

My edge is keen and I've honed my skill.
I've got nerves of steel and an iron will.
My skin is bronze, my trim is chrome,
Climb aboard, I'll drive you home.
I'm a silver, tongued devil with a heart of gold,
When I was made they broke the mold.
My blood runs hot, like molten lead,
Pump you full, I'm gonna knock you dead.

I don't mince words, I spit 'em out.
I won't leave room for any doubt.
Get to the point, stop splitting hairs
That ain't getting either of us anywhere.
Sometimes it's better to be blunt
But is this some kind of publicity stunt?
So far you've whet my appetite,
Do you wanna grind with me tonight?

Axegrinder. I'm not famous for my tact.
Axegrinder. I've gotta sharpen up my act.
Axegrinder. Try and see things through my eyes.
Everything and everyone gets cut back down to size.

On the brink of who knows what?
We've gotta strike while the iron's hot.
I can hold your hand, try to guide you through
But I can't make your moves for you.
Swing my blade, that's how it's done.
Don't stop me now, I've only just begun.
I was told when I was young
I wouldn't work in an iron lung.
Now I've learned a trick of two.
I'm working up a sweat for you.