

Hard Road

[Rod Stewart](#)

(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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