

Cold Hard Times

Lee Hazlewood

In the waking hours of some not too distant morning
you come walking barefoot to this cowl pulled mind
selling yesterday's dreams wrapped in tomorrow's paper
whistling for a dog named kindness that you'll never find
It's a cold, hard world love
these are cold hard times
these are cold hard times

Standing in some narrow space you'll hear your mother
crying
for the thoughts she had and didn't use and now they're
gone
and your father is still out back he's selling and he's
buying
there's nothing he can give you 'cause he's never once
been wrong
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I heard my brother died last week or was it just a rumor
from an overdose of hate taken in his veins
I heard the preachers said God must have a sense of humor
'cause when they put him in the grave it didn't even rain
It's a cold, hard world love
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