

BREAD & BONES

Lyrics from Richard Ruane's recording *Things That Strangers Say*

Dublin

Written by Richard Ruane, copyright Okey Dokey Folkie Music (BMI)

Traveling 'round on my own,
Playing on the streets with my mandolin.
Stopped in a park to write someone,
Looked up, I was surrounded by seven men.
And one of them told me they needed money,
And asked me for spare change.
I gave him some coins that I had made.
He looked in his hand, said, "I'm afraid,
Well, it's not enough."

One man sat beside me, put his hand upon my pack.
Three more came behind me, one leaned against my back.
Another squatted by me, and peered into my face,
While the leader looked around for passersby.

And I looked that man in the eye,
With his friends all crowded in.
I thought I might yet get away,
If I left my pack but took my mandolin.
I told him I didn't have much money.
Was playing on the streets for change.
I gave him more coins, said that's all I can spare.
He looked in his hand and we waited there,
Then they went away.

And I thought of what I had gained,
Left to go on just the same,
All for a handful of coins.