

Hard On

Withered Hand

A beard, a beard, a beard, a beard
A beard don't make you a man
No it takes something else
Something I'll never have And a beer, a beer, a beer, a beer
A beer makes you feel good
Like if you wanted you could
Kick anybody's ass A knife, a knife, a knife, a knife
A knife makes you feel strong
With a gun you're never wrong
Everybody try to stay calm
I think the safety's on A car, a car, a car, a car
A car means you can go
Whenever you want to go
With an FM radio Guitars, guitars, guitars, guitars
Guitars, Thin Lizzy rocks
So dust off your old stompbox
and we'll run it through your Vox
Amplifier Cos you're tired, you're tired, you're tired, you're tired
You're tired of feeling sad
Your disappointed, hurt and mad
And all the poetry you've written is bad Because a pen, a pen, a pen, a pen
A pen don't mean you can write
You're no fucking John Updike
Even if you spell it right Just like a hardon, a hardon, a hardon, a hardon, a hardon
A hardon don't mean you're in love
Cos when the pushing comes to shove
Do you really want to be here?

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