

# 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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