

Hard Times

Gillian Welch

There was a camptown man
Used to plow and sing
And he loved that mule and the mule loved him
When the day got long
As it does about now
I'd hear him singing to his muley cow

Callin come on my sweet old girl
I'd bet the whole damn world
We're gonna make it yet to the end of the road

Singing hard times
Ain't gonna ruin my mind
Hard times
Ain't gonna ruin my mind, Bessie
Hard times
Ain't gonna ruin
My mind
No more

I said it's a mean old world
Heavy in need
And that big machine is just a-pickin up speed
And we're suppin on tears
And we're suppin on wine
We all get to heaven in our own sweet time

So come all you Asheville boys
Turn up your old time noise
Kick til the dust comes up
From the cracks in the floor

Singing hard times
Ain't gonna ruin my mind, brother
Hard times
Ain't gonna ruin my mind
Hard times
Ain't gonna ruin
My mind
No more

But the camptown man
He doesn't plow no more
I seen him walking down to the cigarette store
Guess he lost that knack
And he forgot that song
Woke up one morning and the mule was gone

So come all you ragtime kings
And come on you dogs and sing
And Pick up the dusty old horn
And give it a blow

Playing hard times
Ain't gonna ruin my mind, honey
Hard times
Ain't gonna ruin my mind, sugar

Hard times
Ain't gonna ruin
My mind
No more