

Long Hard Times To Come

Gangstagrass

On this lonely road, trying to make it home
Doing it by my lonesome-pissed off, who wants some
I'm fighting for my soul, God get at your boy
You try to bogart--fall back, I go hard
On this lonely road, trying to make it home
Doing it by my lonesome-pissed off, who wants some
I see them long hard times to come
Verse 1:
My life is ill son... prepared to kill son
A paradox of pain, baby; it's real son
Lonely traveler, aint trying to battle ya
But if you're feeling tuff dog, I welcome all challengers
Aint got no family, you see there's one of me
Might lose your pulse standing two feet in front of me
I'm pissed at the world, but I aint looking for trouble
I might crack a grin, I aint looking to hug you
Think about it, nobody wants to die
There's rules to this game son, I'm justified
I'm ready to go partner, hey I'm on the run
The devils hugging on my boots that's why I own a gun
This journey's too long, I'm looking for some answers
So much time stressing, I forget the questions
I fear no man, you don't want no problems 'B'
Eyes in the back of my head, you better not follow me [Chorus]
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Verse 2:
You probably think I'm crazy, or got some loose screws
But that's alright though--I'm a do me, you do you
So how you judging me? I'm just trying to survive
And if the time comes, I aint trying to die
I'm just trying to fly, and get a little love
Find me a dime piece and get a little hug
Hook the car up--hit the bar up--clean the scars up--hey yo, the stars up
Hey this is the life of an outlaw
We aint promised tomorrow--I'm living now, dog
I'm walking through life. but yo my feet hurt

All my blessings are fed, man I'll rest when I'm dead
Look through my eyes and see the real world
Take a walk with me, have a talk with me
Where we end up--god only knows
Strap your boots on tight you might be alright[Chorus]
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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