

# Grandaddy "The Little Acorn"

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Eric Johnson

Saving all the waitresses  
'Cause they've all got longing in their eyes  
The little acorn becomes the mighty oak  
The oak throws its seeds into the sky

Drive your car up to the Pole  
That's as far as you can go  
Take your coat off when you know  
To warm your bones in the northern snow snow

Drop a feather into the water  
What the ocean gives the sky will take  
Killing swans with twenty-one guns  
Just to see them fall into the lake

When you're driving up the coast  
To your left is a black mass

Drive you car until you see  
To wet your tongue in the salty sea sea

Float your paper boat up the creek  
And watch the waves from its wake  
Killing swans with twenty-one guns  
Just to see them fall and see them break

Drive your car up to the Pole  
That's as far as you can go  
Take your coat off when you know  
To warm your bones in the northern snow snow  
In the northern snow  
In the northern snow  
In the northern snow  
In the northern snow

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