

# Sandy Denny, Rigs Of The Time

It's of an old butcher, I must bring him in.  
Charges four pence a pound, and thinks it no sin.  
Puts his thumb on the scale which makes it go down,  
And swears it's good weight yet it lacks half a pound.  
All sing...

Chorus:  
Honesty 's all out of fashion  
These are the rigs of the time  
Time, me boys,  
These are the rigs of the time  
Now it's next to the baker, I must bring him in.  
Charges tuppence a loaf and he thinks it no sin.  
When he do bring it in, is not bigger than your fist,  
And the top of the loaf is all covered in yeast  
All sing...

(chorus)

Now it's next to the landlord, well I must bring him in.  
Charges tuppence a pint and he thinks it no sin.  
When he do bring it in, now the measure it is short  
And the top of the pot it is all covered in froth.  
All sing...

(chorus)

Now the best of all plans that comes to me mind  
Is to set them all off in a high gale of wind  
And when they go up, oh, the cloud it will burst  
And the biggest old rascal come tumbling down first  
Singing...

(chorus)