

# Long Hard Times to Come (Instrumental)

## Gangstagrass

On this lonely road, trying to make it home  
Doing it by my lonesome-pissed off, who wants some  
I'm fighting for my soul, God get at your boy  
You try to bogart--fall back, I go hard  
On this lonely road, trying to make it home  
Doing it by my lonesome-pissed off, who wants some  
I see them long hard times to come  
Verse 1:  
My life is ill son... prepared to kill son  
A paradox of pain, baby; it's real son  
Lonely traveler, aint trying to battle ya  
But if you're feeling tuff dog, I welcome all challengers  
Aint got no family, you see there's one of me  
Might lose your pulse standing two feet in front of me  
I'm pissed at the world, but I aint looking for trouble  
I might crack a grin, I aint looking to hug you  
Think about it, nobody wants to die  
There's rules to this game son, I'm justified  
I'm ready to go partner, hey I'm on the run  
The devils hugging on my boots that's why I own a gun  
This journey's too long, I'm looking for some answers  
So much time stressing, I forget the questions  
I fear no man, you don't want no problems 'B'  
Eyes in the back of my head, you better not follow me [Chorus]  
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Verse 2:  
You probably think I'm crazy, or got some loose screws  
But that's alright though--I'm a do me, you do you  
So how you judging me? I'm just trying to survive  
And if the time comes, I aint trying to die  
I'm just trying to fly, and get a little love  
Find me a dime piece and get a little hug  
Hook the car up--hit the bar up--clean the scars up--hey yo, the stars up  
Hey this is the life of an outlaw  
We aint promised tomorrow--I'm living now, dog  
I'm walking through life. but yo my feet hurt

All my blessings are fed, man I'll rest when I'm dead  
Look through my eyes and see the real world  
Take a walk with me, have a talk with me  
Where we end up--god only knows  
Strap your boots on tight you might be alright[Chorus]  
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