

# Big Country, The Crossing

Steeltown By Big Country.

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Here I stand with my own kin  
At the end of everything  
Finally the dream has gone  
I've nothing left to hang upon  
I came here with all my friends  
Leaving behind the wait of years  
Leaving alone in a flood of tears  
Out on a prospect that never ends  
All the landscape was the mill  
Grim as the reaper with a heart like hell  
With a river of boddies  
Flowing with the bell  
We built it all with our own hands  
But who could know we built on sand  
But now it's barren all too soon  
There's no miracle in ruin  
We set the flame and it burned so blue  
With open eyes I watched it grow  
A sea of palms in an ocean of snow  
Hands with the courage to start anew  
Here was a home for the lost and scared  
Out of the yards and dry docks  
The call of the steel that would never stop  
There was a refuge for those who dared  
In a steeltown  
When the heat's on  
I went down  
And the heat turned on me  
Here I stand with my own kin  
At the end of everything  
Finally the dream has gone  
I've nothing left to hang upon  
In a steeltown  
When the heat's on  
I went down  
And the heat turned on me  
>From the L.P./Cassette "Steeltown";