

Drifting Through The Days

Richard Thompson

Sitting in the evening
Dreaming of the old times
When a job was there for the steady and strong
I see old faces flickering in the firelight
Faces of condemned men who did no wrong

Drifting through the days
Drifting through the days

A man needs work for his own salvation
A man feels reward for his sweat and his pain
But life's satisfaction has passed us over
And many in this town won't see work again

Drifting through the days
Drifting through the days

I've stood at the gates of a hundred factories
Walked off to other towns looking for pay
Now my hope is gone and I'm crushed like the others
The army of forgotten men, mouldering away

Drifting through the days
Drifting through the days
Drifting through the days