

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