

Levitz

Grandaddy

Wrong to say that I am giving up
Right to say that I ain't showing up
I've got pictures at my home
And doors that transform me alone

Sunny days should leave a message on my phone
I don't think I'm gonna miss you much
For I've got dials and knobs soft to the touch

All your lectures will become
Converted into static hum

Sunny days should leave a message on my phone
Ode to sleep, perchance to dream
To live again those joyous scenes
The laughter and the follies that
Are locked away inside my head

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