

# Barbara Mandrell, In Times Like These

Sitting on the front porch  
Rain is pouring down  
News comes on the radio  
There's trouble all around  
That's the way it always been  
And the way it'll always be  
I thank the good Lord I've got you  
In times like these  
The rich keep getting richer  
The poor barely get by  
Farmer Johnson says it's either  
Too wet or too dry  
Jobs are scarce down at the factory  
I thank the good Lord I've got you  
In times like these  
In times like these  
When it's easy to get down  
You're my inspiration  
You're my solid ground  
In times like these  
Love will pull us through  
Baby, I know I can depend on you  
We can read about the latest  
In the fashion magazines  
But that don't change the fact  
That we got patches on our jeans  
Everybody's needing money  
Even the preachers preaching on TV  
I thank the good Lord I've got you  
In times like these  
In times like these  
When it's easy to get down  
You're my inspiration  
You're my solid ground  
In times like these  
Love will pull us through  
Baby, I know I can depend on you  
It costs you forty-five cents  
For a nickel candy bar  
And a dollar's worth of gas  
Won't even start your car  
Yeah, we got problems  
Here in the land of free  
But there's no place I'd rather be  
In times like these  
I thank the good Lord I've got you  
In times like these  
In times like these, baby  
(Baby)  
In times like these  
In times like these