

# Sarah McLachlan, Grind

Grind, Grind, Grind, Grind...

Another Day hangs like a curtain, tearing with every breath I take  
Every breath (tunnelling?) under every decision that I make, that I make  
Pieces fall loud and crashing, landing in the dreams I've made  
Every sound growing louder, indecision turns to hate, turns to hate

My dreams are cracked like a broken mirror, cutting (in between the?) leaps  
And bounds

Aspirations under the surface, I grind myself into the ground  
Pieces fall loud and crashing, landing in the dreams I've made  
Every sound growing louder, my indecision turns to hate  
It's like I am in a silent movie, I say my piece but it's never heard  
Laughing, Laughing with no recalling, wasted days and dying words

My dreams are cracked like a broken mirror, cutting (in between the?) leaps  
And bounds

Aspirations under the surface, I grind myself into the ground  
It's like I'm in a silent movie, I say my piece but it's never heard  
Laughing, Laughing with no recalling, wasted days and dying words  
Dying words, dying words...