

It Suits Me Well

Sandy Denny

My name is Jan the gypsy
I travel the land
There are no chains about me
I am me own man
I can tell a fair old story which I'm sure ain't no surprise
Of the places I have been, oh
And they ain't no lies

I've never had a proper home
Not one like yours is
I've nearly always had a caravan
With horses
And I know you won't believe me
Though it is the truth to tell
That the living it is hard, oh
But it suits me well

I am I traveller of the seas
I am a sailor
The ocean has been good to me
She ain't no jailor
I can tell a fair old story which I'm sure ain't no surprise
Of the places I have sailed, oh
And they ain't no lies

I've never had a garden
Or a place with windows
I stand upon the salty deck
And feel the wind blow
And I know you won't believe me
Though it is the truth to tell
That the living it is hard, oh
But it suits me well

My mother was a fire-eater
'Fore she desert us
So when I was only seven years old
I joined the circus
And I can tell a fair old story which I'm sure ain't no surprise
Of the places we have played, oh
And it ain't no lies

I've never had no money
And no hope to get none
I can always get a penny
When there is good reason
And I know you won't believe me
Though it is the truth to tell
That the living it is hard, oh
But it suits me well