

## **Sandy Denny**

# **"It Suits Me Well"**

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(By Sandy Denny. U.F.O. Music, Inc. (C) 1972)

My name is Jan the gypsy  
I travel the land.  
There are no chains about me  
I am me own man.  
I can tell a fair old story which I'm sure ain't no surprise  
Of the places I have been, oh,  
And they ain't no lies.

I've never had a proper home,  
Not one like yours is.  
I've nearly always had a caravan  
With 'orses.  
And I know you won't believe me  
Though it is the truth to tell  
That the living it is hard, oh,  
But it suits me well.

I am I traveller of the seas,  
I am a sailor.  
The ocean has been good to me,  
She ain't no jailor.  
I can tell a fair old story which I'm sure ain't no surprise  
Of the places I have sailed, oh,  
And they ain't no lies.  
I've never had a garden,  
Or a place with windows.  
I stand upon the salty deck,  
And feel the wind blow.  
And I know you won't believe me  
Though it is the truth to tell  
That the living it is hard, oh,  
But it suits me well.

My mother was a fireeater,  
'Fore she desert us.  
So when I was only seven years old  
I joined the circus.  
And I can tell a fair old story which I'm sure ain't no  
surprise  
Of the places we have played, oh,

And it ain't no lies.

I've never had no money,  
And no hope to get none.  
I can always get a penny,  
When there is good reason.  
And I know you won't believe me  
Though it is the truth to tell  
That the living it is hard, oh,  
But it suits me well.

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