Hard To Believe

Slaid Cleaves

We got old time bars
Still standing on downtown city streets
Old ladies serving drinks inside
With no color in their cheeksListening to a Haggard song
You can put your old blue collar on
Old Milwaukee on Christmas Eve
It's hard to believeStreet girls hop from foot to foot
Trying to keep warm
Trying to pay down a few bills
Before the next big stormOn a corner, trembling in the wind
Amazed at the mess they're in
Wipin' their noses on their sleeve
It's hard to believeI swore I'd leave the day they knocked
That old smokestack down
But there's a guy I need to talk to
Before I quit this townDrivin' past the prison yard
Still got my old Teamsters card
Still waitin' on my reprieve
It's hard to believeWhen I looked into her smiling eyes
I saw dreams so fine
Like the Spirit of Chicago
On a lonesome old railroad lineI would have gone with her that day
I just watched her as she drove away
I guess one of us had to leave
It's hard to believeHere comes another
Blown up kid from over there
Making the whole world
Safe for the millionairesThe same old swindle hides
Behind a fresh new coat of lies
It's no time to be naive
It's hard to believeWe got old time bars
Still standing on downtown city streets
Old ladies serving drinks inside
With no color in their cheeksListening to a Haggard song
You can put your old blue collar on
It's another New Years Eve
It's hard to believe

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