

Granddaddy, Disconnecty

Dearest Mom
Your yearling son
Has sent a message through
He's disconnected, but he still loves you

Weather lies and motor rules
The color printer blues
On the engine air his thoughts flow through to you

Disconnecty said to disconnect
But has he read the tiny text
That said to disconnect
He'd best decide
The rest of all your life
Will be your right to fly alone
Forever more

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Your yearling son
Has sent a message through
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And ever more