

It Suits Me Well
Sandy Denny

Dm D F
My name is Jan the gypsy
C Dm
I travel the land.
D Bb6
There are no chains about me
C Dm
I am me own man.
Dm Bb F Am
I can tell a fair old story which I m sure ain t no surprise
Bb C F G
Of the places I have been, oh,
Bb F
And they ain t no li-ies.

I ve never had a proper home,
Not one like yours is.
I ve nearly always had a caravan
With orses.
And I know you won t believe me
Though it is the truth to tell
That the living it is hard, oh,
But it suits me well.

I am a traveler of the seas,
I am a sailor.
The ocean has been good to me,
She ain t no jailor.
I can tell a fair old story which I m sure ain t no surprise
Of the places I have sailed, oh,
And they ain t no lies.

I ve never had a garden,
Or a place with windows.
I stand upon the salty deck,
And feel the wind blow.
And I know you won t believe me
Though it is the truth to tell
That the living it is hard, oh,
But it suits me well.

My mother was a fireeater,
Fore she desert us.
So when I was only seven years old
I joined the circus.
And I can tell a fair old story which I m sure ain t no surprise
Of the places we have played, oh,

And it ain't no lies.

I've never had no money,

And no hope to get none.

I can always get a penny,

When there is good reason.

And I know you won't believe me

Though it is the truth to tell

That the living it is hard, oh,

But it suits me well.