

## Our Dying Brains

Grandaddy

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 chiseled and we switched  
Naw, but their not gonna mix  
So please can our dying brains,  
take another break