

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