

Hard Times

The Parlor Mob

Clappin' our hands when we're out on a weekend
Stompin' our feet with the people we believe in
Dogs howling at the moon, holding out for pain
Waitin' for the day they leave their towns and make their names

Ain't no remedy to recommend
Hard times, in the hearts of young men

Speaking our minds but nobody cares
You know some people got it so good it just ain't fair
No money in our pockets so you know we had to make a move
Aww we live tough we die tough but it ain't our life to choose

Cuz after all we cross and avert them
Hard times in the hearts of young men
In the hearts of young men

The president ain't got our cause
He's selling souls and breaking laws
And telling lies for the applause

Well ain't no future for our kind
And these are hard times

Me and my kids got a gift for the man
With our souls on fire and our hearts in our hands
A fist in a face of any mouth that will tell us no
Ain't to time left for faking you know we gotta go, go, go

Before there's no flag left here to defend
Hard times in the hearts of young men