

Stan Ridgway, Talk Hard

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 upccthe heat is on
I know what's rightcci know what's wrong

Chorus:
You gotta
Talk hardccyou 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 mallscsosome underground
And in the shops they try and sell
An empty bargaincca wishing well

Chorus repeat x2

Now I can't sit here a-growin' gray
I gotta make a moveccnothing to say
What destiny will hold for me, well
No one knows and no one can see

Chorus repeat x2