

# Granny Niblo

## Fair To Midland

Here is the deal, you must find guesses in this room  
Cut around the block  
Shake in the boots we stocked  
I'll turn your onset to off'Cause with patience and much practice  
Of keeping all this clean  
Wipe the floor with rust  
Abigail's lost touch and it makes for scattered debrisFor nine years and square stars  
Tonight we have it all made  
For nine months, let's make muchAll the bells were out of unison  
I knew not why the latitude carried on  
And all of our signs were made to pray to synagoguesI was built on binds of paperback  
I knew not if the stories were told or taught  
And all of our knees were carved in sand from Leningrad"On", said the rod and reel and not a drop to drink  
But we do as we say and I'll do as I've said  
Until my tongue parts the sea"On", said that self defense texture of the reed  
And it climbs and it sings

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