

Thirty Foot Trailer

^A
The old ways are changing you cannot deny
^A ^{D E}
The day of the traveler is over
^{F#m} ^A ^D
There's nowhere to go and there's nowhere to bide
^A ^{D A}
So farewell to the life of the rover

Slow

^A ^D
Goodbye to the tent and the old caravan
^A ^D ^E
To the tinker, the gypsy, the traveling man
^A ^{D A}
And goodbye to the thirty foot trailer

in Time

Farewell to the cant and the Romani tongue
Farewell to the Romani talking
The buying and selling the old fortune telling
The knock on the door and the hawking

Chorus

Farewell to the besoms of heather and broom
Farewell to the creels and the basket
The folks of today they would far sooner pay
For a thing that's been made out of plastic

Chorus

The old ways are passing and soon they'll be gone
For progress is aye a big factor
It's sent to afflict us and when they evict us
They'll tow us away with a tractor

Chorus

Farewell to the pony the cob and the mare
The reins and the harness are idle
You don't need a strap when you're breaking up scraps
So farewell to the bit and the bridle

Chorus

Farewell to the fields where we've sweated and toiled
At pulling and hauling and lifting
They'd soon have machines and the traveling queens
And their menfolk had better get shifting

Chorus

You've got to move fast to keep up with the times Slow
For these days a man cannot dander
There's a bylaw to say you must be on your way
And another to say you can't wander