

Talk Hard

[Stan Ridgway](#)

Life is tough and full'a stuff
Life is hard as rock
No one around to pull you out
No one to stop the clockNow we don't need no chaperones
All policemen please go home
The pressure's upccthe heat is on
I know what's rightcci know what's wrongChorus:
You gotta
Talk hardccyou gotta talk hardOut my door, on my street
There's people marchin' with their feet
They're buyin' this, they're buyin' that
Some are thin and some are fatSuburban towns are all around
With shopping mallscsome underground
And in the shops they try and sell
An empty bargaincca wishing wellChorus repeat x2Now I can't sit here a-growin' gray
I gotta make a moveccnothing to say
What destiny will hold for me, well
No one knows and no one can seeChorus repeat x2

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