

# Grave Robber

## The Damned Things

I got caught dragging  
The scraps from the heap  
By the junkyard dogs  
They won't leave me alone, no  
'Cause I went for the pearl  
They keep in the mouth of the pig But he won't let it go  
No, 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 So 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  
Till my cask is a casket  
And I've righted all my wrongs  
And I've righted all 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 labors Lost what I've found  
In the feedback and chemicals  
We're growing mold  
On the fruits of our labors I go back to the well  
With my head in my hands  
And my tail between my legs 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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