

Goin' Up's Easy, Comin' Down's Hard

Bobby Bare

Remember the nights we would jam in the motels
After the honky tonks closed
No one had credit
And no one had no place to go.

Just crazy kids with 'lectric machines
And some soul
Turnin' them crowds on
By playin' some loud rock'n roll.

Then came the man with a suit and a tie
And the promise of contracts and bread
With all our joy he gave us to fame and fortune
That left us half dead.

Goin' up's easy
When you got the song
That comes from the depth of the soul
Where it really belongs.

Comin' down's hard when you find
That you just can't sing it no more
Your emerald ring with the solid gold band
Reflects back the face of a whore.

Freddie would play on his guitar all day
And sometimes his fingers would bleed
Sam would ride on his drum
Like a magnificent steed.

Ben on the bass would make the thunder
And the lighting with love
And I'd sing the lyric of life
That I felt the part of.

Then came the money and Freddie dropped out
To start him a band of his own
Sam bought a frenchise and Bennie OD'd
And I'm soon the label alone.

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