

Hard Times

Tyler Childers

I bought a house at the mouth of the holler
A ring at the pawn shop, and a crib for the kid
I heard some word there was work up in Hindman
I'm going tomorrow and hope that there is

My sweat and my wages they don't seem to weight out
I'm gettin' more aches than I'm gainin' in gold
Whoever said you could raise you a family
Just a 'workin' your ass off knee deep in coal?

Well the sign at the church says I'll reap what I'm sowin'
But I ain't lost sleep, it'll come in due time
If the Lord wants to take me I'm here for the taking
'Cause hell's probably better than tryin' to get by

You can see me on the front page
It'll be out tomorrow
A boy in his 20's, shot down in his prime

For trying to hold up the Texaco station
They'll say I was desperate
They're probably right

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