

# Fair To Midland, Stale Penny (Miracle Grow)

If you listen close,  
Make sure you ignore what they say,  
Reaching the floor,  
Let's make sure we hit the dirt and it flies,  
Give me your eyes,  
Focus on what you'll see in my space,  
We know who controls,  
And "sunshine" is in the forecast today.

Bet your bottom dollar because we don't have that to offer,  
It's always been a habit to hold back the now,  
Little does he know by insisting he is existing,  
As everybody knows kids are for collateral.

And they held my hand so as not to fall,  
Directed me, affected my own days,  
Until their age got the best of me,  
And it's left in standing.

If that spider,  
Happens to bite on the thigh,  
So let us lead this,  
Somewhere where gods empathize,  
Give me your ears,  
So you can hear but listen even less,  
Bringing patience so slow,  
Give me it all and i'll let them know.

A little riddle for the man in the back.  
Who is that? who is that?  
Who's smart but can't apply what they know?  
Not a clue. not a clue.

And they held my hand so as not to fall,  
Little did they know, my hand's a cannonball.

And now they're chasing ferns again,  
I'll plant them in the ground,  
And watch my garden grow.  
Because next to them we're elephants,  
Towering the landscapes,  
Scared of smaller rodents.  
And i'll watch my...garden grow,  
Straighten dudley,  
He's much too insecure.