

Times are Bad

The Moldy Peaches

Well, times are bad
And all the time you're feeling sad
And people are laughing
Telling you to go away
And your feet are trudging
You're always acting like a curmudgeon
Well i know i know
That it's hard hard hard

Well it's hard to walk around
Feeling like a circus clown
Grab a big baton
And twirl it like a magic wand
'Cause your cards are dealt
And everything is deeply felt
Well i know i know
That it's hard hard hard

And the people that you love
Are attacking you from above
And everyone that you trust
Is just selling you a bucket of lies
Well just believe
That it's all gonna be ok
Well i know i know
That it's hard hard hard