

Richard Thompson, Sickness And Diseases

I do hate to see a rover riddled in the stones
Now hes one step nearer to the ground
And I do hate to see a hawker
Broken in the bones

Sickness and diseases pull you down, pull you down
Sickness and diseases pull you down

Everybodys got the sickness, everybodys down
Running to the doctor with a pound
Doctor, doctor, do you have a needle
Big enough for me

Sickness and diseases pull you down, pull you down
Sickness and diseases pull you down

My friend Willywell he looks so ill
His face as white as milk
Everybody runs for miles when hes in town
Hes got every known disease
And some without a name

Sickness and diseases pull you down, pull you down
Sickness and diseases pull you down

If you want to live to be
A poor man or a prince
Pay good attention when
Evil times abound
Always listen to what your mother said
And stay in bed at night

Sickness and diseases pull you down, pull you down
Sickness and diseases pull you down

Sickness and diseases pull you down, pull you down
Sickness and diseases pull you down