

Protected From The Rain

Grandaddy

Hello my name is on my shirt pocket,
I'd rather not speak right now,
I'm remembering something.

Most typically my dreams are dreadfully boring,
Therefore I go to these places just to
See the girls

With hair like hers,
With clothes like she wore,
With smells like hers,
With handwriting like hers

You wrote me little letters and,
You brought me lunch that time,
At my work and that poem you left,
On my windshield wrapped in plastic,
To protect it from the rain.
Protected from the rain