

We Sing Hallelujah

Richard Thompson

A man is like a rusty wheel
On a rusty cart
He sings his song as he rattles along
and then he falls apart.

And we'll sing hallelujah
At the turning of the year
And we work all day in the old fashioned way
'Till the shining star appears

A man is like a briar
He covers himself with thorns
He laughs like a clown when his fortune's down
And his clothes are ragged and torn

And we'll sing hallelujah
At the turning of the year
And we work all day in the old fashioned way
'Till the shining star appears

A man is like a three string fiddle
Hanging up on the wall.
He plays when somebody scrapes on the bow
Or he can't play at all.

And we'll sing hallelujah
At the turning of the year
And we work all day in the old fashioned way
'Till the shining star appears

A man is like his father
Wishes he never was born.
He longs for the time when the clock will chime
And he's dead for evermore.

And we'll sing hallelujah
At the turning of the year
And we work all day in the old fashioned way
'Till the shining star appears

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