

## The Tinker

## The Irish Rovers

It's a tinker I am, just a travellin' man  
I follow the wind and the stars  
If I've shoes on me feet, and an old crust to eat  
I'm as happy as any by far

I'm as rich as a king when I lie down to dream  
On My pillow of sawdust or hay  
And the friends that I make I would never forsake  
And their kindness one day I'll repay

CH:

So thank you for sharing the warmth of your fire  
And an 'oul cup of tea or two  
And that warm feather bed, where I lay down my head  
for making me welcome, thank you.

I'm a jack of all trades, and as sharp as a blade  
When it comes to the markets and fairs  
Mending 'oul pots and pans or whatever I can  
Not a penny I'd give for your cares

BRIDGE:

Now the cold winds of winter can cut like a knife  
And the rainchills me deep to the bone  
But the warm summer breezes still blow in my mind  
And it's them keeps me carryin' on

When the cock crows at dawn, I'll be already gone  
Through the meadow that runs by the trees  
I think nothing of time, for the world is all mine  
I can come and can go as I please