

Victoria Williams

"Frying Pan"

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One laugh in the middle of a struggle
A diamond at the bottom of a puddle
Did you ever walk somewhere, just to take the time
Or take the fast road and get going
I looked in a frying pan, I sang a song
I looked at a dying man, he sang along
We got mountains, yeah we got beaches,
We got that things that make us mad and
Things that have to teach us
I looked in a frying pan, I sang a song
I looked at a dying man, he sang along
These are the times, yeah these are the times.....

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