

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