

The Hard Way

Tom MacDonald

I wish that I could find the perfect words
To take away your hurt, but they just don't exist
There's nothing I can say to try to numb your pain
Afraid you'll have to find that comfort from within
You've been through the dark, you made it, but face it
It tore you apart, I see all those scars
I used to fight the devil every night
In my apartment building after leaving the bar
Got a lot in common, me and you, I bet
I just got done falling and you're losing grip
I've been slipping lately, and you're 'bout to trip
And I've been hell and back, and you ain't left there yet
Truth is, we ain't looking at a pretty picture
Exhaust is filling up the garage you sit in
A mouth full of pills and a gut full of liquor
Cuts in your wrist that are too deep for stitches
We just wanna live, take off all our skin
Find the broken part and try to get it fixed
Find the hope we had and feel like normal kids
Find a way that isn't tortured to exist
Damn, all of the research and studies
Donated money, and still we got nothing
We dedicated days to mental health awareness
Why do we still feel empty and embarrassed?

Tough times don't last
Tough times don't last, tough people do
This too shall pass
The clouds gon' break, we'll drop the roof
Like ooh, living the hard way
Living the hard way

And I know your condition is awful, I lived it
I swallowed those pills and I got the prescriptions
I prayed up to God, I'm not even religious
Tried everything twice, and the cycle is vicious
Got a lot in common, I think, you and I
Exhausted fighting thoughts of suicide
I often wonder if the cloud I'm under
Isn't gonna break until I lose my mind
Huh, I bet you relate
I bet when you're all by yourself, you can't seem to feel safe, same
I bet you ain't scared of the grave
But the man in the mirror makes you feel afraid
The future started looking pretty grim for us
Got a rope around your neck and you're about to jump
Got a television sitting on the edge of the tub
And an overdose of Ativan under your tongue
Try to sit in a river when it's the middle of winter
And hold a pistol to your head and see if you pull the trigger
And that is just the beginning of living, lonely and bitter
Because depression locked you up inside your head like a prison
I know you're still out there
You're quietly waiting for something to give
You silently suffer alone
And nobody knows 'cause you don't leave the crib

Tough times don't last
Tough times don't last, tough people do
This too shall pass
The clouds gon' break, we'll drop the roof
Like ooh, living the hard way
Living the hard way

Tough times don't last
Tough times don't last, tough people do
This too shall pass
The clouds gon' break, we'll drop the roof
Like ooh, living the hard way
Living the hard way