

## Richard Julian "On Your Own"

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Word's on the street  
You're in trouble again  
Well, may the good Lord defend you  
You're on your own

All the king's horses  
All the king's men  
We've done our best trying to mend you  
You're on your own, own, you're on

Well, the field's full of dust  
And the merchant wants his pay  
Say goodbye to the farm  
You're on your own

Me, I'm pulling out  
While I can still say  
That I wish you no harm  
And mean it, own, you're on

Not a thing I can do for you even if I wanted to  
And I, and I don't want to no more  
Sure is freezing out there today  
The chimney tops are burning  
You're on your own

Baby, the next hardest thing  
To being turned away  
Is having to do the turning  
Believe me, own, you're on  
You're on this time

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