

## **SOMETHING WE KNOW**

'Tis pleasant and delightful to turn up one night full of songs you're bursting to sing,  
To play the guitar in a club or a bar, everyone doing their thing.  
It seems to go well but how can you tell from the faces in the front row.  
When a guy sitting there with a quizzical stare says "I wish he'd sing something we know."

### *Chorus*

SUCH AN OLD SONG THAT YOU CAN'T GET IT WRONG  
AND THE MELODY JUST SEEMS TO FLOW  
IT IS THE BEST FUN, TOGETHER AS ONE  
ALL SINGING SOMETHING WE KNOW.

I've played the wild rover from the streets of London to Caledonia where thyme grows wild,  
With Barbara Allen and Molly Malone - I've known them since I was a child.  
From a dirty old town to Fiddler's Green, I'm one of the roving kind  
But leaving on a jetplane - goodnight Irene - was the last thing on my mind.

It's a long way from Clare to Scarborough Fair when you're knocking on Heaven's door  
But now I'm homeward bound, blowing in the wind – Michael row the boat ashore  
Then you come to a halt; but it isn't your fault – so many have been here before us.  
It's the songwriter's curse, to find one more verse to fill in the gap till the chorus.

*Allan Richardson 2018*