

# Hard Luck Stories

Neil Young

Don't tell me hard luck stories  
And I won't tell you mine  
Don't tell me hard luck stories  
And I won't tell you mine.

Every time you're feelin' fine  
Got another good one on the line  
It slips away,  
You feel it slip away, slip away.

I don't want no more from you  
Won't do what you want me to  
Turn me loose  
Come on turn me loose, turn me loose.

Every time I'm feelin' good  
The phone rings and I knock on wood  
Hoping that it won't be you  
Calling like you always do.

All you ever seem to say is  
How much bad luck came your way  
You won't try to start again  
You just count on your old friends.

Don't tell me hard luck stories  
And I won't tell you mine  
Don't tell me hard luck stories  
And I won't tell you mine.

Now you call up every day  
Got no money no place to stay  
That girl made a mess of you  
You got what was comin' too.

Build her up and let her down  
Tastin' everythin' in town  
Treat her right, you never  
Treat her right, treat her right.

Now she's gone and you're alone  
Bite your fingers to the bone  
Slip away,  
You feel it slip away, slip away.

You don't know what's goin' on  
How you lost it, what went wrong  
What ever happened to  
The love that you once knew.

Don't tell me hard luck stories  
And I won't tell you mine  
Don't tell me hard luck stories  
And I won't tell you mine.