

Henry Parson Died

Widespread Panic

It was six o'clock 'bout Saturday
When Henry Parsons died
All his good neighbors say
That man was never truly satisfied
Preacher man, he wouldn't say no prayer
Church bells didn't ring
But all the people stood up and stared
When a choir girl jumped up and started to sing

Was baptised in every creek in Georgia
Devil still called his name
Every time he shot up, drinkin' holy wine
He spill it down in shame

They held an auction on his front porch this morning
Sold off all his clothes
Sold off his four-poster bed
Debutantes great aunt in the front row
They burnt the house and spent the night
The smoke rose, thick and black
Now Henry Parsons got no place to stay
If he ever gets the nerve up to come back

Baptised in every creek in Georgia
Devil still calls his name
Every time he shot up, drinking holy wine
He spilled his down in shame

Everybody all over this town
Knew his reputation
All came to see him buried down in the ground
What you might call a little morbid fascination
What is everybody gonna say?
What is everybody gonna do?
Now Henry Parsons he passed away
Now I know where I plan to give John to

Baptised in every creek in Georgia
Devil still calls his name
Every time he shot up, drinking holy wine
He spilled it down, down

Baptised in every creek in Georgia
Devil still calls his name (calls his name)
Every time he shot up, drinking holy wine
He spilled it down in shame, in shame