

Richard Thompson

"Old Changing Way"

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I'm Darby the tinker and my brother is Tam
We go where the work is, my boys, and we work where
we can
With the mending and fixing, it's together we stay
Intending our fortunes to try on the old changing way
We come to your cities and we call on your wives
We'll fix up your kettles, please dear missus, we'll
sharpen your knives
And we always agreed that together we'd stay
Intending our fortunes to try on the old changing way
At times they grew scanty and the money grew thin
We worked for a song but the money it didn't come in
Now brothers are kindred but hard times betray
And so we stumbled apart on the old changing way
We never agreed to divide our tin
And when you're out of love with your brother, your
hard times begin
For the spikes and the brothels, they're shameful to
see
But don't you travel alone, boys, this warning you take
from me
You must share with your nearest till the end of your
days
Or else it's forever you're on the old changing way

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