

The Hard Road (Plutonic Lab Remix)

Hilltop Hoods

Going down the hard road,
Don't know where I've been, we're going down
Going down the hard road,
Don't know where I've been Growing up I needed a guide like, a blind veteran's dog,
Cause I was going nowhere like a child's letters to god,
Though life's road was hard I was never so lost,
That I looked for an answer in a medicine box,
I never did pop pills, or cop deals, just rocked hills
Kids with skills, still got harassed by the cops till,
They'd have me in the back of a paddy, down to lock up,
Smack me, pat me down for a baggy, mums would rock up, And bail me out, a failure out once again,
Next weekend, bailed me out, drunk again,
And I never will forgive myself, for putting you through all that hell, I went from high school dropout to factory
laborer,
Slave to the clock until four, went from sleeping on the floor,
To being back on tour, now no stopping me,
I'll finish with a bang like Kurt Cobain's biography [Chorus]
Going down the hard road, down the hard road,
Don't know where I've been, and don't know where to go its like,
Going down the hard road, down the hard road,
Don't know where I've been I spent my youth like life was cheap,
The only change that I wanted was enough to buy a drink,
Was on a path nowhere, the harder the road,
The more broken baggage we carry the larger the load,
This school drop-out got knocked out, chased by the cops out,
Got clout, dumped by my girlfriend and locked out,
Been broke and beaten, even chocked at being,
A dope MC but never lost hope in dreaming, We used to thrash boosted cars till the engine would fail,
If I never had bailed I'd be dead or in jail,
And man I got no one else to blame
I thank my family and music for keeping me sane, But that's the breaks right? Started working late nights,
Never seeing daylight, getting paid like a slave might,
And I've done too many years to miss this for my missus,
To have to tell my son he nearly never existed [Chorus] Dj Debris c'mon and break it down like, And I speak
what I feel in the booth in the spirit of truth,
Cause all these kids that I meet man they mirror my youth,
And I could have gone the wrong way, the easy option,
But I chose to go the long way, the streets are watching, So keep a look out, look up, B-ballers keep your hook
up,

Tear a page from my book out, and pull out,
Your finger put your foot out and keep a lookout,
For what we put out, the brand new flavor for your cookout[Chorus](I'm walking round in circles, came here to
find a friend
For my love, for my love, my love, for my love, my love...)

Songwriters

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