

The Thirty Foot Trailer

The Dubliners

The old ways are changing you cannot deny
traveler's over
There's nowhere to gang and there's nowhere to
bide
So farewell to the life of the over
tent and the old caravan
To the tinker, the over, the traveling man
And goodbye to the thirty foot trailer
Farewell to the cant and the traveling tongue
Farewell to the Romany talking
The buying, the selling, the old fortune telling
The knock on the door and the hawking
You got to move fast to keep up with the times
For these days a man cannot dander
There's a bylaw to say you must be on your way
And another to say ye can't wander
Farewell to the blossom and besoms of broom
Farewell to the creels and the baskets
The folk of today would far rather pay
For a thing that is made out of plastic
The old ways are passing and soon will be gone
And progress is aye a big factor
It's sent to afflict us and when they evict us
They tow us away with a tractor
Farewell to the pony, the cob, and the mare
The reins and the harness are idle
You don't need a strap when you're breaking up scrap
So farewell to the bit and the bridle
Farewell to the fields where we've sweated and toiled
At pulling and hauling and lifting
They'll soon have machines and the traveling queens
And their menfolk had better be shifting