

# It's Hard

L.A. Guns

Stoned in love is what you came for  
Spinnin' wheels and burnin' lights from your candle  
I'm outta my head, a bullet for your misery  
It's a cold, hard world, that's the only one for me

They're gone now  
The bad men  
Their black hearts burnin' in the cold wind  
The thrill of the night  
The pouring rain  
They lost and you win  
It's your turn again

Jump on the bonfire  
Jonesin' for what we had  
So far you ain't lyin'  
It's hard, it's hard, it's hard

Downtown, that's where the action is  
Too much wine, too much song, and now you get your wish  
There's something in the wind's gotcha burned out  
Phantoms drawn like rats in the henhouse

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Pockets of love  
Pockets of love, love, love

You're climbin' the mountain and you go to the wall  
You don't take nothin' when you got the soul  
You rock in the mornin', in the night you roll  
It's hard, it's hard, it's hard, it's hard

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