

The Final Push To The Sum

Grandaddy

I never know their names
But I smile just the same
New faces, strange placesMost everything I see
Becomes a blur to me
And I'm wasted because
The fast pace is too muchAnd here at the final push to the sum,
If my old life is done
Then what have I become?
What have I become?Every now and then
Memories creep in
A breeze and blue skies
The trees and you and IBut that old life is gone
I guess that I've moved on
To new faces and strange placesHere at the final push to the sum,
If my old life is done
Then what have I become?
What have I become?What have I become?
What have I become?

Songwriters

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