

## **Richard Thompson**

### **"The 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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