

JOY ALRIGHT

©Tim Harrison and Second Avenue Songs 1988

It's hard when you stumble,
It's hard when you fall,
It's hard to pick yourself back up again
It's hard to care at all

Old men sleeping in the alley
Women sunk in doorways deeper than the blues
They push carts past love they do no know
Still they wake up in the morning
Trying to find something new

Chorus And there's tears alright
 There's pain alright
 There's fears alright
 But you can find Joy alright

 You get hurt alright
 You get torn alright
 You get worn alright
 But still there is Joy alright

Some folks they try to fool you
To you think that you've done wrong
They try to take your world and turn it upside down
They try to make you sing their song

But when you stand out on your own highway
Just shake the dust off of your shoes
Brush your coat and turn your face into the wind
Cause we're all just passin' through