

# We Sing Hallelujah

Richard Thompson

A man is like a rusty wheel  
On a rusty cart  
He sings his song as he rattles along  
and then he falls apart.

And we'll sing hallelujah  
At the turning of the year  
And we work all day in the old fashioned way  
'Till the shining star appears

A man is like a briar  
He covers himself with thorns  
He laughs like a clown when his fortune's down  
And his clothes are ragged and torn

And we'll sing hallelujah  
At the turning of the year  
And we work all day in the old fashioned way  
'Till the shining star appears

A man is like a three string fiddle  
Hanging up on the wall.  
He plays when somebody scrapes on the bow  
Or he can't play at all.

And we'll sing hallelujah  
At the turning of the year  
And we work all day in the old fashioned way  
'Till the shining star appears

A man is like his father  
Wishes he never was born.  
He longs for the time when the clock will chime  
And he's dead for evermore.

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At the turning of the year  
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