

Bobby Bare, Hard Time Hungrys

There's an old man sittin' in a rented room sittin' and watchin' the wall
Tryin' to remember the good ole days and wonderin' why the kids don't call
They used to go drivin' in the summer sun when his woman was alive
Now he reads his Gideon Bible and waits for his welfare check to arrive
He got the hard time hungrys doin' the best that he can
Lord the hard time hungrys are spreadin' all over the land

There's a Tennessee housewife shoppin' in the market wearin' her last used jeans
She picks up a roast then changes her mind
Puts it back down and buys some more beans
Her old man's workin' in the filling station and what's he gonna say
When he sits down to a table full of nothin' after workin' like a dog all day
He got the hard time hungrys doin' the best that they can
I see the hard time hungrys spreadin' all over the land

A Mississippi farmer he's watchin' the sky wondering if it's gonna rain
The payment's due on the tractor Lord and the subsidy's been taken away
And in New York City a taxicab driver screams at the world outside
Cause it sure is hot and nobody's got the money for a cross town ride
Lord they got the hard time hungrys...

Now I ain't no preacher and I ain't no teacher but one thing's sure as the sun
If the dollar keeps a droppin' and prices keep a risin' the worst is yet to come
We got the hard time hungrys I feel it touchin' my hand
Lord I see the hard time hungrys spreadin' all over the land
Yes I see the hard time hungrys spreadin' all over the land