

Chris Rea, Stick It

The steel mill closes down tonight
As the dying embers fade
And all the guys are too tired for tears
Checking their final pay
Those razored sabres of steel they made
They never got to hold
So many sold, millions
Silence in the bar tonight
And some aren't even here
And red eyes gaze uncertainly
Deep down into their beer
And the Holy Ghost surrounds you with faith
And peace of mind
And love is all around you everywhere

Stick it
Stick it out

We're sure if you try
You'll get by
Find a way

Stick it
Stick it out

We're sure if you try
You'll get by
Find a way

They tell you it's all over
They don't need you anymore
You hear him shout "bring the next one in"
As you're walking out the door
Decisions for so many dictated by so few
A free man for the first time
What are you gonna do now

Stick it
Stick it out

We're sure if you try
You'll get by
Find a way