

**Dave Carter and Tracy Grammer****"Hard to Make It"**

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lonesome stranger, won't you share my bed  
the sidewalk siren at the bus stop said  
love is a tear in a salty bay and it's  
hard to make it in this world today

love is a river but the river run dry  
the clouds blow bitter in a boneyard sky  
flesh dries up and it burns away  
and you can't remember where your heart once lay and  
it's  
hard to make it in this world today

dandy don, he's a velvet hand  
he's my silent partner, he's the inside man  
holds me shakin through the shotgun dawn and he  
keeps me walkin down this road i'm on

keeps me runnin when he calls my name  
shines the light but he kills the flame  
stones me simple when i try to speak  
bruise my face but he kiss my cheek and it's  
hard to make it when you get this weak

one of these mornins, gonna spread my wings  
like a red-ass robin at the gates of spring  
rise up singin on a cyclone wind  
till the walls of this city come tumblin in

walls of this city come tumblin, rumblin  
'round my head like an old man stumblin  
i don't care if the mountains fall  
there's a little blue egg in the middle of this all and it's  
hard to make it when you feel so small

bus pulled up and i climbed inside  
i sat in the window and i waved goodbye  
she stood starin at the blue machine  
singin nobody knows the trouble i've seen

nobody cares and nobody knows  
only weeds remember where your headstone grows

and it's  
dust to ashes and wings to clay and i  
check my wallet as we pull away, 'cause it's  
hard to make it in this world today

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