

# Elevate Myself

Grandaddy

I don't wanna work all night and day  
On writing songs that make the young girls cry  
Or playing little solos on the keyboard  
So the kids will ask me how and why

I just wanna, I just wanna  
I just wanna elevate myself  
I just wanna, I just wanna  
I just wanna elevate myself

And maybe for a little  
Get to where I find it really hard to hate myself  
I just wanna, I just wanna  
I just wanna elevate myself

I don't wanna stare at stacks of paper all the while  
While the world goes by  
Tradin' out the weather for a clever lyric  
Written by an Ikea light

I just wanna, I just wanna  
I just wanna elevate myself  
I just wanna, I just wanna  
I just wanna elevate myself

And maybe for a little  
Get to where I find it really hard to hate myself  
I just wanna, I just wanna  
I just wanna get up off the shelf

I don't wanna be a part of all the quality that falls apart these days  
I'd rather make an honest sound  
And watch it fly around  
And then be on my way

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I just wanna elevate myself  
I just wanna, I just wanna  
I just wanna elevate myself

And maybe for a little  
Get to where I find it really hard to hate myself  
I just wanna, I just wanna  
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I just wanna, I just wanna  
I just wanna elevate myself