

Richard Thompson, The Sun Never Shines On The

(Richard Thompson)

The urchins are writhing around in the mud,
Like eels playing tag in a barrel
The old Sally Army sound mournful and sweet
As they play an old Chrissmassy carol;
The world is as black as a dark night in hell
What kind of a place can this be?
Old people like hermit crabs run into doorways
All fearing to say, do you feel a downtrodden as me?

Ting-a-ling, Ting-a-Ling, the Devil he leans on your bell,
The future looks black as before
And the sun never shines, the sun never shines on the poor

The rich man he dreams of his gold and his plate
And his house and his car and his women,
The poor man he dreams of his one-roomed estate
And his wage-pocket short by one shilling
The last penny falls through a hole in your jeans,
Now ain't that the way when you're down?
Just walking in circles for the rest of your life,
And feeling so low that your chin scrapes along the ground

Ting-a-ling, Ting-a-Ling, the Devil he leans on your bell,
The future looks black as before
And the sun never shines, the sun never shines on the poor

Now some of the people are poor in the purse
They don't have the cash at the read
And some of the people are crippled and lame
They can never stand up true and steady
And some of the people are poor in the head
Like the simpleton fools that you see
But most of the people are poor in the heart
It's the worst kind of poor, it's the worst kind of poor you can be

Ting-a-ling, Ting-a-Ling, the Devil he leans on your bell,
The future looks black as before
And the sun never shines, oh the sun never shines on the poor