Back To The Grind

De Staat

"Did you see, the leaves are turning red?"
Old man Jan said "The trees are almost dead"
The crops are gone, even the rats have left
"Fingers crossed, breath held"
Planted these seeds, and hope that they will grow
But hope won't help, when hope is all alone
An empty stomach, is all we have to show
The cold is coming, that's why we have to go
Back to the grind.
Did you hear, the boys reopened the mines
The search for gold is the search for better times
Don't dig too deep, or you fall into the fires of hell
That's why I say "Fingers crossed, breath held"
Planted these seeds, and hope that they will grow
But hope won't help, when hope is all alone
An empty stomach, is all we have to show
The cold is coming, that's why we have to go
Back to the grind.

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