

The Psycho Nubs

"Killing The Grind"

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A warm orange summer moon exposed the Alps
Its guilty silhouette predicted certain doom
Will I ever see you again?
Will we forget where we've been?
Forget where we've been...
A feeling of uncertainty, my stomach well fed
I'm rooted deep in my bed
A smile with no urgency to resurrect the living dead
Tar stained lungs need to rest from time to time
In the deepest depths of sleep I saw what might have
been
Laughter is my soundtrack day out and day in
Where'd it all go wrong?
Where to begin?
Forget where we've been...
I'm left with beautiful images forever burned in my
mind
Like the man who met the sun and walked away blind
Don't count your days or bide your time
'Cuz it's the little things, yeah, the little things that
Kill the grind

