

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
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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

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