

Richard Thompson

"Poor Ditching Boy"

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Was there ever a winter so cold and so sad?
The river too weary to flood
The storm in the wind cut through to my skin
But she cut through to my blood
I was looking for trouble to tangle my line
But trouble came looking for me
I knew I was standing on treacherous ground
I was sinking too fast to run free
(Chorus)
With her scheming, idle ways
She left me poor enough
The storm in the wind cut through to my skin
But she cut through to my blood
I would not be asking, I would not be seen
Begging on mountain or hill
But I'm ready and blind with my hands tied behind
Of neither a mind nor a will
(Chorus)
It's bitter, the need of the poor ditching boy
He'll always believe what they say
They tell him it's hard to be honest and true
But mind if he doesn't get paid
(Chorus)

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