

April Wine, Hard Times

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Forever For Now

Hard Times

(jimmy dean/lyrics by myles goodwyn)

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Hard times, hard times, hard times, hard times

When the college professor has no class
And the quarterback would rather pass
And the pump jockey complains of gas
It's hard times, hard times
When the taxi driver he can't hack it
And the tennis player can't stand the racket
When allies refuse to pack it, it's hard times
Hard times, hard times, real hard times

When the elevator can't find the floor
And the doorman he can't find the door
When they give to the rich what they take from the poor, it's hard times
Seems your money's gone before it's spent
If you're not busted then you're badly bent
To give it away doesn't make any sense, it's hard times
Hard times, hard times, real hard times, hard times

Now grandma forgets how to knit
And the wise man has lost his wit
And my tailor feels unfit, it's hard times, hard times
When the fashion model's lost her poise
And santa clause smashes all the toys
When boys could be girls, and girls could be boys, it's hard times
Hard times, hard times, real hard times, hard times

When the clock on the wall's got no time for jokes
And kreskin says it's all a hoax
When the surgeon general chain smokes, it's hard times
When the truck driver don't wanna truck
And the hockey player won't touch the puck
And the rock musician don't wanna fool around, it's hard times
Hard times, hard times, real hard times
Harder times, hard times

I was talking to this lady the other day and she was telling me.....