

The Thirty Foot Trailer

The Dubliners

The old ways are changing you cannot deny
traveler'sover
There'snowhere to gang and there's nowhere to
bide
Sofarewell to thelife of therover
tent and the old caravan
Tothe tinker, therover, thetraveling man
Andgoodbye tae thethirty foottrailer
Farewell tae the cant and the traveling tongue
Farewell tae 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 maun be on your way
And another to say ye can't wander
Farewell to the blossom and besoms of broom
Farewell tae the creels and the baskets
The folk of today would far rather pay
For a thing that is made oot o plastic
The old ways are passing and soon will be gone
And progress is aye a big factor
Its sent to afflict us and when they evict us
They tow us away wi a tractor
Farewell tae 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 tae the bit and the bridle
Farewell tae 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