Hard Time Losin' Man

Jim Croce

And you think you've seen trouble
Well, you're lookin' at the man, ah ha
Oh, the world's own original hard luck story
And a hard time losin' man
Oh, sometimes skies are cloudy
And sometimes skies are blue
And sometimes they say that you eat the bear
But sometimes the bear eats you
And sometimes I feel like I should go
Far far away and hide
'Cause I keep a-waitin' for my ship to come in
And all that ever comes is the tide
And you think you've seen trouble
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Oh, the world's own original hard luck story
And a hard time losin' man
Oh, I saved up all my money
I gonna buy me a flashy car
So I go downtown to see the man
And he smokin' on a big cigar
Well, he must've thought I were Rockefeller
Or an uptown man of wealth
He said, "Boy, I got the car that's made for you
And it's cleaner than the Board of Health"
Then I got on the highway
Oh, I feelin' fine, I hit a bump
Then I found I bought a car held together
By wire and a couple a' hunks of twine
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Oh, Friday night, feelin' right
I head out on the street
Standin' in the doorway
Was a dealer known as Pete
Well he sold me a dime
Of some super fine dynamite from Mexico
I spent all that night just tryin' to get right

On an ounce of Oregano
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