

# Hard Times

Curtis Mayfield

Cold, cold eyes on me they stare  
People all around me and they're all in fear  
They don't seem to want me but they won't admit  
Thinkin' Black on Black  
Strange creature out here havin' fits

From my body house I'm afraid to come outside  
Although I'm filled with love  
I'm afraid they'll hurt my pride  
So I play the part I feel they want of me  
And I'll pull the shades so I won't see them seein' me

Havin' Hard Times in this crazy town  
Havin' Hard Times there's no love to be found

From my body house I see like me another  
Familiar face of creed and race a brother  
But to my surprise I found another man corrupt  
Although he be my brother he wants to hold me up  
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