

HARD TIMES

2011

GILLIAN WELCH

Intro Am Em7 F C

Strum D D UU D

First note=C

There was a Camptown man who used to plow and sing

He loved that mule and the mule loved him

When the day got long as it does about now

I'd hear him singing to his muley cow

Calling come on my sweet old girl, I'd bet the whole damn world

We're gonna make it yet to the end of the row

CHORUS Am Em7 F C
Singing hard times ain't gonna rule my mind

Hard times ain't gonna rule my mind, Bessie

Hard times ain't gonna rule? my mind, no more

He said it's a big old world, heavy in need

That big machine is just a-picking up speed

We're supping on tears and we're supping on wine

But we all get to heaven in our own sweet time

So come on you Asheville boys, Turn up your old time noise

Kick till the dust comes up from the cracks in the floor

CHORUS, then Instrumental Break Am Em7 F C

But the Camptown man he doesn't plow no more

I seen him walking down to the superette store

Guess he lost that nag and he forgot that song

Woke up one morning and the mule was gone

So come all ye ragtime kings Come on you dogs that sing

Pick up your dusty old horn and give it a blow CHORUS

