

# Hard Times

[Ryan Bingham](#)

When I was young my daddy said, Son  
Never be ashamed of where your from  
There's nothin wrong with your last name  
Don't be lookin for people to blameCause hard times they come and they go  
Most of the time they're in the middle of the road  
It's the same pain in different ways  
Don't your know, Son, when it pours it rainsChorusHard times  
In the middle of your road  
Hard times  
Creepin up on the good folks you know  
Hard times  
You daddy wakes up and you lit the stove  
Hard times  
From the California hills to the Coverdale RoadYou got yours and I have mine  
Mostly good folks have tried and tried  
To make a livin on your minimum wage  
Your coming up short nearly every dayAnd what's enough and what's the cost  
You can't stand up cause all is lost  
You roll us up and your doors are locked  
There's a poor boy livin on every blockChorusHard times  
In the middle of your road  
Hard times  
Creepin up on the good folks you know  
Hard times  
You're livin down the rest of you knows  
Hard times  
From the California hills to the Coverdale RoadWhen I was young my daddy said, Son  
Never be ashamed of where your from  
There's nothin wrong with your last name  
So don't be lookin for people to blameCause hard times they come and they go  
And most of the time they're in the middle of your road  
It's the same pain, different way  
Don't your know when it pours it rainsAnd it'll always be around  
Followin you from town to town  
But you can get up when it puts you down  
Cause everybody's got 'em if you look aroundChorusHard times  
In the middle of your road  
Hard times  
Creepin up on the good folks you know

Hard times  
Huddled around a wood burnin stove  
Hard times  
From the California hills to the Coverdale Roa

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