

# Robert Cray, The Grinder

When I first met you, baby  
Weren't you a sweet, little thing  
Worked my fool head off  
Just to buy that diamond ring

Now things are kind of funny  
You know the way it goes  
Now you want to put that ring  
Right on through my nose

You put me through the grinder  
And I kept coming back for more

Now all I want to see of you  
Is your back side headed out that door

Well, you said you needed night school  
And I went along with that  
Till I followed you last Wednesday, baby  
Up to Sonny's flat

I put one and one together  
And it added up to fool  
Cause what Sonny's got to offer, baby  
Ain't teached in any school

You put me through the grinder  
You hurt me like an open sore  
I don't want no more excuses, baby  
Just get on out the door

(Guitar solo)

Ohh, they say this is a world of troubles  
Ohh, I've had my share  
But you're the kind of burden  
I really don't need to bare

I came home a little early  
Lord, what I found there  
I walked in on you and Richard  
And your legs were up in the air

I'm gonna put you through the grinder  
I'm gonna even up the score  
You better get yourself a lawyer, baby  
We're about to go to war

What 'cha tryin' to do to me?  
Yeah, look here