It's Rough

Smog

When you're down on your luck
Aand you just can't cope
When the times are bleak
And the friends are few
Don't turn to me
'cause I'm no hope
Don't turn to me
'cause I don't know what to doMaybe you should have a drink
I don't know why you ever stopped anywayOh, it's rough
Baby, to live
Oh, it's hard
Baby, to survive
Everyday lately
My mind feels like glass
Ready to be smashed
Ready to be smashedOh well, my best friend
Took a bullet through his eye
First he had a patch
Now he's got a glass eye
One hard, glass eye
He says sometimes he wishes
Both his eyes were glassWell, it's rough
Baby, to live
And it's hard
Baby, to survive
Everyday lately
My mind feels like glass
Ready to be smashed
I'm ready to be smashedAt times I lock myself up
In my room
Don't come over
While I listen to a record
I stare at the cover
Don't come over
Don't come over
'cause I'm no hope to you
I'm no hope to you

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