The Hard Road

Smog

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 bird from the coop
Then we're back up on the hard roadWe could sleep in a barn
Bathe in a lake
Steal the pipe
The hungry dictate
The steps that you take
Along the hard roadAnd when winter comes
We'll bottle some
The nearest washing line
And when summer comes
It's almost impossible
Not to have a good time
Out on the hard road

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