

Pykey Boy

Ralph McTell

Easter time is a-coming, move to Mitcham right away
And I get a job on the Easter fair
Where you get paid by the day
I've got a good juk he cost me thirty og
From a mush that I ken for a while
I will make my way to Mitcham, boys
I will live the showman style
I will live the showman style

Now the old boys say it ain't the same
As it was in their young day
But they can still spot a soft touch
From a hundred yards away
And I'll get a job on the cars all right
It's a job I done before
And maybe pull a gadgo gal or two
It's a cushty place to score
It's a cushty place to score

Setting up is easy
Striking it's harder, though
The rest of the time you're getting paid
For the job you want to do
The juk minds the van
And I mind me own
It's the only way I've found
Oh, Easter time is coming
I will follow the fairground round
I will follow the fairground round

Oh, the life of a Pykey boy
It's the one that gets you by
And the rake and the shack and the other times
And there's Parni in the sky
Oh, I'm totting in the wintertime
With the wheels and the juk makes three
Oh, the Easter fair brings the summertime
And the summer belongs to me
Oh, the summer belongs to me