

Eric Johnson**"Hard times"**

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I've grown tired of the city
Need to get away sometimes
I like the big bright lights
But there she's on my mind

I go down to George's farm
To rest my weary soul
Out in the big wide country
Where I want to go

Tell your mama and your papa
I've been falling down
And tell your brother and your sisters
I've done hit the ground
Without your sweet sweet love
Hard times I've done found.

Tell your mama and your papa
I've been falling down
Tell your brother and your sister
I've done hit the ground
Without your sweet sweet love
Hard times I've done found

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