

There's Nothing Soft About Hard Times

Jimmy Buffett

Every day held a new surprise
I watched the hunger burning in my sisters' eyes
The pasteboard shack we called a home
Would haunt me in my dreams

'Cause there's nothing soft about hard times
There's nothing soft about hard times

We never knew anything groovy
A dime meant bread and not a movie
The muscles that control my smile
Were rarely ever used

'Cause there's nothing soft about hard times
There's nothing soft about hard times

I had to go, 'cause I could see
I wasn't meant for poverty
The family ties were broken soon
I went off to find the moon

So I sit on a bench in Jackson Square
I drink my wine and I breathe the midnight air
Tomorrow I'll just hit the street
And bum another dime

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There's nothing soft about no, no, no, no, no, no, hard times
There's nothing soft about hard times
No, no, no, no, no, those hard times
There's nothing soft about hard times
I'm gonna tell you about the hard times
There's nothing soft about hard times