

Fair Warning

"Part I"

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Little did I think when the judge first spoke
Those awful words to me
That I would feel again the cold winds blow
And a heart would beat in 'Babbacombe' Lee
I was born to lead a life of sorrow
I've friends hang their heads in shame
Growing tired and weary of the morrow
Tortured by my terrible name
When I was fifteen, my father called to me
Saying "Now you are a man and all men work
There's a lady and they say her name's Miss Keyes
Her pony's very old, it needs a nurse"
For eighteen months I worked for her at ?Hadley Glen?
She was like a mother to me
But time goes slowly when you're thinking wishfully
Of all the other places to be
There were boats drifting in the harbour
There were sailors talking in the town
That's the life for a boy who wants to wander
For a man who doesn't want to settle down

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