

The Hollies, Charlie And Fred

He rides on his horse and cart, Charlie does
Working from six until nine
Collecting old rags and used bicycles
Old iron of description of any kind

Here comes Charlie, Charlie the Ragman
Throw out your old clothes for Charlie and Fred
Earning a living off things we've discarded
Earning enough for the board and the bed

You hear him shout "rags and old iron."
Everyone knows him that way
Once a week, they come 'round calling
How long it's been, I can't say

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They live all alone in a hovel
He puts his money away
Taking enough to just live on
And at the end of the day
He's saving enough
To put Fred out to graze

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Has anyone seen Charlie lately?
Charlie just ain't been around
Everyone's seen Fred is grazing
Chewing the grass from the ground

Children say Charlie is happy
Giving balloons to the angels instead
Where is Charlie, Charlie the Ragman?
Don't throw your clothes out