

# It Don't Come Easy

Alvin Lee

Well it don't come easy and it don't come quick  
And your hands get greasy and your mind gets sick  
And your heart starts pumping and your blood gets thin  
And you keep on loosing when you want to win Well you keep on pushing just to free your mind  
Got to keep on looking if you want to find  
All the dreams you're seeking what you're thinking of  
Better come to me 'cause you need some love Well it don't come easy and it don't come quick  
And your mind gets sleazy and your tongue gets slick  
And your heart gets harder and the air gets thin  
And you keep on loosing when you want to win  
Well you keep on moving cause you can't stand still  
And you keep on climbing to another hill  
And the road gets longer and you see no end  
Better come to me 'cause you need a friend.

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