

When Things Get Tough

When things get tough,
and I wonder 'bout my stores,
and I don't ~~know~~ know,
What they're sayin' or they're ridin'
and as I keep on ridin'
I look from side to side
When things get tough.

When things get tough,
and I see my cities plundered
By my own army's sword,
The sky was always blue
When my ~~own~~ cavalry rode through;
But it's grey and fallin' through
When things get tough.

Oh, { Nothing is redeeming
Sin fallen off to trial
The prosecution's screaming
~~at the trial~~ ^{My attorney here} _{has been bribed.}
No one can console me
Or help me with advice
Or get them to parole me
Or lead me off to paradise

When things get tough,
The comrades that I cry for
are the same I've slain;
and I kneel before their corpse
and promise no more wars
and watch the evening stars
When things get tough
(repeat last 2 lines)