

Band of Teachers

Steeleye Span

Band of Teachers
Look like Tinkers
Sold invisible things
Always skint!
After they saw
What they had, still had it
They saw what everyone needed
But often in the end
A key to the year, there's a precious token
Sold to those unaware, it was locked
Kept apart from all other travellers
With their ragged clothes, and change ware hats
Sleeping under cold, cold stars
On the moor, and deep in snow
Heading for a land too far
See the Band of Teachers
Go
Bright coloured pens and patchwork booths
Hitched on the common
Out of the way
Patrolled by young apprentice teachers
Looking for listeners, who didn't want to wait
Teachers amass for counting styles

Astronomers measured what they would
Literary Teachers, made each one
Geography Teachers, lost in the wood
Sleeping under cold, cold stars
On the moor, and deep in snow
Heading for a land too far
See, the Band of Teachers
Go

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They saw what everyone needed
But often, not what they want
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