

John Lee

Fairport Convention

John Lee, your headache's growing, the cold wind's blowing
But the sea's without a ripple
John Lee, your forehead's damp, your muscles cramp
And the sea can't use a cripple
John Lee, you're turning around your fate again
Oh, John Lee
John Lee, you're turning around your fate again
Oh, John Lee

John Lee's been made a freeman, his heart's a seaman
But his flesh won't make a sailor
Working in a big hotel, waiting for the bell
That's ringing for his labour
John Lee, you're turning around your fate again
Oh, John Lee
John Lee, you're turning around your fate again
Oh, John Lee

John Lee, your chances are good, you better touch wood
We think things must get better
John Lee, you've a friend so true, she wants to help you
Miss Keyes has sent a letter
John Lee, you're turning around your fate again
Oh, John Lee
John Lee, you're turning around your fate again
Oh, John Lee

"Dear John, come and work at The Glen, just write me when
And I'll send someone to meet you"
John's gone to where he started from, he's not worked long, just
beginning to belong
"It hasn't been a very good day, the missus wants to halve my pay
Close the door and douse the light, it's quiet at night when he
's tucked in tight
Sometimes I feel, when they're all in bed, it's almost like the
whole world's dead
So I lay me down to sleep, I pray thee Lord my soul to keep"
John Lee, you're turning around your fate again
Oh, John Lee
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