

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

Bust the lock off the front door
Once you're outside you won't want to hide anymore
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