

The Grind

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 floors.Mr. Government-man.
Mr. Silver-and-gold.
Mr. Bustin'-my-ass.
Mr. All-you-can-hold.I spent last night a sleep on a park bench,
'til a cop came and moved me along.
Told him I wasn't botherin' nobody,
Yes he told me to go.Everywhere, 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 friend.

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