

Bingham Ryan

"Hard Times"

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When I was young my daddy said son
Never be ashamed of where your from
There's nothing wrong with your last name
So don't be lookin' for people to blame

Cause hard times they come and they go
Most of the time there in the middle of your road
Same pain, in different ways
Don't ya know son when it pours it rains

Hard times, in the middle of your road
Hard times, creeping up on the good folks you know
Hard times, your daddy wakes up in your liquor store
Hard times, from the California hills to the Cumberland road

You got yours and id have mine
Most of the good folks have tried and tried
Make a minimum on your minimum wage
Your Comin' up short nearly every day
Whats enough and whats the cost
They cant stand up cause all is lost
??? is up and your doors are locked
There's a poor boy living on every block

Hard times, in the middle of your road
Hard times, creeping up on the good folks you know
Hard times, living down where the rest of you know
Hard times, from the California hills to the Cumberland road

When i was young my daddy said son
Never be ashamed of where your from
There's nothing wrong with your last name
So don't be looking for people to blame

Cause hard times they come and they go
And most of the time there in the middle of your road
Its the same pain every way
Don't you know when in pours it rains

Then I'll always be around

Following you from town to town
But you can get up when they put you down
Cause everybody's got 'em if you look around

Hard times, in the middle of your road
Hard times, creeping up on the good folks you know
Hard times, huddling around the wood burning stove
Hard times, from the California hills to the Cumberland
road

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