

Living This Hard

Lincoln Durham

Stick our fruit mason jars Snapping peas in the backyard

Been a year now with my hands in the dirt

Blood on my fingers can't show it hurts

We gonna see if next Sunday comes I ain't gonna make it if the working ain't done

Working ain't done 'til the setting sun I got an old dreadnaught through a Bell and Howell

It ain't the best of ways but it'll work somehow I don't need me a little band Because Mr. Davis says I got a
sporting right hand

We gonna see if next Sunday comes I ain't gonna make it if the working ain't done Working ain't done 'til the
setting sun

Chorus: Look out boys you're about to learn There comes a time when the cactus burns

Life ain't never gonna spare the rod I can't keep living, living this hard

My kin folks say don't forget who you are Them's words that's got me living this far

There comes sometimes when I get real low I wish my memory didn't serve me so

We gonna see if next Sunday comes I ain't gonna make it if the working ain't done Working ain't done 'til the
setting sun

Chorus repeat

Lyrics submitted by RAH.C.

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