

Grandaddy "At My Post"

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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 on 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

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 on the wing

Out here at my post, I've learned a few things
Like the sun ain't afraid to bleach out a dream
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Out here at my post

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