

# Eric Burdon & The Animals, The Immigrant Lad

And here I sit with a tear in my eye, the waters of Tyne in between you and I  
And here I sit with a tear in my eye, the waters of Tyne in between you and I

As a child I dreamed of her, on the far banks of the river  
I knew she could not be reached, for my mind was forever wondering  
Far above his head, as he tried his best to teach me  
The river was muddy and black, black as the coal she carried  
Impossible to cross, many men had tried  
The old sailor told me, another life is lost

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Black was the colour of my childish dreams, impressions that would last  
Black coal, coal black pit yacka's face, escaping the coal dust blast  
Blind pony stumblin' to the light of day, to retire in the green fields forever  
And I'll build me a bridge of steel, to beat the black river forever  
I'll beat that black river forever, I'll beat that muddy river forever

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[Conversation in a London Bar:]

[Cockney:] I don't know why you geezers come down to London all the time, 'cause you look so mis

[Geordie:] That's true, I havna been too happy but what brought us down here was three years on t

[Cockney:] Yeah, but coming down to the smoke, mate, you need people to see , you'll need friend