The Grind

Em
Grinding every single day
Am
Never finding purpose in the pain
C D Em
I don’t remember the last time my hands were clean
Em
Wasted- what have I become?
Am
Never tasted a drop of honest love
C D
I don’t remember the last time my soul was seen

Am Em
When I was a boy they told me
C D
You had a plan for me to thrive
Am Em
But I ain’t buying what they sold me
C B
‘Cause all I’ve done is stay alive

Em
Well if you heard this, if you’re really here
Am
Could you turn this water into beer?
C D
I don’t remember the last time my head was clear

Am Em
The preacher man wants me to listen
C D
I bet he can’t even change a tire
Am Em
He’s telling me hell ain’t no picnic
C B
I tell him, “Son, you’re preaching to the choir”

Am Em
I never wanted this existence
C D
There was a time when I had dreams
Am Em
But hopelessness ain’t good for business
C D
Me and this town are wondering
C D
How much longer, O Lord?

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