

## Hard Times

Eric Johnson

I've grown tired of the city  
Need to get away sometimes  
I like the big bright lights  
But there she's on my mind

I go down to George's farm  
To rest my weary soul  
Out in the big wide country  
Where I want to go

Tell your mama and your papa  
I've been falling down  
And tell your brother and your sisters  
I've done hit the ground  
Without your sweet sweet love  
Hard times I've done found.

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