

## Hilltop Hoods "The Hard Road"

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Going down the hard road, don't know where I've been  
We're going down, going down the hard road  
Don't know where I've been

Growing up, I needed a guide like a blind veteran's  
dog  
'Cause I was going nowhere like a child's letters to God  
Though life's road was hard, I was never so lost  
That I looked for an answer in a medicine box

I never did pop pills or cop deals, just rocked hills  
Kids with skills still got harassed by the cops till  
They'd have me in the back of a paddy, down to lock up  
Smack me, pat me down for a baggy, mums would  
rock up

And bail me out, a failure out once again  
Next weekend, bailed me out, drunk again  
And I never will forgive myself  
For putting you through all that hell

I went from high school dropout to factory laborer  
Slave to the clock until four, went from sleeping on the  
floor  
To being back on tour, now no stopping me  
I'll finish with a bang like Kurt Cobain's biography

Going down the hard road, down the hard road  
Don't know where I've been and don't know where to go  
its like  
Going down the hard road, down the hard road  
Don't know where I've been

I spent my youth like life was cheap  
The only change that I wanted, was enough to buy a  
drink  
Was on a path nowhere, the harder the road  
The more broken baggage we carry, the larger the  
load

This school drop out got knocked out, chased by the  
cops out

Got clout, dumped by my girlfriend and locked out  
Been broke and beaten, even chocked at being  
A dope MC but never lost hope in dreaming

We used to thrash boosted cars till the engine would  
fail  
If I never had bailed, I'd be dead or in jail  
And man I got no one else to blame  
I thank my family and music for keeping me sane

But that's the breaks, right? Started working late nights  
Never seeing daylight, getting paid like a slave might  
And I've done too many years to miss this for my  
missus  
To have to tell my son he nearly never existed

Going down the hard road, down the hard road  
Don't know where I've been and don't know where to go  
its like  
Going down the hard road, down the hard road  
Don't know where I've been

Dj Debris, c'mon and break it down like

And I speak what I feel in the booth, in the spirit of truth  
'Cause all these kids that I meet, man, they mirror my  
youth  
And I could have gone the wrong way, the easy option  
But I chose to go the long way, the streets are watching

So keep a look out, look up, B ballers keep your hook up  
Tear a page from my book out and pull out  
Your finger, put your foot out and keep a lookout  
For what we put out, the brand new flavor for your  
cookout

Going down the hard road, down the hard road  
Don't know where I've been and don't know where to go  
its like  
Going down the hard road, down the hard road  
Don't know where I've been

I'm walking round in circles, came here to find a friend  
For my love, for my love, my love, for my love, my love  
For my love, for my love, my love, for my love, my love  
For my love, for my love, my love, for my love, my love

For my love, for my love, my love, for my love, my love  
For my love, for my love, my love, for my love, my love  
For my love, for my love, my love, for my love, my love

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