

# The Hard Way

The Wildhearts

New motel and dirty beds and freezing showers  
Overheads are through the roof  
The crew is moaning  
Boiling strings and Milton Keynes too

Waiting 'round for soundcheck at five  
Doors are nine  
And we ain't playing 'til eleven  
And there's something about a curfew at two

Gonna be someone, I'm a smoking gun, I'm the lightning striking

All fucked up and ready to roll  
All fucked up and ready to roll

I don't need a reason  
I'm sick and I'm bleeding, got a thorn in my side  
I'm cut into pieces  
I'm closer to Jesus, even though Hell is open wide

'cos I'm out on the road and there's me and the band  
And my hearts in the song and my heads in the sand  
And the drivers asleep and I'm here on the passenger side  
And I ain't getting fed, and I ain't getting paid  
And I ain't seen a bed in a couple of days  
'cos me and the boys are staying on this ride

'cos I'm out on the road and there's me and the band  
And my hearts in the song and my heads in the sand  
And the drivers asleep and I'm here on the passenger side  
And I ain't getting fed, and I ain't getting paid  
And I ain't seen a bed in a couple of days  
'cos me and the boys are staying on this ride

'cos I'm out on the road and there's me and the band  
And my hearts in the song and my heads in the sand  
And the drivers asleep and I'm here on the passenger side  
And I ain't getting fed, and I ain't getting paid  
And I ain't seen a bed in a couple of days  
'cos me and the boys are staying on this ride