

# The Old Changing Way

Richard Thompson

Im Darby the tinker and my brother is Tam  
We go where the work is, me boys and we work where we can  
With the mending and fixing, its together we stay  
Intending our fortunes to try on the old changing way

We come to your cities and we call on your wives  
Well fix up your kettles, please dear missus, well sharpen your  
knives  
And we always agreed that together wed stay  
Intending our fortunes to try on the old changing way

Now times, they grow scanty and the money grew thin  
We worked for a song but the money, it didnt come in  
Now brothers are kindred but hard times betray  
And so we stumbled apart on the old changing way

We never agreed to divide our tin  
And when youre out of love with your brother, your hard times begin  
For the spikes and the brothels, they are shameful to see  
But dont you travel alone, boys, this warning you take from me

You must share with your nearest till the end of your days  
Or else its forever youll roam the old changing way