

Arlo Guthrie, Hard Times

I ain't got a nickle to call mine
The goverment has made me pay my tax on time
The've takin' all my bread
And left me here for Dead
I ain't even got a lousy dime

Chorus

Who the hell wants money
When there ain't none to be had
It don't make the good times better
It don't make the bad times bad
Well you find out who your friends are
When you ain't got a dime
Just trying to make the best of these hard times

I've got 15 cars and I can't afford the gas
We've got a horse, but how long can she last
My managers enraged
My banker stands there days
Funny how the money goes so fast

Chorus

We are broke but we've been broke before
But being broke don't scare us anymore
My daddy's broke and grandpa too
But I'm still here to sing for you
We are going to make it thru for sure...

Chorus

Well you find out who your friends are
When you ain't got a dime
Just trying to make the best of these hard times