

# Jimmy Buffett, There's Nothing Soft About Hard Times

Every day held a new surprise  
I watched the hunger burning in my sister's eyes  
The paste-board shack we called home  
Would haunt me in my dreams  
'Cause there's nothing soft about hard times

We never knew anything groovy  
A dime meant bread and not a movie  
The muscles that controlled my smile were rarely ever used  
'Cause there's nothing soft about hard times

Had to go 'cause I could see I wasn't meant for poverty  
The family ties were broken soon and I went off to find the moon

So I sit on a bench in Jackson Square  
I drink my wine and I breathe the midnight air  
Tomorrow I'll just hit the street and bum another dime  
'Cause there's nothing soft about hard times

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