

Hard Times

John Vanderslice

Oh, that summer with you
I clearly remember
You were swimming off
The Serbian coast
And you reran
And you reran

Hard times
Hard times
Hard times
Hard times

After the way it ended
I was blood and bruised
I needed to find out
Why you cut me off
And left me for dead
In Gevira

Hard times
Hard times
Hard times
Hard times

So I lost a year
On that shaky pier
To find an answer
I searched every sentence
And ended
Deeper still

In hard times
Hard times
Hard times
Hard times