

## Tommy Bolin "The Grind"

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I walked all day tryin to find me work,  
I must have knocked on one hundred doors.  
Would have swallowed my pride for some money,  
And be satisfied sweepin' the floors.

Mr. Government-man.  
Mr. Silver-and-gold.  
Mr. Bustin'-my-ass.  
Mr. All-you-can-hold.

I spent last night a sleep on a park bench,  
'til a cop came and moved me along.  
Told him I wasn't botherin' nobody,  
Yes he told me to go.

Everywhere, I get the same kind of answer,  
Not now or maybe then.  
Well me time is runnin' out on me people, yes me  
people.  
If you're down and without a friend.

Yeah, yeah.

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