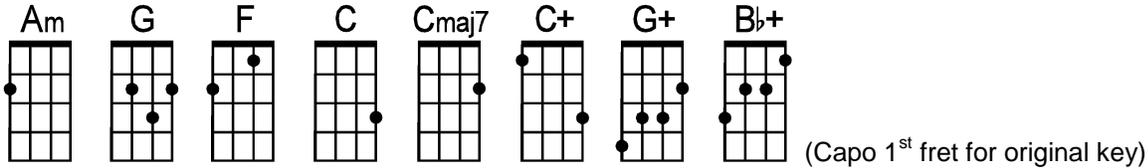


Hard Times

Gillian Welch & David Rawlings



Am G F C Am G F C
There was a Camptown Man, used to plow and sing.....He loved that mule and the mule loved him
Am G F C Am G F C Csus4 C
When the day got long, as it does about now..... I'd hear him singing to his muley cow.....
C Csus4 C Csus4 C
Calling, "Come on my sweet old girl..... I'd bet the whole damn world.....
..... C Am C F G Gsus4 G
That we're gonna make it yet to the end of the row".....

Refrain: Am G F C
Singing hard times... ain't gonna rule my mind, Bessie
Am G F C
Hard times... ain't gonna rule my mind
Am G F G C Cmaj7
Hard times... ain't gonna rule.... my mind.... no more.....

Am G F C Am G F C
Said it's a mean old world, heavy in need.....That big ma-chine is just a-picking up speed
Am G F C Am G F C Csus4 C
They were supping on tears, they were supping on wine.....We all get to heaven in our own sweet time.....
C C Csus4 C C Csus4
So come all you Asheville boys..... and turn up your old-time noise.....
C Am C F G Gsus4 G
And kick 'til the dust comes up from the cracks in the floor.....

Refrain: Am G F C
Singing hard times... ain't gonna rule my mind, Brother
Am G F C
Hard times... ain't gonna rule my mind,
Am G F G C Cmaj7
Hard times... ain't gonna rule... my mind... no more.....

Am G F C Am G F C
But the Camptown Man, he doesn't plow no more.....I seen him walking down to the Superette store
Am G F C Am G F C Csus4 C
Guess he lost that knack, and he forgot that song.....Woke up one morning and the mule was gone.....
C C Csus4 C Csus4
So, come on, you ragtime kings..... and come on, you dolls, and sing.....
C Am C F G Gsus4 G
Pick up your dusty old horn and give it a blow.....

Refrain: Am G F C
Playing, hard times... ain't gonna rule my mind, Honey
Am G F C
Hard times... ain't gonna rule my mind, Sugar
Am G F G C G7sus4/ C
Hard times... ain't gonna rule.... my mind.... no more.....