

Poets of the Fall

"Grinder's blues"

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Oh my lord, I'm way gone busting knucklebone day in day out, breaking my back for a way out, but
it never pays

And we're down and dirty we're the underdogs, hurting for the numbers in the captain's logs, and
his evil ways

And if the man he don't tell, I see no way out of hell

Light years away from home

Just my demons and I alone

This hammer my key

This mine my wishing well

I gotta find my way outta hell

Oh my lord, I'm tired with the way I'm wired up to grind and hammer and the bitch called gravity

With my baby back in Memphis, how do you propose we keep doin' this, sucking up to the
mastermind till I'll lose my sanity

With no more soul to sell, I see no way out of hell

Light years away from home

Just my demons and I alone

This hammer my key

This mine my wishing well

I gotta find my way outta hell

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