

A Stitch in Time

River City Seven

I work in dark factories, a cog in the big wheel
Driving gray satanic mills and weaving sad stories
And faceless masters, oh, they pay me plenty
Crumbs from their luncheon packs
Harsh wine from bottles half empty
"A stitch in time saves nine"
Said Cock Robin from the wall
It's an early bird catches the worm
Show a little pride before you fall
So I flew to the south sun with birds of a feather
To drink in the warm nights and tell of fine weather
A stitch in time saves nine
Listen all you young folk, your lives on a timetable
Clocking on twenty-one, fly while you're able
A stitch in time saves nine

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