

# 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