

Queen

"Hard Times"

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Close, your eyes
And rest your tired body, next to mine.
Nobody knows,
more than you.
These hard times that we're living through,
but baby we'll go on and on.
Hey, Lord knows,
we got each other.
So kiss me,
kiss me hard, and long.
Mmm
Hard times, we can get over, yeah
scat
Now son, yeah.
Hate must rise,
and she comin' with a bag of tricks and treats and dirty
lies.
Nobody smiles,
nobody cries.
And no one seems to care if they live or die.
But baby we'll go on and on.
Lord, Lord, Lord, Lord knows,
we have got each other.
So come on and kiss me,
kiss me hard, and long.
Ooo
Hard times, we can get over.
scat
Those ballots and boxes,
bullets and guns.
And we are all, we are always running from.
But baby just you come, come to me.
Come to me, come to me, come to me baby.
When, whenever you need me.
So kiss me, hard.
Lay some kisses onto me baby,
and you know these hard times,
we can get over...
scat

