

# Poverty Knock

Chumbawamba

'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.

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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

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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

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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?

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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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