

## Posies "Grant Hart"

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I can't cry, I can't apply a word to sum it up  
Under stress I can't repress the moment it erupts  
Hear the sound of paper drums and shredded paper  
voice  
Got to turn up 'keep hanging on' as if I had a choice

Prairie fires and pitchfork choirs inspire as they create  
Turn it up, it's too far down, until we can relate  
Minnesota new day rising first day in the store  
Take the couch at someone's house and wait around to  
score  
Nervous children making millions: you owe it all to  
them  
Power trios with big-ass deals: you opened for it then  
I can see, I can see, I can see it all with my one good  
eye  
For a start take two grant harts and call me when you  
die

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