

Off The Grid

Gord Bamford

I been working like a dog and I ain't talking 9 to 5
Breaking my back for a buck barely getting by
So it's time I lose the working man blues and forget the day to day
And have myself a weekend getaway

I'm going way out there, yeah way out where
No one can get to me
Way down south of sober
Past the edge of sanity
I'm gonna open up a bottle and toss away the lid
Yeah tonight I'm going off the grid

Got half a [?] of wood
And a fire pit right out back
Old Hank and George and Mearle and Jim and Jane
A moonlight guitar, a couple of chords
And a pile of hurting songs
I might sing outta key but I'll sure sing along

I'm going way out there, yeah way out where
No one can get to me
Way down south of sober
Past the edge of sanity
I'm gonna open up a bottle and toss away the lid
Yeah tonight I'm going off the grid

I'm going way out there, yeah way out where
No one can get to me
Way down south of sober
Past the edge of sanity
I'm gonna open up a bottle and toss away the lid
Yeah tonight I'm going off the grid
Yeah tonight I'm going off the grid
I'm going
Long gone