

Stan Ridgway "Talk Hard"

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Life is tough and full'a stuff
Life is hard as rock
No one around to pull you out
No one to stop the clock
Now we don't need no chaperones
All policemen please go home
The pressure's up, the heat is on
I know what's right, I know what's wrong
Chorus:
You gotta
Talk hard, you gotta talk hard
Out my door, on my street
There's people marchin' with their feet
They're buyin' this, they're buyin' that
Some are thin and some are fat
Suburban towns are all around
With shopping malls, some underground
And in the shops they try and sell
An empty bargain, a wishin' well
Chorus repeat x2
Now I can't sit here a-growin' gray
I gotta make a move, nothin' to say
What destiny will hold for me, well
No one knows and no one can see
Chorus repeat x2

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