## Fairport Convention, Part V (John Lee)

John Lee, your headache's growing, the cold wind's blowing
But the sea's without a ripple
John Lee, your forehead's damp, your muscles cramp
And the sea can't use a cripple
(Chorus)
John Lee, you're turning around your plate again
Oh, John Lee
John Lee, you're turning around your plate again
Oh, John Lee
John Lee's been made a freeman, his heart's a seaman
But his flesh won't make a sailor
Working in a big hotel, waiting for the bell
That's ringing for his labour
(Chorus)
John Lee, your chances are good, you better touch wood
We think things must get better
John Lee, you've a friend so true, she wants to help you
Miss Keyes has sent a letter
(Chorus)
\"Dear John, come and work the Glen, just write me when
And I'll send someone to meet you\"
John's gone to where he started from, he's not worked long, just beginning to belong \" It hasn't been a very good day, the missus wants to halve my pay
Close the door and douse the light, it's quiet at night when she's tucked in tight
Sometimes I feel, when they're all in bed, it's almost like the whole world's dead
So I lay me down to sleep, I pray thee Lord my soul to keep\"
(Chorus)
(Chorus)
\"The customary quiet of Babbacombe, a residential suburb of Torquay, was greatly disturbed early on Saturday morning
an
d the peaceful inhabitants roused to a state of intense
alarm and terror by one of the most frightful tragedies
that human devilment could plan or human fiend could perpe-
trate. The name of the victim was Miss Emma Anne Whitehead
Keyes, an elder
ly lady of some sixty-eight years. The name
of her home, the scene of her tragedy, was 'The Glen'. She
was found early in the morning, lying on her dining room
floor. Her throat had been horribly cut and there were three
wounds on her head. It
was evident that her murderer had also
attempted to burn the corpse.\"

