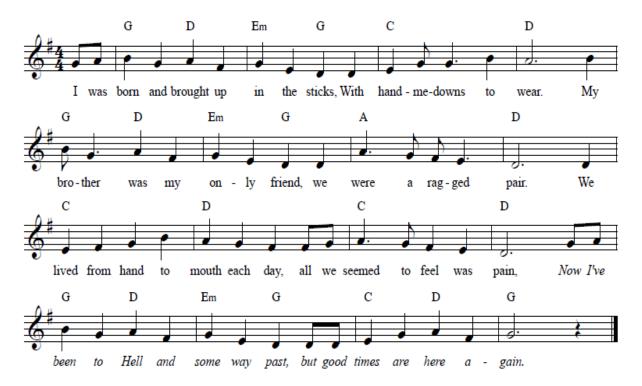
Good Times Are Here Again

Words and Music: Nigel Harbron



I was born and brought up in the sticks, with hand-me-downs to wear.

My brother was my only friend - we were a ragged pair.

We lived from hand to mouth each day, all we seemed to feel was pain....

Ch: *Now I've been to Hell - and some way past - but good times are here again.*

My father left some years ago to find work far away. He swore that this would benefit us when he started earning pay. But whether he ever found a job - or even caught the train....

Though still at school I had to earn, if only for to eat. I fell in with a lousy bunch who used to steal and cheat. It wasn't long before my bed was in a cell quite plain....

For years I drifted in and out of prisons 'cross the land,
Till I found something that I could do, and to it turned my hand.
With a piece of wood and a passable saw, and a hammer and a plane....

After leaving penitentiary, I found someone who cared.

Although she knew where I'd come from, she wasn't at all scared.

She helped me find a job at last (although it was mundane)....

I worked as hard as anyone could, and put some bucks aside.

Then a small workshop became my base, down by the riverside.

The furniture I made in it was honest, not urbane....

Now the Big Boys are all gathering round - they'd like to buy me out. They're offering me a fancy price, of that I'm in no doubt. But I rather like the way I am - and I hope I will remain....



You might think that this is a battery-hen unit, but you would be wrong. It is a wing of the State Penitentiary in Oregon, USA - the land of the free!