

History Repeating Itself

From the top o' the lock gaerts rusty wynda
yo con see yer way daern the cut
It silently reflects a backdrop
of power staertion an' forge mill soot

It's a stained glass winder paid fer in full
be the sweat o' the werkin' herds
oo couldn't afford a stoon in the church
or a maersons crafted werds

Them factory gaerts uv rusted through
or am missin' from their mountin' posts
That last rough jerney behind a tatters oss
seems to av silenced any ghosts

The boats lie sunk in silty sidin's
their colours am flaky but keen
cos it woz ordinary folk oo flew the banners
an kep' their families clean

But now the sun sets over th'ousin' estates
that uv sprung up from braern field soil
An there's no thought for the new wealth
served up be the navvies toil

But if yo'm quiet on a summer night
yo might just 'ear a boatmans call
Deep from the mists o' the owd mainline
or echoes from the mission hall

Yo might think yo've 'eard a snortin' oss
Sid its nostrils flared ahrt wide
It's all ter do with the strain o' the pull
when crossin' from 'ere to the otherside

Un when yo smell that smokin' stack
an' there ay no-one else around
Yo know yo ay losin' thee mind or thee marbles
cos canal folk ay left it behind

They'm still as much o' the cut as the've ever bin
an' they'm showin' loyalty to their trade
be transportin' every brick un bolt
or any other product made

They say they'm ridin' this darkened waerter
once more fer owd times sake
'An be ridin' on this darkened waerter
they'm leavin' history in their wake.
They'm leavin' history in their wake
Listen.....