

# 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, I wonder that we keep alive  
Tired and yawning in the cold morning  
It's back to the dreary old drive.

(Repeat chorus)

Oh dear we're going to be late  
Gaffer is stood at the gate  
We're out of pockets, our wages they'll dock it  
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

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