Grindstone

Motorpsycho

If you find yourself standing
At the end of your line
Looking for a piece of something
Maybe a piece of mind
Fed up, lost, and run down
Nowhere to hold on
Tired of, take your place at the end son
We'll get to you one by oneNo light ever shines
Dead end tears that dry
Maybe a waste of words and time
Never a waste of life
Every hour will be spent
Filling a quota, just getting along
Handcuffs hurt worse
When you've done nothing wrongNo thanks to the treadmill
No thanks to the grindstone
There's plenty of dissent from
These rungs below
The clockwork of destruction
Hanging low over our heads
Always a smokestack cloud
Or a slow-walking deathNo light ever shines
Dead end tears that dry
Maybe a waste of words and time
Never a waste of lifeNo thanks to the treadmill
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