

# Hard On (Charles Latham cover)

## 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?

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

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