

The Chains That Bind Us

1. In comes I, smelly ol' Rick
With me shovel and bucket and
me trusty pick
In the latrines you'll find me
Dont matter if you're rich or
poor,
You'd better not catch me at it
The stench is pretty thick!

I comes by night To shovel it up
You may think its a load of crap
But I puts it on the fields to make
em grow
to make the crops grow higher

Chorus:
For I need you
And you need I
Together we shall prosper
And if the chains were broken
Then we'd all be torn asunder

2. In comes I, Farmer Jack
I digs and digs, it breaks my back
In the fields you'll find me
Don't matter if it rains or shines
I'm up to me balls in mud, see
And I haven't brought a mac

I comes by dawn The hay to
mow
The ripened corn all rosy glow

I'll fill the carts a-bursting
And off to town they'll go

Chorus

3. In comes I, Trader Neil
Always out to make a deal
On the roads you'll find me
Don't matter if they're near or far
I'm always out for profit
These prices are a steal!

I comes to trade
Cajole, persuade
To hope my grain will make the
grade
Here comes the wealthy miller
Come hear my serenade:

spoken "Grain for sale! Fine
grain! Best quality Wayford
wheat! Who'll buy my grain?"

Chorus



4. In comes I, Miller Milly
Do you think I'm rather silly
With this flour sack on my head
Well, it's the proud badge of my
trade
Though its old and really frayed
I'm still a rather handsome filly

I grinds the grain Again, again
As fine as I can ascertain
Until the most discerning client
Has no cause for complain

Chorus

5. In comes I, wealthy Maude
I'm not used to being ignored
In the town you'll find me
No matter if you're rich or poor
All of them admire me
For what I can afford

I come to dine On pastries fine
Made from flour that's so refined
I keep society turning,
Well oiled with fancy wine

Dung farmer

And when you're powderin' your
nose
Off to the garderobe I goes
Out creeps I, with me spade
To fill me bucket higher

For I need you

And you need I
Together we shall prosper
And if the chain were broken
Then we'd all be torn asunder

6. And so the circle comes around
Come bless the chains that bind
us tight
For every actor plays their part
In this elaborate play

Come grease the wheels of every
deal
To make them all move smoothly
Oh what a tangled web we weave
Between us one and all

Such labyrinthine pacts are made
Yes...even in the Marches!
Tis not restricted to the League
But everywhere you look

Come, masters of this complex
art of
Intrigue and transaction
Look kindly on our simple tale
We hope its to your.....
satisfaction

Chorus