

Grandaddy "Jed's Other Poem"

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Apparently before Jed had left us
He wrote some poems
Wrote them for no-one
I guess I'll show them
Here's one of Jed's poems

You said I'd wake up dead drunk
Alone in the park
I called you a liar
But how right you were
Air conditioned TV land, 20 grand
Walk to the bank
With shakes from the night before
Staring at the tiki floor
High school wedding ring
Keys are under the mats
Of all the houses here
But not motels
I try to sing it funny like Beck
But it's bringing me down
Lower than ground
Beautiful ground
Beautiful ground

Test tones and failed
Clones and odd parts made you

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