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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written by DAVID RAWLINGS, GILLIAN WELCH
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