

The Parlor Mob

"Hard Times"

Visit "[Hard Times](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Verse 1

Clappin' our hands when we're out on a weekend
Stompin' our feet with the people we believe in
Dogs howling at the moon, holding out for pain
Waitin' for the day they leave their towns and make
their names

Chorus

Aint no remedy to recommend
Hard times, in the hearts of young men

Verse 2

Speaking our minds but nobody cares
You know some people got it so good it just aint fair
No money in our pockets so you know we had to make
a move
Aww we live tough we die tough but it aint our life to
choose

Chorus

Cuz after all we cross and avert them
Hard times in the hearts of young men
In the hearts of young men

Verse 3

The president aint got our cause
He's selling souls and breaking laws
And telling lies for the applause

Well aint no future for our kind
And these are hard times

Verse 4

Me and my kids got a gift for the man
With our souls on fire and our hearts in our hands
A fist in a face of any mouth that will tell us no
Aint to time left for faking you know we gotta go, go,
go

Chorus

Before there's no flag left here to defend
Hard times in the hearts of young men

Visit [The Parlor Mob](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.