**Harder Now**

**By John T. Wurzer**

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**Em- G – D – Bm - 96 Bpm 2/4**

**I can’t write poetry on my phone**

**And so I sit here all alone**

**Without a notebook or a pen**

**I may never write again**

**The way I did way beck then**

**When my joints were lithe and free**

**Arthritis wouldn’t bother me**

**When I picked up my pen to write**

**And I would write all night**

**With music in my mind**

**And the words they always rhymed**

**And the poems struck me blind**

**And set fire to my soul…**

**But it’s harder now**

**Break – Em-C-B7/C7/B7 (2x)**

**Em-D-C-Am-B7-Em**

**I can’t write a novel with an app**

**The characters end up crap**

**With the plot line on a map**

**On the table in the back**

**While my enemies attack**

**And shoot out the ceiling lights**

**While looking for a fight**

**With anyone who isn’t white**

**Or who’s white but won’t believe**

**The propaganda that they weave**

**From their troll farms on the plains**

**Blood red amber waves of grain**

**While I’m doing the best I can…**

**But it’s harder now.**

**To try to be strong somehow**

**To believe that love**

**Is the will of God above**

**To believe the saviors birth**

**Was all about peace on earth**

**And not about walls of hate**

**I keep praying that it’s not too late**

**But it’s harder now**

**Break – Em-C-B7/C7/B7 (2x)**

**Em-D-C-Am-B7-Em**