

HARD KNOCKS - ELVIS PRESLEY
(Words and music by J. Byers)

Some kids born with a silver spoon
I guess that I was born a little too soon

Hard knocks, all I ever knew was hard knocks
And I'm telling you, I said you'd better beware
'Cause I've had my share

Some kids born as rich as a king
But I was born without a doggone thing

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And I'm telling you, I said you'd better beware
'Cause I've had my share

I walked a million miles I bet
Tired and hungry and cold and wet
I've heard that lonesome whistle blow
From New York City down to Mexico
Some kids born fancy free
Nobody never gave nothing to me but

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'Cause I've had my share
I said you'd better beware
'Cause I've had my share of hard knocks