

Poverty Knock

Chumbawamba

(Chorus)

'Poverty poverty knock,' my loom is a saying all day
Poverty poverty knock, gaffer's too skinny to pay
Poverty poverty knock, keeping one eye on the clock
I know I can guttle when I hear my shuttle go, 'poverty poverty knock'
Up every morning at five, a wonder that we keep alive
Tired and yawning on a cold morning
It's back to the dreary old drive.

(Repeat chorus)

Oh dear we're gonna late
Gaffer is stood at the gate
We'll be out o pocket, our wages he'll dockit
We'll have to buy grub on the slate

(Repeat chorus)

And when our wages they'll bring, we're often short of a string
While we are fighting with gaffer for snatching (?)
We know to his breast he will cling

(Repeat chorus)

Sometimes a shuttle flies out
and gives some poor woman a clout
There she lies bleeding but nobody's heeding
Oh who's going to carry her out?

(Repeat chorus)

Oh dear, my poor head it sings
I should have woven three strings
My threads are breaking and my back is aching
Oh dear, I wish I had wings
Poverty poverty knock
Poverty poverty knock
Poverty poverty knock

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>