

Poor Ditching Boy



G C D G

G

Was there ever a winter so cold and so sad

C

The river too weary to flood

G

The storming wind cut through to my skin

C

D

G

But she cut through to my blood

I was looking for trouble to tangle my line

But trouble came looking for me

I knew I was standing on treacherous ground

I was sinking too fast to run free

C Am G D

With her scheming, idle ways

C

Am

G

She left me poor enough

G

The storming wind cut through to my skin

C

D

G

But she cut through to my blood

G C D G

I would not be asking, I would not be seen

A-beggin' on mountain or hill

But I'm ready and blind

with my hands tied behind

I've neither a mind nor a will

Chorus

It's bitter the need of the poor ditching boy

He'll always believe what they say

They tell him it's hard to be honest and true

Does he mind if he doesn't get paid?

Chorus -->

But she cut through to my blood

--> C D G