

Times are Gettin' Hard

Harry Belafonte

Times are getting' hard boys
Money's getting' scarce
If times don't get no better boys
Gonna leave this place

Take my true love by the hand
Lead her from the town
Say goodbye to everyone
Goodbye to everyone

Take my bible from the bed
Shotgun from the wall
Take old Sal and hitch her up
The wagon for to haul

Pile the chairs and beds on high
Let nothing touch the ground
Sal can pull and we can push
We're bound to leave this town

Made a crop a year ago
It withered to the ground
Tried to get some credit
But the man he turned me down

Goin' to California
Where everything is green
Gonna have the best old farm
That you have ever seen