

## Ralph McTell

### "Stranger to the Seasons"

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A man without a job is a stranger to the seasons  
The April rain will soak you like the worst November  
brings  
And we're tired of the excuses and the carefully  
worded reasons  
Without Winter there's no Summer  
Without Autumn there's no Spring.

When the factories close down the life bleeds from the  
town  
Some politicians tells us, 'move and build another  
home'  
But weren't they voted in to lead us  
No one said they had to feed us  
If they'd get us back our jobs  
Then we would take care of our own.

Chorus:

For a man without a job  
Is a stranger to the seasons  
No music to the cycle of the changes will he hear  
Like a band without a drummer  
There's no Winter, Spring, or Summer  
There's no rhythm to the passing  
Of the months that make the year.

Everyone is poorer for the millions  
Who keep growing  
Whose season stays at Autumn  
And whose only colour's grey  
Though we get by on the dole  
It feeds the body, starves the soul  
And stirs the bitterness that's growing  
In the ones who've been betrayed.

Chorus:

For a man without a job  
Is a stranger to the seasons  
No music to the cycle of the changes will he hear  
Like a band without a drummer  
There's no Winter, Spring, or Summer

There's no rhythm to the passing  
Of the months that make the year...

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