

# Richard Thompson, Drifting Through The Days

(Richard Thompson)

Sitting in the evening  
Dreaming of the old times  
When a job was there for the steady and strong  
I see old faces flickering in the firelight  
Faces of condemned men who did no wrong

Drifting through the days  
Drifting through the days

A man needs work for his own salvation  
A man feels reward for his sweat and his pain  
But life's satisfaction has passed us over  
And many in this town won't see work again

Drifting through the days  
Drifting through the days

I've stood at the gates of a hundred factories  
Walked off to other towns looking for pay  
Now my hope is gone and I'm crushed like the others  
The army of forgotten men, mouldering away

Drifting through the days  
Drifting through the days  
Drifting through the days