

Hard Times

Ryan Bingham

When I was young my daddy said, Son
Never be ashamed of where your from
There's nothin wrong with your last name
Don't be lookin for people to blame

Cause hard times they come and they go
Most of the time they're in the middle of the road
It's the same pain in different ways
Don't your know, Son, when it pours it rains

Hard times
In the middle of your road
Hard times
Creepin up on the good folks you know
Hard times
You daddy wakes up and you lit the stove
Hard times
From the California hills to the Coverdale Road

You got yours and I have mine
Mostly good folks have tried and tried
To make a livin on your minimum wage
Your coming up short nearly every day

And what's enough and what's the cost
You can't stand up cause all is lost
You roll us up and your doors are locked
There's a poor boy livin on every block

Hard times
In the middle of your road
Hard times
Creepin up on the good folks you know
Hard times
You're livin down the rest of you knows
Hard times
From the California hills to the Coverdale Road

When I was young my daddy said, Son
Never be ashamed of where your from
There's nothin wrong with your last name
So don't be lookin for people to blame

Cause hard times they come and they go
And most of the time they're in the middle of your road
It's the same pain, different way
Don't your know when it pours it rains

And it'll always be around
Followin you from town to town
But you can get up when it puts you down
Cause everybody's got 'em if you look around

Hard times
In the middle of your road
Hard times
Creepin up on the good folks you know

Hard times
Huddled around a wood burnin stove
Hard times