

# Hard Times

(Song of the Prophets & Apostles)

Words & Music by Jeff McCain

© 1987 Jeff McCain

*CCLI registered*

I'm looking at hard times I know I am, this world is hurting me.  
I'm feeling those cold floors and open sores, rats biting at my feet.  
There's nothing but dark tombs and threats of doom, oh I'd never try to call it fun.  
I'm looking at hard times I know I am but I can't help singing songs;  
Oh no I just can't help singing songs.

Well once I thought of fiery trials as something oh so strange.  
Now I see the way they bring the man that I should be.

*second verse:*

I'm looking at hard times I know I am, this world is not my friend.  
I'm eating on old bread without a friend, and my eyes are growing dim.  
There's nothing bad blues – sad sad news, oh I never want to see it again.  
I'm looking at hard times I know I am but I can't help loving Him; oh no I just can't help  
loving Him.

Well once I thought of fiery trials as something oh so strange.  
Now I see the good they bring in toughening up my faith.

*last verse:*

I'm looking at hard times I know I am, this world is killing me.  
I'm looking at hard times I won't deny but it may be what I need;  
It just might be what I need.

Contact info: <http://www.geocities.com/jxmccain/music.html>