

## 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

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Yeah tonight I'm going off the grid  
I'm going  
Long gone