

## Widespread Panic "Chilly Water, Pt. 1"

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In the easy chair with my boots on  
A melted whiskey in my hands  
I couldn't been asleep for more than 3 hours  
Time to go to work again

Once more i beat the sunrise  
and theres a dark breeze on my door  
Raise the water from the well up to my face  
How could a man like me be poor?

As long as there's water  
Chilly wet water  
Gimme some of that cool, cool water

Well, my horse's eyes are glassy  
He breathed the city in his lungs last night  
I lead his natural body  
To the trough to regain his might  
Red rooster crow them blues here  
That Old Blue he round the bull  
And the morn's crying to raise the sunrise  
It hasn't rained for three weeks full

As long as there's water  
Chilly wet water  
Gimme some of that cool, cool water

Venus light is rising  
I lay my buckets inside the shed  
And there's a man I see - a stranger  
Leaning on the gate outside my fence  
Said "I'm riding out from the city  
Where I was starting for the water back last night  
I was hoping to get a drink from your well  
Before I ride on to another city tonight (x3)"

Chilly wet, chilly wet, chilly water  
Cool, cool, water...

Before I ride on

Transcribed by:  
Brian Whitman  
The Original Lyrics File  
Richard Stern

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