Grandaddy, O.K. With My Decay

I woke up Tuesday morning
to coming down
without a sound
coming back down

The pressure put upon me
it goes and goes
til it thinks it got me
it tries and tries
as it might to trick me
to breaking back down

I'm OK
In truth I say
I'm OK
In truth I say
I'm OK
With my decay
I have no choice
I have no voice
I have no say
On my decay
I have no choice
so I'll rejoice

I'm OK
With my decay
I have no choice
I have no voice
I have no say
On my decay
I have no choice
so I'll rejoice

I'm OK
I'm OK
I'm OK
I'm OK
I'm OK
I'm OK