

Richard Thompson, Man In Need

I packed my rags, went down the hill
Left my dependents a-lying still
Just as the dawn was a-rising up
I was making good speed
I left a letter lying on the bed
From a man in need it read
You know it's so hard to find
It's so hard to find
Who's going to cure the heart of a man in need

All of my friends don't comprehend me
Their kind of style it just offends me
I want to take 'em
I want to shake 'em
'Til they pay me some heed
You've got to ride in one direction
Until you find the right connection

You know it's so hard to find
It's so hard to find
Who's going to cure
The heart of a man in need?

Who's going to give you real happiness?
Who's going to give you contentedness?
Who's going to lead you?
Who's going to feed you?
And cut you free?
Well I've sailed every ship in the sea
But I travelled this world in misery

It's so hard to find
It's so hard to find
Who's going to cure
The heart of a man in need?

Who's going to shoe your feet?
Who's going to pay your rent?
Who's going to stand by you?
Who's going to cure the heart of a man in need?

Of a man in need?