

Travelling People
Gordon Bok

[Intro]

G

[Verse]

I m a freeborn man of the travelling people
Got no fixed abode, with nomads I am numbered
Country lanes and byways were always my ways
I never fancied being lumbered

[Verse]

Oh, we knew the woods and the resting places
And a small bird sang when wintertime was over
Then we d pack our loads and be on the road
Those were good old times, but they re over

[Verse]

In the open road you can stop and linger
For a week or two, for time was not our master
Then away you d jog with your horse and dog
Nice and easy, no need to go faster

[Verse]

Sometimes we d meet up wi other people
For the news or swapping family information
At the country fair, we d be meeting there
All the people of the travelling nation

[Verse]

All you freeborn men of the travelling people

Every tinker, rolling stone and gypsy rover

G C G

Winds of change are blowing, old ways are going

C G D F G

Your travelling days will soon be over

D G C G

Winds of change are blowing, old ways are going

C G D F G

Your travelling days will soon be over

[Verse]

C Am D

I m a freeborn man of the travelling people

G D

Got no fixed abode, with nomads I am numbered

G C G

Country lanes and byways were always my ways

C G D F G

I never fancied being lumbered