

Newsies

"High Times, Hard Times"

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Music by Alan Menken.
Lyrics by Jack Feldman.

MEDDA:

High times, hard times
Sometimes the living is sweet
And sometimes there's nothing to eat
But I always land on my feet
So when there's dry times
I wait for high times and then
I put on my best
And I stick out my chest
And I'm off to the races again!

My good friend the mayor, he called me today
He said all the voters are turning away
"Help me," he cried, "or they'll give me the axe!"
I said, "Your Honor, you've got to relax ..." Everybody!

ALL:

High times, hard times
Sometimes the living is sweet
And sometimes there's nothing to eat
But I always land on my feet
So when there's dry times
I wait for high times and then
I put on my best
And I stick out my chest
And I'm off to the races again!

MEDDA:

So your old lady don't love you no more
So you're afraid there's a wolf at your door
So you got street rats that scream in your ear

ALL:

You win some, you lose some, my dear!
Oh, high times, hard times
Sometimes the living is sweet
And sometimes there's nothing to eat
But I always land on my feet
So when there's dry times

I wait for high times and then
I put on my best
And I stick out my chest
And I'm off to the races again!

I put on my best
And I stick out my chest
And I'm off
And I'm off
And I'm off to the races again!

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