

# Granddaddy, Our Dying Brains

The science halls  
Have hollow walls  
And sodden carpet  
At least the cops don't come in  
Spare us the legal poems  
Broken legs can't run anyway

Some days were missed  
Ten kegs at Albers  
And Albers turns into gear  
And hours become years  
Well get back to work  
Right back to work I swear  
Our beakers are still full of beer

Crotch rockets  
and violins  
We chisled and we switched  
Naw, but their not gonna mix  
So please can our dying brains  
Take another break