

Harder

David Gray

Can't recall the moment when the doubt ripped your face
or put my finger on quite when the fog took your place
We've been beating on it 'til we're black and blue
Just what good exactly is it gonna do?
Always so much harder, so much harder when you have to try
Could we at least agree upon the size and the shape?
The relative dimensions that the lie ought to take
For your delectation a scenario
Taken so much further than it needs to go
Always so much harder, always so much
If we could get away just for a week or two
Baby let it burn the way it used to do
Always so much harder
So much harder when you have to try
Have to try
And if the ground should open up
And swallow me
It would not stop
That minute hand from ticking off
The minutes 'til the penny drop
Not a breath of wind and not a cloud in the sky
All the better then to watch the world passing by
Passing by
Passing by
Passing by