

# Hard Life

I can't lie right now is hard

But I can't give up because I've come too far

I might be smiling on the outside but deep down I'm scarred

And I've spent too much of my life behind bars

I'm tired of me and my mom struggling that's why I grind hard

I hate that feeling of handcuffs on my wrists and being in the back  
of a police car

Growing up I had to stand on my own two feet

Nobody was there when I was on the run and needed somewhere to sleep

Nobody was there when I was hungry and needed something to eat

And who was there when I was lost in the streets

I remember those times when I was locked behind those steel doors

And I remember them times when I had nowhere to go so I slept on  
them dirty apartment floors

It was so many times when I almost let the devil win the war

But I didn't give up because it was too much I was fighting for

But every time I feel like I'm about to give up I lift my eyes to the lord

And he gives me strength to erase that boy I once was before

**Hard Life: A poem written by a young man who received  
services in Cleveland Christian Home's Shelter Care Program @2017**

**Background artwork by a child who received treatment from  
Cleveland Christian Home**