

Zant, van

"The Hardest Thing"

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He's got a mountain of bills, he's got dirt on his hands
There's been three generations that's been workin' the
land
Here's his granddaddy's ghost sayin'
?Son, everyone gotta face the long hard truth?

And it might be up to you to do
The hardest thing you'll ever have to do

Holdin' on, lettin' go, right or wrong, it's hard to know
You do your best and leave the rest
To chance, fate, God or grace
Whatever gets you through

She can't stand the fear in her little boy's eyes
Dad has come home actin' crazy too many times
My mamma's on the telephone line saying
?Child, sometimes you gotta think about mournin' you?

And you might be forced to chose
The hardest thing you'll ever have to do

Holdin' on, lettin' go, right or wrong, it's hard to know
You do your best, leave the rest
To chance, fate, God or grace
Whatever gets you through, whatever gets you through

Now everybody's gonna find themselves a fork in the
road
No clear direction, wondering which way to go
And it hurts like hell, your conscience burns
Any way you turn you lose

Sometimes just getting through might be
The hardest thing you'll ever have to do

Holdin' on, lettin' go, right or wrong, it's hard to know
You do your best and leave the rest
To chance, fate, God or grace
Whatever gets you through, whatever gets you
through, yeah

The hardest thing
(The hardest thing, the hardest thing)
It might be your hardest thing to do, yeah
(The hardest thing, the hardest thing)

The hardest thing, the hardest thing
The hardest thing, the hardest thing
(You just might face your own truth)
The hardest thing, the hardest thing

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