

# Murray McLauchlan, Hard Rock Town

You're born in debt  
And you're never free  
You work all your life  
For the company  
And the smoke pours down on your Mercury  
As the paint chips off your walls  
The slag cars roll to the heap side  
Down the slope flows a hellfire slide  
And the kids grow up too fast inside  
Then they're spittin' in the high school halls

It's a hard rock town  
It's a hard rock town  
It'll grind you down  
It's a hard rock town

Smoke blows up and slowly west  
Black as the suit that's always pressed  
When the funeral wagon calls  
Chevs and Fords on Saturday nights  
Blastin' past the hotel lights  
Laugh in the face of the day that might come  
When the rocks should rumble and fall

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Is there a world like on T.V.  
Where people look better than you and me  
If there is it might as well be  
Far beyond the sun  
Lovers break each other's hearts  
Beautiful people walk in the park  
No one coughs in the morning dark  
Nobody is no one

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