

## The Hard Road

Smog

I'll take the hard road  
I believe I'll see you there  
In a cyclone of stones  
Wooden spikes in your hair  
Or maybe you'll resting  
Leaning up against a busted fence  
Pluck a bird from the coop  
Then we're back up on the hard road

We could sleep in a barn  
Bathe in a lake  
Steal the pipe  
The hungry dictate  
The steps that you take  
Along the hard road

And when winter comes  
We'll bottle some  
The nearest washing line  
And when summer comes  
It's almost impossible  
Not to have a good time  
Out on the hard road