Grandaddy, Now It's On

Now that the "k" is in place
Where the "c" used to be
It seems that I'm ceasing to be
In a season of the old me

I wouldn't trade my place
I got no reason to be
Weathered and withering
Like in the season of the old me

Bust the lock off the front door
Once you're outside you won't want to hide anymore
Light the light on the front porch
Once it's on you're never wanna turn it off anymore
And now it's on

Now it's on

Now that the lake's in place
Where the dead sea used to be
It seems that I'm ceasing to be
In the season of the old me
I wouldn't trade my place
I got no reason to be
Weathered and Withering
Like in a season of the old me

Bust the lock off the front door
Once you're outside you won't want to hide anymore
Light the light on the front porch
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