

The Final Push To The Sun

Grandaddy

I never know their names, But i smile just the same
New faces...Strange places, Most everything i see, Becomes a blur to me

And i'm wasted because, The fast pace is too much
Here at the final push to the sun

If my old life is done, Then, what have i become? What have i become?

Every now and then, The memories creep in
A breeze and blue skies, The trees and you and i
But if my old life is done, i guess that i've moved on
To new faces and strange places, Here at the final push to the sun
If my old life is done, then, What have i become?

What have i become? What have i become? What have i become? What have i become?