

The Tinker

The Irish Rovers

It's a tinker I am, just a travellin' man
I follow the wind and the stars
If I've shoes on me feet, and an old crust to eat
I'm as happy as any by far

I'm as rich as a king when I lie down to dream
On My pillow of sawdust or hay
And the friends that I make I would never forsake
And their kindness one day I'll repay

CH:

So thank you for sharing the warmth of your fire
And an 'oul cup of tea or two
And that warm feather bed, where I lay down my head
for making me welcome, thank you.

I'm a jack of all trades, and as sharp as a blade
When it comes to the markets and fairs
Mending 'oul pots and pans or whatever I can
Not a penny I'd give for your cares

BRIDGE:

Now the cold winds of winter can cut like a knife
And the rainchills me deep to the bone
But the warm summer breezes still blow in my mind
And it's them keeps me carryin' on

When the cock crows at dawn, I'll be already gone
Through the meadow that runs by the trees
I think nothing of time, for the worls is all mine
I can come and can go as I please