

Damned Things, The "Graverobber"

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I got caught dragging the scraps from the heap
by the junkyard dogs
They won't leave me alone no
because I went for the pearl they keep in the mouth of
the pig
But he won't let it go,
so I broke the lock to the vault where they buried my
child
But he won't stay alive
No he can't be revived
Don't push me
I said I was leaving
I just wanted to stick my hands up the shirts of the
grieving

Graverobber, you can't take me home
I don't care what nobody says, lord
That's my bed on the side of the road
Graverobber, your hands are getting cold

We take another drink of the dust that don't just blow, it
pours
straight from the veins of the ghost of our lord
And it won't be long until my cask is a casket
And I've righted all my wrongs
Well I've righted my wrongs

Graverobber, you can't take me home
I don't care what nobody says, lord
That's my bed on the side of the road
Graverobber, your hands are getting cold

I lost what I've found in the feedback and chemicals
We're growing mold on the fruits of our labours
I go back to the well, with my head in my hands
and my tail between my legs

Graverobber, you can't take me home
I don't care what nobody says, lord
That's my bed on the side of the road
Graverobber, your hands are getting cold

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