

Grease Box

Tad

Dig, dig, dig for yourself
Dig, dig, dig for your soul
Dig, dig, dig the black abyss
Dig, dig deep for your own soul

What the hell's it mean?
And I said, "Hey, don't look at me"
What the hell's it mean?

Six dead horses chase you down
Fourteen guns in your own town
Thirteen men run after you
Ten million babies your dad gave you

Like the little beast in a small cold room
Sat writhing in pain all afternoon
Salt from his tears bringing the blood to the surface
Like darkened fears make their way to the surface

What the hell's it mean?
And I said, "Hey, don't look at me"
What the hell's it mean?

And you don't have to stand, stand by me
And you don't have to stand, stand by me
And you don't have to stand, stand by me
And you don't have to stand

What the hell's it mean?
And I said, "Hey, don't look at me"
What the hell's it mean?

Like the little beast in a small cold room
Sat writhing in pain all afternoon
Salt from his tears bringing the blood to the surface
Like darkened fears make their way to the surface

Just the sight of the belt makes his kids start to sting
Then one day we're feeling everything
Trees outside weather the bark on the wood
Like the callous on your heart dropped place where it stood

What the hell's it mean?
And I said, "Hey, don't look at me"
What the hell's it mean?

And you don't have to stand by me
And you don't have to stand, stand by me
And you don't have to stand, stand by me
And you don't have to stand