Caught a .22 bullet in my thight one night tryin' to break up a barroom fight
Went home dug it out with my old Case knife

Broke down in a blizzard on the great divide Walked twenty miles till I caught a ride The Trooper said Boy it's a wonder you're still alive

I've rode hard luck, I been bruised and bucked
I been hittin' the ground then I turn it around
an gettin' back up
Now they're layin' em off down in Kankakee
And there's boards on the windows up and down the streets
an they're sayin' that it's gonna get darker before the dawn
But you can bet your ass I'll keep the lights on
Keep my babies fed an' throw my dog a bone
Cuz I'm a bring it on get her done don't run s.o.b.
Times are tough
But they ain't got nothin' on me

I got a three legged dog I call Jake
Got the won't back down scars on his face
He tussled with a bear - came in second place

He come's back home every now and then with some brand to scars and I have to grin Ya know I'm proud to call ole Jake my friend

Cuz he's known hard luck

He's been bruised and bucked

He been hittin' the ground and he's turnin' around

an gettin' back up

Now they're layin' em off down in Kankakee

And theres boards on the windows

up and down the streets

An they're sayin' that it's gonna get darker before the dawn

But you can bet your ass I'll keeo the lights on

Keep my babies fed an throw my dog a bone

Times are tough but they ain't got nothin' on me

Yeah times are tough but they ain't got nothin' on me