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

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/