

And Also The Trees, Shaletown

On the blue-green rising, falling tide
Breathing in the pebbles
Sighing out the salt breeze
Chaff is blowing from the stubble fields
Leaving the dried earth land it threads the gate
Tunnel hedges
Old man's beard
Sticking to the wild plums
Old man's beard
And follows the pot-holed tracks
That lead to Shaletown
The ox-man's soul forever turns around
And ploughs the stubble field
Caught in the lonely mile
Between the roads to Shaletown
He watches the chaff leave his dry brown eye
And swing over rose-hip stile
To Shaletown
Under bronze-red sunset, cobweb clouds
Dipping to the shadows
Dancing through the dead trees
Over carts that struggle up the hills
Sticking into the sweat and blistered hands
Nailed sacks flap
>From blackened walls
Flailing arms to welcome
>From blackened walls
In to the groaning heart of Shaletown
The ox-man turns and walks into the wind
Towards the ceaseless sea
Ploughing the lonely mile
As chaff settles in Shaletown
The machines they groan and the hammers they pound
As night falls on Shaletown
The chaff settles in Shaletown