

## **Slaid Cleaves**

### **"Hard to Believe"**

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We got old time bars  
Still standing on downtown city streets  
Old ladies serving drinks inside  
With no color in their cheeks

Listening to a Haggard song  
You can put your old blue collar on  
Old Milwaukee on Christmas Eve  
It's hard to believe

Street girls hop from foot to foot  
Trying to keep warm  
Trying to pay down a few bills  
Before the next big storm

On a corner, trembling in the wind  
Amazed at the mess they're in  
Wipin' their noses on their sleeve  
It's hard to believe

I swore I'd leave the day they knocked  
That old smokestack down  
But there's a guy I need to talk to  
Before I quit this town

Drivin' past the prison yard  
Still got my old Teamsters card  
Still waitin' on my reprieve  
It's hard to believe

When I looked into her smiling eyes  
I saw dreams so fine  
Like the Spirit of Chicago  
On a lonesome old railroad line

I would have gone with her that day  
I just watched her as she drove away  
I guess one of us had to leave  
It's hard to believe

Here comes another  
Blown up kid from over there

Making the whole world  
Safe for the millionaires

The same old swindle hides  
Behind a fresh new coat of lies  
It's no time to be naive  
It's hard to believe

We got old time bars  
Still standing on downtown city streets  
Old ladies serving drinks inside  
With no color in their cheeks

Listening to a Haggard song  
You can put your old blue collar on  
It's another New Years Eve  
It's hard to believe

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