

Smog, The Hard Road

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 burr from your coat
Then we're back up on the hard road

We could sleep in a barn
Bathe in a lake
Steal a pie
Let hunger dictate
The steps we take
Along the hard road

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