# Poverty Knock

## Jim Moray

(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
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