Hard Times

William Elliott Whitmore

My Grandma's Grandpa.
Came over across the sea.
In the boiler room of a steam ship.
On his way from Germany.He was running from the Kaiser.
Who was putting the hammer down.
And the cries of the dying men.
Were such an awful sound.
They were such an awful sound.Hard times.
Hard times.
Hard times made us.And my father was a railroad man.
A mechanic, and son of the soil.
His back was busted.
And his hands were cut and sore.
His hands were cut and sore.But he swore that hard times.
Hard times.
Hard times made us.You know that hard times.
Hard times.
Hard times made us.And I would not trade them all for anything.
Uncle Sam.
Well he aint no kin to me.
And what we have.
Is a crisis of authority.
Its a crisis of authority.Hard times.
Hard times.
Hard times made us.You know that hard times.
Hard times.
Hard times made us.And I would not trade them all for anything.

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