

Lament

In his dreams he remembers the old days
In a restless heart worn out by time
And the tales that he's told of the old Hessle road
Are now distant and blurred in his mind

Many days he is glad they're behind him
When the past is a journey too long
When the good and the bad are just memories he's had
Where he can't tell the right from the wrong

Chorus

*He can't sing a lament for the old days
Now those fishing days are through
He won't sing a lament for the ways that are gone
And the living hell he knew*

There were small cobbled ten-foots and alleys
He remembers the filth and the grime
When his ma's biggest deal was to find the next meal
And the men were all old before time

There were fathers and sons both together
Would sail out on the early morn's tide
And the mothers and wives feared the worst for their lives
And for those that the men left behind

Chorus

He remembers the town from the old days
And the smell of the fish and the sea
Of the times he was hungry but never let on
Just one starving mouth more to feed.

He can picture the girls on street corners
When the men were away at the trawl
When a few shillings more turned a wife to a whore
He still can't make sense of it all.

Chorus

So don't ask what he thinks of the old days
Now bulldozers are changing the land
If he had the last call, he would damn one and all
And tear the lot down with his hands.
In his dreams he remembers the old days.....