

Poverty Knock
 By:Chumbawamba
 an English folk song

Poverty, poverty knock, my loom is a-saying all day.
 Poverty, poverty knock, gaffer's too skinny to pay.
 Poverty, poverty knock, keeping one eye on the clock.
 I know I can guttle when I hear my shuttle go poverty, poverty knock.

Up every morning at five.
 I wonder that we keep alive.
 Tired and yawning, another cold morning,
 It's back to the dreary, old drive.

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Oh dear, we're going to be late.
 Gaffer is stood at the gate.
 We're out of pocket. Our wages, they'll dock it.
 We'll have to buy grub on the slate.

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And when our wages they'll bring,
 We're often short of a string.
 While we are fighting with gaffer for snatching,
 We know to his breast he will cling.

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Sometimes a shuttle flies out
 And gives some poor women a clout.
 There she lies bleeding, but nobody's heeding.
 Oh, who's going to carry her out?

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Oh dear, my poor head, it sings,
 "I should have woven three strings."
 My threads are breaking, and my back is aching.
 Oh dear, how I wish I had wings!

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