

# Hard Times

[Edie Brickell](#)

He left home when she was seventeen, we came back to see her  
She was older, cold and even mean, not like we remembered  
Out along the old road where the Indian Paintbrush grows  
She began to cry and said she wanted us to know There were hard times when the family was broken  
There were hard times then she lit up a smoke and said Gonna open up my umbrella and keep it off of me  
It's so easy to go somewhere but so hard to leave  
I move far away and still the memories find me there  
When I hear the clock and see the dust come off the chair There were hard times I don't wanna remember  
There were hard times and I don't want to see you now Let the wind and white sheet blow through the room  
I can live with the ghosts but not with you  
It was never so easy saying goodbye Sitting at a bus stop waiting for euphoria  
I've heard so much bad news today  
I don't think I can take anymore Of the hard times shadows on the horizon  
All the hard times rusty glow in the sunrise

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