

Abigail Washburn, Coffee's Cold

Some folks say the times are hard
I just say oh my lord
Coffee's cold and I been sold for half a dollar bill

Every seed that I do sow
harvest time nothin's grown
Coffee's cold and I been sold for half a dollar bill

Fore I have ten dollars saved
I'll be resting in my grave
Coffee's cold and I been sold for half a dollar bill

I been broke a thousand times
no one cares to spare a dime
Coffee's cold and I been sold for half a dollar bill

When I lay my burden down
peace nor comfort have I found
Coffee's cold and I been sold for half a dollar bill

Angels I am on my knees
but you'll never sing for me
Coffee's cold and I been sold for half a dollar bill

Some folks say the times are hard
I just say, oh my lord
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