

## **Terror Time**

The heather will fade and the bracken will die  
Streams will run cold and clear  
And the small birds will be going  
And it's then you will be knowing  
That the terror time is here

Oh where will you go and what will you do  
Now that the work's all done  
And the farmer doesn't need you  
And the councils won't heed you  
And you're on the road again

The woods give no shelter and the trees they are bare  
Snow is falling all around  
And the children they are crying  
For the bed on which they are lying  
Is frozen to the ground

When you need the warmth of your own human kind  
You pull near a town and then  
The sight of you is offending  
And the police they soon are sending  
And you're on the road again

The frost won't lift and the stove won't draw  
There's ice in the water churn  
In the mud and snow you're sloshing  
Trying to do your bit of washing  
And the kindling won't burn

Oh where will you go and what will you do  
Now that the work's all done  
And the farmer doesn't need you  
And the councils won't heed you  
And the terror time is come

by Ewan MacColl  
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