

Impossible

Widespread Panic

I got to get back to the house
there's a warm chair where the cat has been
i feel a little better when i'm back at the house
hope i haven't lost my keys
i been thinking about the police
jelly filled for justice, please (also: coffee filled)i'm standing here in the kitchen
wonder if i'm hungry at all
right there, open the icebox
wonder if i can eat it all
my eyes can't see through this metal door
mouth just ate an hour before
stomach can't remember what food is for
haven't listened to my belly in a year or more

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>