

## O.k. With My Decay

Grandaddy

I woke up Tuesday morning  
To coming down  
Without a sound  
Coming back down

The pressure put upon me  
It goes and goes  
Til it thinks it got me  
It tries and tries  
As it might to trick me  
To breaking back down

I'm OK  
In truth I say  
I'm OK  
In truth I say  
I'm OK  
With my decay  
I have no choice  
I have no voice  
I have no say  
On my decay  
I have no choice  
So I'll rejoice

I'm OK  
With my decay  
I have no choice  
I have no voice  
I have no say  
On my decay  
I have no choice  
So I'll rejoice

I'm OK  
I'm OK  
I'm OK  
I'm OK  
I'm OK  
I'm OK