

The Roots

"Hard Times"

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Cold, cold eyes upon me they stare
People all around me and they're all in fear
They don't seem to want me but they won't admit
I must be some kind of creature up here having fits

From my party house, I'm afraid to come outside
Although I'm filled with love I'm afraid they'll hurt my
pride
So I play the part I feel they want of me
And I pull the shades so I won't see them seein me

Havin hard times in this crazy town
Havin hard times, there's no love to be found
[repeat]

From my party house I feel like meetin others
Familiar faces, creed and race, a brother
But to my surprise I find a man corrupt
Although he be my brother, he wants to hold me up

Havin' hard times in this crazy town
Havin' hard times, there's no love to be found
[repeat]

[rap]

In this crazy town
Havin hard times, there's no love to be found
Havin hard times, in this crazy town
Havin hard times, there's no love to be found

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