

Hard to Be Alive

Jann Arden

She went up and she never came down
She left most of herself in a room across town
She poured out like whiskey to Jesus at night
Tryna find some salvation for her pitiful life

Cause it's hard to be a alive
It's so hard to be alive

He went out and he never came back
Just a sign on the door with a P.S. attached
I've gone for forgiveness, so take what you need
There's a key by the flower pot, down by your things

Cause it's hard to be a alive
It's so hard to be alive
It's rare and it's wonderful at the same time
It's hard to be alive

Twelve years old, with his head in his hands
And he's trying to estimate where he might land
It's hard to imagine why everything ends
But it's harder to realize where to begin

Cause it's hard to be a alive
It's so hard to be alive
It's rare and it's wonderful at the same time
It's hard to be alive