Hard Times (Cheating)

Hard Times (Cheating)

Come all you good people, I'll sing you a song
I'll sing you the truth and I know I ain't wrong.
From father to mother, from sister to brother
They've got in the habit of cheatin' each other
And it's hard times.

CHORUS:
For cheatin' has gotten so much in the fashion
I'm sure it'll spread all over the nation
And it's hard times.

The baker, he bakes all the bread that you eat.
Likewise, there's the butcher who cuts up the meat.
They push down the scales; they tip them way down
And they'll swear it's good weight, though they lie to ten pounds
And it's hard times.

CHORUS

The blacksmith makes a livin' by the sweat of his brow.
Likewise, there's the farmer who follows the plow.
They sell you cold iron and swear it's good steel
And they charge you two dollars a bushel for meal.

CHORUS

And there's the young girls, so nice and so sweet
They broach up there hair, so nice and so neat
They sit in their chairs, so neat and so straight
To make the young gentlemen think they look great
And it's hard times.

CHORUS

And there's the young men, they'll eat and they'll go.
With ruffles and buckles, they make a great show.
They go to some town, they drink up the wine
And I'm sure that many the gallows will find
And it's hard times.

CHORUS

And now to conclude and to finish my song
I've sung you the truth and I know I ain't wrong.
And if you ain't ready when the good Lord does call,
The Lord will depart and the Devil take all
And it's hard times.

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