

Hard Times

Devil Makes Three

Went down to the corner store to buy a loaf of bread
Tried to pay the checker but the checker shook his head
He said the price was up by twice
More than I could afford
I hung my head and headed for the door

And it's hard hard hard times
They'll charge you dollars
While they're paying you in dimes
When they said it was going to trickle down
You know they were lying
It's hard hard
Hard hard
It's hard hard hard times

Got a letter from the landlord
Said he'd been looking around
At the cost of living
Over on his side of town

He said diamond rings and shiny things
They don't grow on trees
But making sure he can afford them all falls down on me

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I asked a rich man
How he got all they got
How he had all he had
While the rest of us had not

He said a self-made man
That's what I am
But I seem to find that funny
He said hard work, perseverance son
And other people's money

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