

Widespread Panic "Rock"

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Rock on my belly, lying on the bottom of the pool
I'm a rock on the belly, lying on the bottom of the pool
There's a man on the bank ten thousand years my
younger
I see a face on the water one hundred hundred years
my younger
But I can't go back, he can't go back
I can't make it back to where I came
As I hold my whole body under
Legs, tail, and belly shaking the top of the pool
Legs, tail, and belly shattering the window of the pool
Mouth and belly scaring the fish down under
Tongue and belly scaring the snakes there too
But I can't go back - the dog won't go back
He won't run the path to his master's home
'Til he climbs that bank over yonder
Well, the fish gonna make it home in a couple of days
The birds gonna make it home before his grip turns dry
Everybody's moving but me
Everybody's moving but me
I'm gonna make it home piece by piece
I'm gonna make it home piece by piece
There goes my arms *make it home*
There goes my legs *make it home*
There goes my leadbelly
I'm a rock on my belly lying in the bottom of a pool
Rock on my belly lying in the bottom of a pool
Rock on my belly
Rock on my belly
Rock on my belly
Rock on my belly
Rock on my belly lying in the bottom of a pool

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