

## John Lee

### Fairport Convention

John Lee, your headache's growing, the cold wind's blowing  
But the sea's without a ripple  
John Lee, your forehead's damp, your muscles cramp  
And the sea can't use a cripple  
John Lee, you're turning around your fate again  
Oh, John Lee  
John Lee, you're turning around your fate again  
Oh, John Lee

John Lee's been made a freeman, his heart's a seaman  
But his flesh won't make a sailor  
Working in a big hotel, waiting for the bell  
That's ringing for his labour  
John Lee, you're turning around your fate again  
Oh, John Lee  
John Lee, you're turning around your fate again  
Oh, John Lee

John Lee, your chances are good, you better touch wood  
We think things must get better  
John Lee, you've a friend so true, she wants to help you  
Miss Keyes has sent a letter  
John Lee, you're turning around your fate again  
Oh, John Lee  
John Lee, you're turning around your fate again  
Oh, John Lee

"Dear John, come and work at The Glen, just write me when  
And I'll send someone to meet you"  
John's gone to where he started from, he's not worked long, just  
beginning to belong  
"It hasn't been a very good day, the missus wants to halve my pay  
Close the door and douse the light, it's quiet at night when he  
's tucked in tight  
Sometimes I feel, when they're all in bed, it's almost like the  
whole world's dead  
So I lay me down to sleep, I pray thee Lord my soul to keep"  
John Lee, you're turning around your fate again  
Oh, John Lee  
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Oh, John Lee  
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