Grandaddy, Levitz

Wrong to say that I am giving up
Right to say that I ain't showing up
I've got pictures at my home
And doors that transform me alone
Sunny days should leave a message on my phone

I don't think I'm gonna miss you much
For I've got dials and knobs soft to the touch
All your lectures will become
Converted into static hum
Sunny days should leave a message on my phone

Ode to sleep perchance to dream
To live again those joyous scenes
The laughter and the follies that
Are locked away inside my head