

Bluegrass Songs - Lyrics
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Times are getting hard

Times are getting hard, boys, money's getting scarce
If times don't get much better, boy's going to leave this earth
Take my true love by the hand, lead her through the town
Say goodbye to everyone goodbye Sally Brown

Had a crop about a year ago, it withered to the ground
I tried to get some money but the banker turned me down
Take my Bible from the shelf, my shotgun from the wall
Take old Sal and hitch her up, the wagon for to haul

Put everything on the wagon, boys, so nothing can tumble down
Sal can pull and we can push, we're bound to leave this town
I'm going to California, where everything is green
I'm going to have the nicest farm that you have ever seen