Grind Me In The Gears

Edwin Mccain

I'm holding my last breath
It's burning in my lungs
Clenching up my eyes
Bloody up my tongue
Of the words that might escape
Are ringing in my ears
Grinds me to a pulp
Grind me in the gears
(And it grinds me)
(And it grinds me)
(And it grinds me)
(And it grinds me)
My frozen spirit aches
I slip another day
Start to lose my grip
And find another way
For the life that might escape
Has been echoing for years
It grinds me to a pulp
Grind me in the gears
(And it grinds me)
(And it grinds me)
(And it grinds me)
(And it grinds me)

(And it grinds me)
(And it grinds me)
(And it grinds me)
(And it grinds me)
I've seen all the faces
They mirror me
And I've felt the tearing
Tearing of the teeth
I've given up my ghosts
Barely breathe your name
Offer up myself
Pray you'll do the same
But the love that might escape
Well that's our biggest fear

It grinds me to a pulp
And grinds me in the gears
(In the gears)
(And it grinds me)
(And it grinds me)
Grinds me in the gears
(And it grinds me)
(And it grinds me)
(And it grinds me)
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