

Richard Thompson, Nottamun Town

In Nottamun Town, not a soul would look up
Not a soul would look up
Not a soul would look down
Not a soul would look up
Not a soul would look down
To show me the way to fair Nottamun Town

When the king and the queen and the company mourn
Come a-walking behind
And riding before
Come a stark naked drummer
A-beating the drum
With his hands on his bosom come marching along

Sat down on a hard, hard cold frozen stone
Ten thousand around me
Yet I was alone
Took my hat in my hands
For to keep my head warm
Ten thousand got drowned that never was born

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