

Hard Times Of Old England Retold
Billy Bragg

For five generations my family have farmed,
by horse and by tractor, by hoe and by hand,
but that won't stave off the bank's latest demand.

Singing oh the hard times of old England
In old England very hard times

Time was, I could sell what I grew at the shop,
Then Tesco's turned up, all of that had to stop.
Now I can't make a living out of my crop.

Singing oh the hard times of old England
In old England very hard times

More and more of our village gets sold every day,
To folks from the city who are happy to pay,
For their holiday cottage to stand empty all day.

Singing oh the hard times of old England
In old England very hard times

The Countryside Alliance expects, I suppose,
My support when they're marching to bloody Blair's nose,
But they said not a word when our post office closed.

Am D G

Singing oh the hard times of old England

Am D G

In old England very hard times

G Bm Em D

The hedgerows my grandfather tended have gone,

C Bm Am D

And with them the lapwing and the corncrake s sad song.

G Am Bm D

I fear I ll be carried off before long.

Am D G

Singing oh the hard times of old England

Am D G

In old England very hard times

G Bm Em D

And now to conclude and to finish my song;

C Bm Am D

Let s hope that these hard times they will not last long,

G Am Bm D

And I may soon have occasion for to alter my song

Am D G

Singing oh the hard times of old England

Am D G

In old England very hard times