

# Sick Old Man

## The Imagined Village

When I was a young man I burned my toes  
Now I have no chairs to sit on  
When I was a young man I raised my fields  
Now I have no fruit to suck on

They say I am a sick old man  
See my sick old frame  
Smell my death as I pass by you  
My sick old wife she ends in life  
Waving at the old front door  
Giving off a wisdom that she never had never had never had before

Oh what care I fair this very well  
Blankets turn so gravy oh  
Tonight Iâ€™ll sleep in the cold open fields in the arms of the raggle taggle gypsies oh

Raggy ragged rags all about our door  
Sheâ€™s gone with the raggle taggle gypsies oh

When I was a young man I ground my knives  
Now I have no friends to call on  
When I was a young man I cracked my eyes  
Now I have sharp glass to crawl on

Oh the days of wealth and needs  
When I had dark oil for burning  
Oh I was a young man with my golden pipe.  
And now I am too sick for learning

And I will blame the wonderer, I will blame the poor  
I will blame the ragged man knocking at my door  
Iâ€™ll blame his wife and ragged children crying at my feet  
And send them into yarhools wood my vengeance there vengeance there vengeance there to eat

Oh what care I fair this very well  
Blankets turn so gravy oh  
Tonight Iâ€™ll sleep in the cold open fields in the arms of the raggle taggle gypsies oh

Gone with the raggle taggle gypsies oh  
Gone with the raggle taggle gypsies oh

Gone with the raggle taggle gypsies oh

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Lyrics submitted by Joel Questle.

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