

Hard Times

Edie Brickell

He left home when she was seventeen
We came back to see her
She was older cold and even mean
Not like we remembered

Out along the old road
Where the Indian Paintbrush grows
She began to cry and said she wanted us to know

There were hard times
When the family was broken
There were hard times
Then she lit up a smoke and said

Gonna open up my umbrella and keep it off of me
It's so easy to go somewhere
But so hard to leave
I move far away and still the memories find me there
When I hear the clock and see the dust come off the chair

There were hard times
I don't wanna remember
There were hard times
And I don't want to see ya

Let the wind and white sheet blow through the room
I can live with the ghosts but not with you
It was never so easy saying goodbye

Sitting at a bus stop
Waiting for euphoria
I've heard so much bad news today
I don't think I can take anymore
Of the hard times
Shadows on the horizon
All the hard times
Rusty glow in the sunrise