

Pound The Ground

Hot Water Music

My mind it finds so much to think about,
These days I'm really not so sure.

I pound the ground a thousand time
But I still don't see clear.
I looked around, but I couldn't find home.

Another year swept under, lost, but not forgot,
I carry on though it hurts me deep inside.

Through a far away looking glass,
You could see me in the distant past.
I'm a man of yesterday, but it seems
That I have somehow lost my way.

Cold days ahead had me pile wood inside,
To burn on long hours through the night.