

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 clock

Now we don't need no chaperones
All policemen please go home
The pressure's up 'c' the heat is on
I know what's right 'c' i know what's wrong

You gotta
Talk hard you gotta talk hard

Out 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 fat

Suburban towns are all around
With shopping malls 'c' some underground
And in the shops they try and sell
An empty bargain 'c' a wishing well

You gotta
Talk hard you gotta talk hard
You gotta
Talk hard you gotta talk hard

Now I can't sit here a-growin' gray
I gotta make a move 'c' nothing to say
What destiny will hold for me, well
No one knows and no one can see

You gotta
Talk hard you gotta talk hard
You gotta
Talk hard you gotta talk hard