

# It's A Hard Life Wherever You Go

Nanci Griffith

I am a backseat driver from America  
They drive to the left on Falls Road  
The man at the wheel's name is Seamus  
We pass a child on the corner he knows  
And Seamus says, "Now, what chance has that  
Kid got?"  
And I say from the back, "I don't know."  
He says, "There's barbed wire at all of these exits  
And there ain't no place in Belfast for that kid  
To go." [Chorus:]  
It's a hard life  
It's a hard life  
It's a very hard life  
It's a hard life wherever you go  
If we poison our children with hatred  
Then, the hard life is all that they'll know  
And there ain't no place in (Belfast) for  
These kids to go (Chicago) (This world)  
A cafeteria line in Chicago  
The fat man in front of me  
Is calling black people trash to his children  
He's the only trash here I see  
And I'm thinking this man wears a white hood  
In the night when his children should sleep  
But, they slip to their window and they see him  
And they think that white hood's all they need [Chorus] I was a child in the sixties  
Dreams could be held through TV  
With Disney, and Cronkite, and Martin Luther  
Oh, I believed, I believed, I believed  
Now, I am the backseat driver from America  
I am not at the wheel of control  
I am guilty, I am war, I am the root of all evil  
Lord, and I can't drive on the left side of the road [Chorus]

Songwriters

MERCURY, FREDDIE /Published by

Lyrics © EMI Music Publishing, Universal Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected by U.S.  
Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnyrics.com/>