

Rocky Road

Fairport Convention

All you fine young bloods must think yourselves immune
From the traps that time will set in the sweetest tune
You must whistle up your winds and rosin up your bow
But none can foretell which is the path the restless muse will
go

Oh, this rocky road, it makes a poor heart sore
If I ever get off this rocky road, I'll ne'er get on it any mor
e

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I used to take delight in my 'baccy and strong beer
I'd blow the smoke rings way up high, watch them disappear
And I'd drain the tumblers dry, just to loosen up my tongue
And I'd sing the weary miles behind with a rambling song

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Well, I've roamed around this world and I've rode the clouds an
d the waves
I've met with poor men who were kings and rich men who were sla
ves
And I've knelt beneath the spires and I've heard some holy men
Bend the words to fit the world as it seems to them

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