

## Fairport Convention "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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