

# Cold Hard Times

Lee Hazlewood

In the waking hours of some not too distant morning  
you come walking barefoot to this cowl pulled mind  
selling yesterday's dreams wrapped in tomorrow's paper  
whistling for a dog named kindness that you'll never find  
It's a cold, hard world love  
these are cold hard times  
these are cold hard times

Standing in some narrow space you'll hear your mother  
crying  
for the thoughts she had and didn't use and now they're  
gone  
and your father is still out back he's selling and he's  
buying  
there's nothing he can give you 'cause he's never once  
been wrong  
It's a cold, hard world love  
these are cold hard times  
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I heard my brother died last week or was it just a rumor  
from an overdose of hate taken in his veins  
I heard the preachers said God must have a sense of humor  
'cause when they put him in the grave it didn't even rain  
It's a cold, hard world love  
these are cold hard times  
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