

Ralph McTell, Stranger To The Season

A man without a job is a stranger to the seasons
The April rain will soak you like the worst November brings
And we're tired of the excuses and the carefully worded reasons
Without Winter there's no Summer
Without Autumn there's no Spring.

When the factories close down the life bleeds from the town.
Some politicians tells us, 'move and build another home',
But weren't they voted in to lead us?
No one said they had to feed us.
If they'd get us back our jobs
Then we would take care of our own.

Chorus
For a man without a job
Is a stranger to the seasons
No music to the cycle of the changes will he hear.
Like a band without a drummer
There's no Winter, Spring, or Summer
There's no rhythm to the passing of the
Months that make the year.

Everyone is poorer for the millions
Who keep growing
Whose season stays at Autumn
And whose only colour's grey
Though we get by on the dole
It feeds the body, starves the soul
And stirs the bitterness that's growing
In the ones who've been betrayed.

Chorus