

## **Bobby Bare**

# **"Rough on the Living"**

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I wanna sing this song for a friend of ours  
His picture was in all the papers  
They said that a legend had passed  
The late evenin' news did a special report  
And swore that his mem'ry would last  
They're playin' his records all weekend  
Praisin' the life that he lived  
Nashville is rough on the livin'  
But she really speaks well of the dead.  
The wife that they interviewed cried  
Is the same one who left him last fall  
And the record producer who called him a hero  
Is the one who wouldn't answer his calls  
The ladies they sit over coffee  
Braggin' bout sharin' his bed  
They didn't want him around when he's livin'  
But he's sure a good friend when he's dead.  
They observed twenty seconds of silence  
At the Opry on Saturday night  
And they're searchin' the bars and the basements  
For some souvenir of his life.  
They're plannin' a book for September  
Showin' his plain country roots  
Any they're sellin' the rights to the movie  
And the Hall of Fame's gettin' his boots  
At the funeral somebody recited a poem  
That told how he suffered and bled  
Nashville is rough on the livin'  
But she really speaks well of the dead.  
Yeah, Nashville is rough on the livin'  
But she really speaks well of the dead...

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