

# Grandaddy, Here

I was dressed for success  
But success it never comes  
And I'm the only one who laughs  
At your jokes when they are so bad  
And your jokes are always bad  
But they're not as bad as this  
Come join us in a prayer  
We'll be waiting, waiting where  
Everything's ending here  
And all the sterile striking it  
Defends an empty dock you cast away  
And rain upon your forehead  
Where the mist's for hire if it's  
Just too clear  
Let's spend our last  
Quarter stance randomly  
Go down to the outlet once again  
Painted portrait of minions and slaves  
Crotch mavens and one night plays  
Are they the only ones who laugh  
At the jokes when they are so bad  
And the jokes are always bad  
But they're not as bad as this  
Come join us in a prayer  
We'll be waiting, waiting where  
Everything's ending here  
And all the spanish candles  
Unsold have gone away to this  
And a run-on piece of mount on  
Trembles shivers runs down the freeway  
I guess she spent her last quarter randomly  
I guess a guess is the best I'll do  
I'll do last guess  
Last time last time is the best time