

The Hard Road

Hilltop Hoods

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Going down the hard road, don't know where I've been
We're going down, going down the hard road
Don't know where I've been Growing up, I needed a guide like a blind veteran's dog
'Cause I was going nowhere like a child's letters to God
Though life's road was hard, I was never so lost
That I looked for an answer in a medicine box I never did pop pills or cop deals, just rocked hills
Kids with skills still got harassed by the cops till
They'd have me in the back of a paddy, down to lock up
Smack me, pat me down for a baggy, mums would rock up And bail me out, a failure out once again
Next weekend, bailed me out, drunk again
And I never will forgive myself
For putting you through all that hell I went from high school dropout to factory laborer
Slave to the clock until four, went from sleeping on the floor
To being back on tour, now no stopping me
I'll finish with a bang like Kurt Cobain's biography Going down the hard road, down the hard road
Don't know where I've been and don't know where to go its like
Going down the hard road, down the hard road
Don't know where I've been I spent my youth like life was cheap
The only change that I wanted, was enough to buy a drink
Was on a path nowhere, the harder the road
The more broken baggage we carry, the larger the load This school drop out got knocked out, chased by the cops
out
Got clout, dumped by my girlfriend and locked out
Been broke and beaten, even chocked at being
A dope MC but never lost hope in dreaming We used to thrash boosted cars till the engine would fail
If I never had bailed, I'd be dead or in jail
And man I got no one else to blame
I thank my family and music for keeping me sane But that's the breaks, right? Started working late nights
Never seeing daylight, getting paid like a slave might
And I've done too many years to miss this for my missus
To have to tell my son he nearly never existed Going down the hard road, down the hard road
Don't know where I've been and don't know where to go its like

Going down the hard road, down the hard road
Don't know where I've been
Dj Debris, c'mon and break it down like
And I speak what I feel in the booth, in the
spirit of truth
'Cause all these kids that I meet, man, they mirror my youth
And I could have gone the wrong way, the easy option
But I chose to go the long way, the streets are watching
So keep a look out, look up, B ballers keep your hook up
Tear a page from my book out and pull out
Your finger, put your foot out and keep a lookout
For what we put out, the brand new flavor for your cookout
Going down the hard road, down the hard road
Don't know where I've been and don't know where to go its like
Going down the hard road, down the hard road
Don't know where I've been
I'm walking round in circles, came here to find a friend
For my love, for my love, my love, for my love, my love
For my love, for my love, my love, for my love, my love
For my love, for my love, my love, for my love, my love, my love, for my love, my love, my love
love
For my love, for my love, my love, for my love, my love
For my love, for my love, my love, for my love, my love
...

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