

Grandaddy, Our Dying Brains

The science halls
Have hollow walls
And sodden carpet
At least the cops don't come in
Spare us the legal poems
Broken legs can't run anyway

Some days were missed
Ten kegs at Albers
And Albers turns into gear
And hours become years
Well get back to work
Right back to work I swear
Our beakers are still full of beer

Crotch rockets
and violins
We chisled and we switched
Naw, but their not gonna mix
So please can our dying brains
Take another break