

# 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  
bro - ther was my on - ly friend, we were a rag - ged pair. We  
lived from hand to mouth each day, all we seemed to feel was pain, Now I've  
been to Hell and some way past, but good times are here a - gain.

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!*