

Old Coat

Peter, Paul and Mary

Take off your old coat and roll up your sleeves,
Life is a hard road to travel, I believe.

I look to the east, I look to the west,
A youth asking fate to be rewardin'.
But fortune is a blind god, flying through the clouds,
And forgettin' me on this side of Jordan.

Take off your old coat and roll up your sleeves,
Life is a hard road to travel, I believe.

Silver spoons to some mouths, golden spoons to others,
Dare a man to change the given order.
Though they smile and tell us all of us are brothers,
Never was it true this side of Jordan.

Take off your old coat and roll up your sleeves,
Life is a hard road to travel, I believe.

Like some ragged owlet with it's wings expanded,
Nailed to some garden gate or boardin'.
Thus will I by some men all my life be branded
Never hurted none this side of Jordan.

Take off your old coat and roll up your sleeves,
Life is a hard road to travel, I believe.