

## Poor Ditching Boy

Richard Thompson

Was there ever a winter so cold and so sad  
The river too weary to flood  
The storming wind cut through to my skin  
But she cut through to my blood

I was looking for trouble to tangle my line  
But trouble came looking for me  
I knew I was standing on treacherous ground  
I was sinking too fast to run free

With her scheming, idle ways  
She left me poor enough  
The storming wind cut through to my skin  
But she cut through to my blood

I would not be asking, I would not be seen  
A-beggin' on mountain or hill  
But I'm ready and blind with my hands tied behind  
I've neither a mind nor a will

With her scheming, idle ways  
She left me poor enough  
The storming wind cut through to my skin  
But she cut through to my blood

It's bitter the need of the poor ditching boy  
He'll always believe what they say  
They tell him it's hard to be honest and true  
Does he mind if he doesn't get paid?

With her scheming, idle ways  
She left me poor enough  
The storming wind cut through to my skin  
But she cut through to my blood