

# Rod Stewart, Hard Road

(H. Vanda / G. Young)

My mama 'n' papa told me son that you're just a fool  
when I told 'em I was leaving home I was leaving school  
So then in a couple of hours I found myself  
heading down that southbound road  
with everything I owned on my back  
I carried such a heavy load

And it's a hard, hard road that I travel  
It's a hard, hard road that I travel  
It's a hard, hard road that I travel down the line  
And it's a hard, hard road down the line

Well I wanna tell ya friends  
that it's good to be a traveling man  
'Cause I'm doing what I want to  
Living just the best that I can  
Nobody putting rings around my neck  
To put me in a pigeon hole  
I've got my dog and my radio  
to listen to some rock 'n' roll

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