

Grandaddy, Elevate Myself

I don't wanna work all night and day
On writing songs that make the young girls cry
Or playing little solos on the keyboard
So the kids will ask me how and why

I just wanna, I just wanna
I just wanna elevate myself
I just wanna, I just wanna
I just wanna elevate myself

And maybe for a little
Get to where I find it really hard to hate myself
I just wanna, I just wanna
I just wanna elevate myself

I don't wanna stare at stacks of paper all the while
While the world goes by
Tradin' out the weather for a clever lyric
Written by an Ikea light

I just wanna, I just wanna
I just wanna elevate myself
I just wanna, I just wanna
I just wanna elevate myself

And maybe for a little
Get to where I find it really hard to hate myself
I just wanna, I just wanna
I just wanna get up off the shelf

I don't wanna be a part of all the quality that falls apart these days
I'd rather make an honest sound
And watch it fly around
And then be on my way

I just wanna, I just wanna
I just wanna elevate myself
I just wanna, I just wanna
I just wanna elevate myself

And maybe for a little
Get to where I find it really hard to hate myself
I just wanna, I just wanna
I just wanna, I just wanna
I just wanna, I just wanna
I just wanna, I just wanna
I just wanna, I just wanna
I just wanna elevate myself