

## *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**