

Tull Jethro

"Living In These Hard Times"

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The bomb's in the china, the fat's in the fire,

There's no turkey left on the table.

The commuters return on the six-o'clock flier.

There's no bale of hay for the stable.

Well the light it is failing along the green belt

As we follow the hard road signs.

Semi-detached in our suburban mess

We're living in these hard times.

Well the fly's in the milk and the cat's in the stew,

Another bun in the oven, oh, what to do?

We laugh and we sing and try to bring

A pound from your pocket -- good-day to you!

Oh, these hard times.

The politician sat on the wall

And prayed with the union game.

Someone slapped the wrists on our deficit;

Not a penny left to our name.

Oh, the times are hard and the credit's lean

And they toss and they turn in sleep.

And the line they take is the line they make,

But it's not the line they keep.

Well the fly's in the milk and the cat's in the stew,
Another bun in the oven, oh, what to do?
We laugh and we sing and try to bring
A pound from your pocket -- good-day to you!
Oh, these hard times.
The cow jumped over yesterday's moon
And the lock ran away with the key.
You know what you like and you like what you know,
But there is no jam for tea.
Well the light it is failing along the green belt
As we follow the hard road signs.
Semi-detached in our suburban mess,
We're living in these hard times.
Well the fly's in the milk and the cat's in the stew,
Another bun in the oven, oh, what to do?
We laugh and we sing and try to bring
A pound from your pocket -- good-day to you!
Oh, these hard times

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