

Thirty Foot Trailer

The old ways are changing you cannot deny
The day of the traveler is over
There's nowhere to go and there's nowhere to bide
So farewell to the life of the rover

Chorus:

Goodbye to the tent and the old caravan
To the tinker, the gypsy, the traveling man
And goodbye to the thirty foot trailer

Farewell to the cant and the Romany tongue
Farewell to the Romany talking
The buying and the selling, the old fortune telling
The knock on the door and the hawking

Farewell to the besoms of heather and bloom
Farewell to the creels and the basket
The folks of today they would far sooner pay
For a thing that's been made out of plastic

The old ways are passing and soon will be gone
For progress is aye a big factor
It's sent to afflict us and when they evict us
They'll tow us away with a tractor

Farewell to the pony, the cob and the mare
The reins and the harness are idle
You don't need a strap when you're breaking up scrap
So farewell to the bit and the bridle

Farewell to the fields where we've sweated and toiled
At pullin' and crownin' and liftin'
They'll soon have machines and the traveling queens
And their menfolk had better be shiftin'

You've got to move fast to keep up with the times
For these days a man cannot dander
There's a bylaw to say you must be on your way
And another to say you can't wander