

Grandaddy, Here

I was dressed for success
But success it never comes
And I'm the only one who laughs
At your jokes when they are so bad
And your jokes are always bad
But they're not as bad as this
Come join us in a prayer
We'll be waiting, waiting where
Everything's ending here
And all the sterile striking it
Defends an empty dock you cast away
And rain upon your forehead
Where the mist's for hire if it's
Just too clear
Let's spend our last
Quarter stance randomly
Go down to the outlet once again
Painted portrait of minions and slaves
Crotch mavens and one night plays
Are they the only ones who laugh
At the jokes when they are so bad
And the jokes are always bad
But they're not as bad as this
Come join us in a prayer
We'll be waiting, waiting where
Everything's ending here
And all the spanish candles
Unsold have gone away to this
And a run-on piece of mount on
Trembles shivers runs down the freeway
I guess she spent her last quarter randomly
I guess a guess is the best I'll do
I'll do last guess
Last time last time is the best time