

Grandaddy, Where I'm Anymore

Ten million pounds of plastic baby stuff there beyond the doors
Garage sale sunday and I don't know where I'm anymore
Knee-highs riding little pink bikes in the middle of the road
Garage sale sunday and I don't know where I'm anymore

Meow, meow, meow, meow, meow
Where I'm anymore
Meow, meow, meow, meow, meow
Where I'm anymore

There was a punch-out
Happened at the take-out, a tweaker and a dog
It seems that the dog stole a blanket
From the tweaker in the park

But cheapshots happen
When thermometers are yellin' one-o-four
Garage sale sunday and I don't know where I'm anymore

Meow, meow, meow, meow, meow
Where I'm anymore
Meow, meow, meow, meow, meow
Where I'm anymore

An icecream truck each night plays 'don't believe the hype'
For oil stained driveways with exercise equipment piled high
All this seen from a yellow lawn hittin' eighty-four
Garage sale sunday and I don't know where I'm anymore

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Where I'm anymore
Meow, meow, meow, meow, meow
Where I'm anymore