

Kentucky Song for Todd

Nana Grizol

It's time the tale were told
About a boy who can't afford not to record
But wants to be by your side forever
(1, 2, 3, 4!)

Jumping on hay-bales, beneath the stars
Kentucky woods near a haunted house with the creaky floor
Watching the sun come up and talking for hours
This are the kinds of things that we have learned to live for

Working on our song, one day it'll be done
Just like a treehouse and some broken down bicycles
Passing out pieces of your heart to everyone
Or like a light, or like a liquid your love trickles

To the bottom of everyone's cynical heart
And your sincerity's the very best part
Your hair smells like flowers and your outfits are always fly
Take an occasional long shower, your outfits are always fly
And you make me laugh so hard I forget to cry