

# Rocky Road

Fairport Convention

All you fine young bloods must think yourselves immune  
From the traps that time will set in the sweetest tune  
You must whistle up your winds and rosin up your bow  
But none can foretell which is the path the restless muse will  
go

Oh, this rocky road, it makes a poor heart sore  
If I ever get off this rocky road, I'll ne'er get on it any mor  
e

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I used to take delight in my 'baccy and strong beer  
I'd blow the smoke rings way up high, watch them disappear  
And I'd drain the tumblers dry, just to loosen up my tongue  
And I'd sing the weary miles behind with a rambling song

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Well, I've roamed around this world and I've rode the clouds an  
d the waves  
I've met with poor men who were kings and rich men who were sla  
ves  
And I've knelt beneath the spires and I've heard some holy men  
Bend the words to fit the world as it seems to them

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