

How Hard the Day

James

Write me a prescription, keep the lonelies at bay
How much of this friction will it take to enflame?
I don't need a doctor to diagnose pain
For the pricks and bruises, yet somehow we stay

When it hurts
You know how hard
You know how hard
I rub my nose in the dirt
And it hurts

Started with some crying, all ends in decay
Told you I was lying when I said I was brave
There's no silver lining at the end of this page
Life is an affliction, we all get in the way

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I rub my nose in the dirt
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Can't believe I can get so bleak
I don't swing this way, so to speak
And when I bleed, all I see is decay
I don't swing that way

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And it hurts