

Christy Carlson Romano

"January Man"

Visit "[January Man](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

The January man he goes around in woolen coat and
boots
Of leather
The February man still shakes the snow from off his
Clothes and blows his hands
The man of March he sees the Spring and wonders
what
The year will bring
And hopes for better weather.

Through April rain the man goes down to watch the
birds
come in to share the summer
The man of May stands very still to watch the children
dance away the day
In June the man inside the man is young and wants to
lend a hand
and smiles at each new comer.

In July the man in cotton short he sits and thinks and
being idle
The August man in thousands take the road to find the
sun and watch the sea
September man is standing near to saddle up another
year
And Autumn is his bridle

The man of new October takes the rain and early frost
is on his shoulder
The poor November man sees fire and mist and wind
and
rain and winter ere
December man looks through the snow to let eleven

brothers know
They're all a little older

The January man he comes around again in coat and
boots
of leather
To take another turn and walk along the icy roads he

knows so well
The January man is here the start of each and every
year
Along the road forever...

CHRISTY'S COMMENT

if memory serves me right I met the author when I
played the auld triangle folk club in Edinburgh in the
late 60s. I seem to recall hearing the song from Derek
McEwan, my old companero, in Rochdale when we were
billeted together for a spell of dwelt
above a fruit and veg shop so movements were
extremely
regular and anything not sold was turned into wine. I
recall a lovely drop of parsnip at Xmas '68 and a
rogueish little carrot the following it
tasted better if preceeded by 12-14 pints of John
Willie Lees best bitter from nearby Midleton
Up our Kid.

Visit [Christy Carlson Romano](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.