

Wildhearts "Hard Way"

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The Hard Way

New motel and dirty beds, freezing showers,
overheads are through the roof, the crew is moaning,
boiling strings and Milton Keynes too.

Waiting 'round for soundcheck at five, doors are nine
and we ain't playing 'til eleven and there's something
about a curfew at two.

Gonna be someone, I'm a smoking gun, I'm the
lightning striking.

All fucked up and ready to roll.

All fucked up and ready to roll.

Don't need a reason.

I'm sick and I'm bleeding, got a thorn in my side.

Cut into pieces.

I'm closer to Jesus, even though Hell is open wide.

Chorus

'Cos I'm out on the road and there's me and the band,
and my hearts in the song, and my heads in the sand,
and the drivers asleep and I'm here on the passenger
side.

And I ain't getting fed, and I ain't getting paid, and I
ain't seen a bed in a couple of days, 'cos me and the
boys are staying on this ride.

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