

Nik Kershaw, Wounded Knee

I got it bad
you don't know how bad I got it.
You got it easy
you don't know when you've got it good.
It's getting harder
just keeping life and soul together
I'm sick of fighting even though I know I should.
The cold is biting through each and ev'ry nerve and fibre
My broken spirit is frozen to the core.
I don't want to be here no more.
Wouldn't it be good to be in your shoes even if it was for just one da:
And wouldn't it be good if we could wish ourselves away.
Wouldn't it be good to be on your side
The grass is always greener over there.
Wouldn't it be good if we could live without a care.
You must be joking
you don't know a thing about it.
You've got no problems
I'd stay right there if I were you.
I got it harder
you couldn't dream how hard I got it
Stay out of my shoes if you know what's good for you.
The heat is stifling
bun@ing me up from the inside.
The sweat is coming through each and ev'ry pore.
I don't want to be here no more. I don't want to be here no more.
I don't want to be here no more.
Wouldn't it be good to be in your shoes even if it was for just one day. . . .
I got it bad. you don't know how bad I got it. . . .