

## Now It's On

Grandaddy

Now that the Cay's in place  
Where the sea is to be  
It seems to be that I'm seasoned  
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 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  
Once it's on you're never wanna turn it off anymore  
And now it's on and now it's on

Now that the lake's in place  
Where the dead sea is to be  
It seems that I'm seasoned  
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 a season of the old me

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