

The Crystal Lake

Grandaddy

Should never have left the crystal lake.
For parties full of folks who flake,
Italian leather winter games
Retired by the duraflames.
The crystal lake it only laughs,
It knows you're just a modern man,
It's shining like a chandelier,
Shining somewhere far away from here.

I've gotta get out of here...
And find my way again.
I've lost my way again.

Should never have left the crystal lake,
For areas where trees are fake,
And dogs are dead with broken
Hearts, collapsing by the coffee carts.
The crystal lake it only laughs,
It knows you're just a modern man,
It's shining like a chandelier,
Shining somewhere far away from here.

I've gotta get out of here...
And find my way again.
I've lost my way again.