

TIMES ARE HARD

THE ROOF IS HIGH IN THIS CORNERED LITTLE ROOM.

THE WALLS ARE STUFFED, LIKE ENVELOPES I USED TO USE.

THE CHECKERED WINDOW, IS FILLED WITH LINES OF COLD HARD STEEL.

THE VIEW BELOW, IS ONE I VIEW AS BEING REAL.

TIMES ARE HARD, COME SEE ME SOON, TIMES ARE HARD, COME SEE ME SOON.

WHERE YOU GONNA BE TOMORROW, ANOTHER SANE MAN, TRYING TO FIX YOUR WORLD

WHERE YOU GONNA BE TOMORROW, THESE LONELY EYES ARE COLD AND STILL.

I ONLY WRITE INSIDE MY MIND, THE PAPER'S GONE.

THE SLITTED EYE, BEHIND THE DOOR, IT SAID IT'S WRONG.

THE PENCILS SHARP, THE LEAD SINKS DEEP.

NOW A NEEDLES IN MY VEIN, I GO TO SLEEP.

TIMES ARE HARD, COME SEE ME SOON.

WHERE YOU GONNA BE TOMORROW, ANOTHER LONELY BOY, LOOKING FOR A GIRL.

WHERE YOU GONNA BE TOMORROW, THESE LONELY EYES ARE COLD AND STILL.

THE BLOOD INSIDE MY HEAD IS RUSHING FAST.

LIKE SLITHERING SNAKES, IT LEAVES A BLURL WITHIN IT'S PATH.

THE SWEAT POURS DOWN AND BURNS AN ITCH THAT I CAN'T SCRATCH.

THIS STUPID JACKET BINDS MY ARMS AND HOLDS ME BACK.

TIMES ARE HARD, COME SEE ME SOON

WHERE YOU GONNA BE TOMORROW, ANOTHER LONELY BOY, LOOKING FOR A GIRL.

WHERE YOU GONNA BE TOMORROW, THESE LONELY EYES ARE COLD AND STILL.