

Widespread Panic "Pilgrims"

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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 outside
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

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