

Fair To Midland, Granny Niblo

Here is the deal, you must find guesses in this room.
Cut around the block,
Shake in the boots we stocked.
I'll turn your onset to off.
With patience and much practice of keeping all this clean.
Wipe the floor with rust,
Abigail's lost touch and it makes for scattered debris.

For nine years and square stars,
Tonight we have it all made.
For nine months and square stars
Tonight we have it all made,
Tonight we have it all made.

All the bells were out of unison,
I knew not why the latitude carried on,
And all of our signs were made to pray to synagogues.
I was built on binds of paperback,
I knew not if the stories were told or taught,
And all of our knees were carved in sand from Leningrad.

"On" said the rod and reel and not a drop to drink,
But we say as we do and I'll do as I've said,
Until my tongue parts the sea.
"On" said that self-defensed texture of the reed,
& it climbs
& it sings
&&&.

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