

Theodore's Song

Fairport Convention

He was an old broom maker
A medicine man
On an old boneshaker
Back in nineteen thirty-nine
No home to go to
Just the open road
Oxen borne
But it never, ever showed

Bring me that old wristwatch
Fix it, broke-down man
Trust me, I'm the man
On me you can depend

He could hold the ocean
In the palm of his hand
What he calls emotion
Let time slip like grains of sand
When the music took him
To the streets in town
He could catch a picture
For the price of half-a-crown

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Now his heart was broken
On a wedding day
Not a word was spoken
'Cause there was nothing left to say
About how he whispered
How he went inside
And he never kissed her
That day he lost his bride

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Oh, bring me that old wristwatch
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Raggle-taggle gypsy
Raggle-taggle mind
That's our world, it saw him
As he would not confined
It was a touch of emotion

That bids his wing
Through the lanes bicycled
To a henhouse where he lived

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