The Poor Ditching Boy

Richard Thompson

Was there ever a winter so cold and so sad
The river too weary to flood
The storming wind cut through to my skin
But she cut through to my bloodI was looking for trouble to tangle my line
But trouble came looking for me
I knew I was standing on treacherous ground
I was sinking too fast to run freeWith her scheming, idle ways
She left me poor enough
The storming wind cut through to my skin
But she cut through to my bloodI would not be asking, I would not be seen
A-beggin on mountain or hill
But Im ready and blind with my hands tied behind
Ive neither a mind nor a willWith her scheming, idle ways
She left me poor enough
The storming wind cut through to my skin
But she cut through to my bloodIts bitter the need of the poor ditching boy
Hell always believe what they say
They tell him its hard to be honest and true
Does he mind if he doesnt get paid?With her scheming, idle ways
She left me poor enough
The storming wind cut through to my skin
But she cut through to my blood

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