

At My Post

Grandaddy

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
And the way that you were ain't the way that you will always be
Please believe me
Out here at my post

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