

Bob Catley, Steel

Sometimes these tired old streets can feel strange
I watch the tumbleweed now, where I used to play
What I felt way back then was called 'change'
Just like a thundercloud from the horizon it came

And from the start, it took control
It burnt its way inside this soul
It broke this heart, it cracked these bones
As deep inside we turned to stone...

I could never change the way I feel, only this is surreal
And trampled just like dust beneath the heels of industrial steel

The riverbed has cracked to its clay
And it's been centuries now, since I tasted rain
The echoes only whisper these days
To stir the ghosts of this town where shadows remain

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