## Skyclad, The Truth Famine

A red letter day for our nowhere industrial town A minister's heading this way - he's closing us down But what of my daughter - and what of my son Just how will they live when the factory's gone?

Election day promises now null and void They'll never rest 'til we're all unemployed UB40's a book that you'll find very hard to put down The dormant machinery screams - taunting the skies Ghosts of the Halcyon dream sustaining our lives No job for my daughter - no job for my son How can I forgive them for what they have done?

New statesmen composing the lies for tomorrow's front page What pays for the blunders they make - it's the working mans wage.

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They'll never rest 'til we're all unemployed
UB40's a book that you'll find very hard to put down
They've issued us all with free rose tinted glasses
Job training schemes - leisure management classes
No news is good when you live on the wrong side of town.

The nadir of despair we have sunk to is easy to gauge Our children grow thinner and ever more bitter with age. From Newcastle's shipyards to Nottingham's pits They strip down our country and sell it in bits Election day promises seemingly now null and void While microchip minds keep the industry grinding We all hunt for jobs that we've no chance of finding No change in the everyday lives of the mass unemployed.

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