

# No Hard Times

Jimmie Rodgers

I got a bale of flour, Lord I got a bucket of lard.  
I got a bale of flour, Lord I got a bucket of lard.  
I ain't got no blues; got chickens in my back yard.

Got corn in my crib, cotton growin' in my patch.  
Got corn in my crib, cotton growin' in my patch.  
Got that old hen settin', waitin' for that old hen to hatch.

[Guitar Solo]  
(Pick that thing, boy!)  
(Play it, brother!)

Gonna buy all my chillin' a brand new pair of shoes.  
Gonna buy all my chillin' a brand new pair of shoes.  
I'm gonna quit singin' these dog-gone hard time blues.

I'm gonna hitch up my mules, take a hoe to my line.  
Gonna hitch up my mule, take a hoe to my line.  
And I can't be bothered with all these old hard times.

I'm gonna build me a shanty, Lord I'm gonna settle down.  
I'm gonna build me a shanty, Lord I'm gonna settle down.  
Gonna get me a corn-fed mama, Lord and quit runnin' around.

I can make more money with my pig and plow.  
I can make more money with my pig and plow.  
With my one-eyed mule and my good old Jersey cow.