

# School Of Hard Knocks

Christian Kane

Well, the last one hurt like hell,  
Knocked the wind right out of my sail  
And I'll heal up someday  
But it's gonna leave a beauty of a scar.

And I think I'm gonna get drunk  
And pull the tire iron out of my trunk  
And bang up all of my fenders  
Just so they can match my heart.

I'm tryin' to get myself an education.  
Cry one more tear towards graduation.  
'Cause every Sunday my job phones  
"come back around and clean my clock,"  
The bell is ringin' down at the school of hard knocks.

They're gonna inscribe my name  
Down at the bridge-burnin' hall of fame  
As a fool who never learned  
What there ain't no future in.

So of the lessons we learned were leads  
But most bring us to our knees.  
I wish I could learn about love  
Without all the troubles that come with it.

Tryin' to get myself an education.  
Cry one more tear towards graduation.  
'Cause every Sunday my job phones  
"come back around and clean my clock,"  
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