

Hard Times

[Chris LeDoux](#)

The ole man stands by the lone chute
He sold his calves today
He spits in the dust between his boots
As the semi pulls away Slick blue check in his grimy hands
Shoves down in his coat
Won't make the payment on the land
Pay the interest on the note Oh, it's hard, hard times A young man with a loving wife
Two children and a home
He plans to build a better life
Put a mortgage on his own He lost his job when the boom went bust
Still got bills to pay
Now he's picking' up cans in the roadside dust
She's at the Feed-Rack Cafe Oh, it's hard, hard times Now the ole gray banker sits behind his desk
Beneath a worried frown
He shuffles through the tangled mess
Of some good folks goin' down He's known some of 'em for thirty years
And some point the finger of blame
No one sees his tears
The one who shares his name Oh, it's hard, hard times
It's hard, hard times

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