Are either smoked or honey cured  
By the panic pure

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