

Celtic Thunder, Yesterday's Men

'Twas Joey the weasel that gave us the wire,
They were closing our factory down
Though we didn't believe him and we called him a liar,
The redundancy letters came round
As we read them in silence, I choked back a tear,
It was hard to believe after twenty-odd years
Farewell my companions, my friends and my workmates
Farewell to the paydays, the pints and the craic
Oh, We gave them our best years now they've paid us back,
By making us yesterday's men,
Sure as hell,
By making us yesterday's men
So We said our goodbyes by the factory gates,
One cold Friday evening last year
And I saw it all there in the eyes of ma mates,
The anger, the sadness, the fear
Like our fathers before us we worked there with pride,
Now we fought back the bitterness burning inside
Farewell my companions, my friends and my workmates,
Farewell to the paydays, the pints and the craic
Oh we gave them our best years now they've paid us back,
By making us yesterday's men,
Sure as hell,
By making us yesterday's men
Ah Now Jimmy, said she,
Give the kids a few bob,
After all, sure it is Friday night

But How could I tell her I was out of a job, from now on things were going to be tight
How well I remember it cut like a knife,
I was never a day on the dole in my life
Farewell my companions, my friends and my workmates,
Farewell to the paydays, the pints and the craic
Oh, We gave them our best years now they've paid us back,
By making us yesterday's men,
Sure as hell,
By making us yesterday's men
The machines now are silent, the workbenches bare,
And there's dust on the factory floor
They've boarded the windows and have chained up the gates,
And have padlocked the factory door
Now I'm on the scrap-heap, and I'm thirty-nine,
Just one of the hundreds, shot down in my prime
Farewell my companions, my friends and my workmates,
Farewell to the paydays, the pints and the craic
Oh, We gave them our best years now they've paid us back,
By making us yesterday's men,
Sure as hell,
By making us yesterday's men
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