

## Theodore's Song

Fairport Convention

He was an old broom maker  
A medicine man  
On an old boneshaker  
Back in nineteen thirty-nine  
No home to go to  
Just the open road  
Oxen borne  
But it never, ever showed

Bring me that old wristwatch  
Fix it, broke-down man  
Trust me, I'm the man  
On me you can depend

He could hold the ocean  
In the palm of his hand  
What he calls emotion  
Let time slip like grains of sand  
When the music took him  
To the streets in town  
He could catch a picture  
For the price of half-a-crown

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Fix it, broke-down man  
Trust me, I'm the man  
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Now his heart was broken  
On a wedding day  
Not a word was spoken  
'Cause there was nothing left to say  
About how he whispered  
How he went inside  
And he never kissed her  
That day he lost his bride

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Fix it, broke-down man  
Trust me, I'm the man  
On me you can depend

Oh, bring me that old wristwatch  
Fix it, broke-down man  
Trust me, I'm the man  
On me you can depend

Raggle-taggle gypsy  
Raggle-taggle mind  
That's our world, it saw him  
As he would not confined  
It was a touch of emotion

That bids his wing  
Through the lanes bicycled  
To a henhouse where he lived

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Fix it, broke-down man  
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