

The Fuse, Hard Times

Cold, cold eyes on me they stare
People all around me and they're all in fear
They don't seem to want me but they won't admit
Thinkin' Black on Black
Strange creature out here havin' fits

From my body house I'm afraid to come outside
Although I'm filled with love
I'm afraid they'll hurt my pride
So I play the part I feel they want of me
And I'll pull the shades so I won't see them seein' me

Havin' Hard Times in this crazy town
Havin' Hard Times there's no love to be found

From my body house I see like me another
Familiar face of creed and race a brother
But to my surprise I found another man corrupt
Although he be my brother he wants to hold me up