

# The Grind (My Father's Place)

**Tommy Bolin**

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 floorsMister Broken-Glass  
Mister Silver-And-Gold  
Mister Bustin'-My-Ass  
Mister All-You-Can-HoldI spent last night sleepin' on a park bench  
'til a copy came and moved me along  
Told him I was botherin' nobody  
Yes, he told me I was dead wrongMister Broken-Glass  
Mister Silver-And-Gold  
Mister Bustin'-My-Ass  
Mister All-You-Can-HoldEverywhere, 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 friendMister Broken-Glass  
Mister Silver-And-Gold  
Mister Bustin'-My-Ass  
Mister All-You-Can-Hold

Songwriters

TOMMY BOLIN, STANLEY SHELDON, JOHN TESAR, JEFFERY COOKPublished by  
Lyrics Â© LAWRENCE LIGHTER ATTORNEY AT LAW, EQUESTRIAN MUSIC

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>