

Drifting Through The Days
Richard Thompson

Drifting Through The Days

G **C** **G** **C**
Sitting in the evening dreaming of the old times
G **Bm** **Am** **D** **C**
When a job was there for the steady and strong
G **C** **G** **C**
I see old faces flickering in the firelight
G **Bm** **Am** **D** **C**
Faces of condemned men who did no wrong

C **Bm** **C** **Bm** **C**
Drifting through the days, drifting through the days

A man needs work for his own salvation
A man feels reward for his sweat and his pain
But life s satisfaction has passed us over
And many in this town won t see work again

Drifting through the days, drifting through the days

I ve stood at the gates of a hundred factories
Walked off to other towns looking for pay
Now my hope is gone and I m crushed like the others
The army of forgotten men, mouldering away

Drifting through the days, drifting through the days
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