

Grind

Phish

Grind, grind, grind, grind
Grind, grind, grindI can bend in sixty-eight ways
I have lived for twelve thousand days
Twenty-eight teeth inside of my head
Grind three types of things and I'm sad that they're deadI can bend in sixty-eight ways
And I have lived for twelve thousand days
Twenty-eight teeth inside of my head
Grind three types of things and I'm sad that they're deadGrind, grind, grind
Grind, grind, grind

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