

Weddings Parties Anything, Laughing Boy

Down in the valley, the valley so low,
Lay the town over and hear the winds blow,
Lay the town over and dig it all in,
For what we once had will not come again.
The people are crying, the people are down,
They look at the crevice where once lived a town,
And it's not for the money, they cry not for the blame
They just cry for a ghost town, such a great shame.
Take six politicians and dig me a grave
Take six intellectuals, my soul try to save
And six union workers, a red flag to wave
And one stupid singer to rant and to rave...
Now Old King Coal was a merry old soul
Such a merry old soul was he,
Cause he fed my dad, he fed my mum,
He fed us children three.
And I remember Old Coach Road,
And the pine trees by its side
And I remember the playground there,
And every swing and slide.
It's goodbye to you my old grey friend
Soon your days are at an end
They'll dig you up, tear you down,
Goodbye to you - Industrial Town.
In the morning when the sun came up
On commission housing, there,
We could feel the ash from the mine sometimes
Come floating through the air.
But times were good and we didn't mind
About the chimneys and their mess.
Oh no, three meals a day, a sleep at night,
We couldn't have cared less.
It's goodbye to you my old grey friend
Soon your days are at an end
They'll dig you up, tear you down,
Goodbye to you - Industrial Town.
Time moved on, we moved away
How a young child soon forgets,
Twelve years later I returned,
And I see with regret
Empty houses, empty streets,
Not a single soul to meet,
Sold right out, damned on whim,
Sing this chorus, sing this hymn.
Goodbye to you my old grey friend
Soon your days are at an end
They'll dig you up, tear you down,
Goodbye to you - Industrial Town.
Industrial Town, Industrial Town, Industrial Town.