

Grindstone

Henry Thomas Blue Heelers

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Blue Heelers- Henry Thomas

D E G A

Morning coffee and a cigarette, things haven't changed, at least not for me.
Sunday paper on the welcome mat, read about an empty cage on nearly every page.
No the guys don't come around no more, not after I got drunk, and told them
all just
I thought.

I can't remember the last time I spoke to you, wasn't that long ago, maybe a
week or so.

(CHORUS)

Why were you so anxious to go? Was it just my imagination, maybe it was and well
now.

We are grindstones and we sharpen up our knives, carve away a cold dull gray
slice of life.

I'm awfully sorry for the wedding plans, I guess it didn't work out the way
you wanted
to.

What the hell did you expect from me, I was only 21 my mother's only son.

I sit around here almost every night, I don't stay out late, haven't got no
place to go.

There's not a single thing I wouldn't do for you and all you had to do was
only ask me to.

(CHORUS)

Why were you so anxious to go? Was it just my imagination, maybe it was and well
now.

We are grindstones and we sharpen up our knives, carve away a cold dull gray
slice of life.

Pull out my slingshot and I shoot down the moon.

That's what you are,

That's what you are,

That's what you are made to do