

## **Thompson Richard**

### **"The 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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