Up on Main St, they built a highway Changed its name to Johnson Boulevard Up on Thursday down on Friday People ask me why are things so hard Times been hard though From Laredo to San Jacinto And it□s a long way back home

There□s an old train in a stock yard

It□s like a graveyard of things come and gone

And the wind moves on a gravestone

Where the leaves gone

And everybody knows

Times been hard though

From Laredo to San Jacinto

And it□s a long way back home

Sometimes you□re standing still
And the wind just beats you down
Oh and sometimes it□s just so hard
to keep your two feet right there on the ground

MotherDs faithful
She goes to church still
She prays on Sunday
And Mondays too
Fathers somewhere
On the back field
Thinking out loud
That this ain'Dt nothing new
Times been hard though
From Laredo to San Jacinto
So why donDt we just go back home

Why don It we just go back home