

At My Post

Grandaddy

Branches waving madly in the air
Waving 'round like they don't even care

Last time i considered leaving here
The roads caught fire and I drank all our beer

Out here at my post I've learned a lot
I've learned that the fruit on the ground is gonna rot
There's more ATM's with air conditioning then there are birds o
n the wing

Out here at my post I've learned a few things
Like the sun ain't afraid to bleach out a dream
And the way that you were ain't the way that you will always be

Please believe me

Branches wave and ask for change to spare
Once I did, but now I barely care

Last time I considered leavin' town
Something dumb came up and I turned around

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