

Fairport Convention, Part Viii

There's a tiny little window and the sun comes shining through
Dancing with the dust that's in my cell
There's a sparrow sitting on the sill and he stays for a minute or two
But he's frightened by the ringing of the bell
There's a bed that I must lie on when at night I take my rest
And a chair for me to sit on through the day
The men who wait beside me always know what's best
For a man who doesn't have too much to say
Throw a laugh into the corner, blow a tear against the wall
Learn a game to play, improve the mind
Confess your sins, you sinner, and think how the seconds fall
Leave all earthly cares and woes behind
And when my short affair with life is ended and I'm gone
Will you tell the world the story of John Lee?
All you see is nothing and yet everything lives on
I was born to pay the hangman's fee