

# Graveyard Shift

Sam Roberts

I've been working the graveyard shift  
No one ever told me it would be like this  
Sundown til the morning rise  
Starting my day with a moonlight kiss  
And I was born on a precipice  
Between salvation and the great abyss  
I don't think I can go on like this  
Putting in time on the graveyard shift

I go to work at sundown  
Pick-axe digging into common ground  
Night falls but it makes no sound  
Duty's calling from the underground

Now here it comes it comes  
The setting Sun  
Time to dig down and see what side you're on  
Until the dawn the dawn you're soldiering on  
Every sundown you gotta be reborn  
Come away, come away, come away

Come sit by me and see what I see  
When I close my eyes at the edge of sleep  
And we dream on the blade of a knife  
Following the trail of the afterlife

Now here they come  
The night commuters  
The midnight hoard  
The dawn refuters  
They're all here to settle a score  
With the phantom limbs and the ghosts of war

Here it come it comes  
The setting sun  
Time to dig down and see what side you're on  
Until the dawn the dawn soldiering on  
Every sundown you gotta be reborn  
Come away, come away, come away

I've been working the graveyard shift  
Traded night for day  
Now it's all I can do to stay awake  
Eyes heavy as the moonlight drifts  
Time to dig, time to dig  
And bury my mistakes  
Bury my mistakes

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