

# Hard Times

Gillian Welch

There was a Camptown Man, used to plow and sing  
And he loved that mule and the mule loved him  
When the day got long as it does about now  
I'd hear him singing to his mule cow  
Calling, "Come on my sweet old girl, and I'd bet the whole damn world  
And we're gonna make it yet to the end of the road"

Singing hard times ain't gonna rule my mind  
Hard times ain't gonna rule my mind, Bessie  
Hard times ain't gonna rule my mind no more

Said it's a mean old world, heavy in need  
That big machine is just a-picking up speed  
They were supping on tears, they were supping on wine  
We all get to heaven in our own sweet time

So come all you Asheville boys and turn up your old-time noise  
And kick 'til the dust comes up from the cracks in the floor  
Singing, hard times ain't gonna rule my mind, brother  
Hard times ain't gonna rule my mind  
Hard times ain't gonna rule my mind no more

But the Camptown Man, he doesn't plow no more  
I seen him walking down to the cigarette store  
Guess he lost that knack and he forgot that song  
Woke up one morning and the mule was gone

So come on, you ragtime kings, and come on, you dolls, and sing  
And pick up the dusty old horn and give it a blow

Playing, hard times ain't gonna rule my mind, honey  
Hard times ain't gonna rule my mind, sugar  
Hard times ain't gonna rule my mind no more

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