

# Grandaddy, At My Post

Branches waving madly in the air  
Waving 'round like they don't even care

Last time i considered leaving here  
The roads caught fire and I drank all our beer

Out here at my post I've learned a lot  
I've learned that the fruit on the ground is gonna rot  
There's more ATM's with air conditioning then there are birds on the wing

Out here at my post I've learned a few things  
Like the sun ain't afraid to bleach out a dream  
And the way that you were ain't the way that you will always be

Please believe me

Branches wave and ask for change to spare  
Once I did, but now I barely care

Last time I considered leavin' town  
Something dumb came up and I turned around

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