

Richard Thompson, Last Shift

(Richard Thompson)

Stow your gear and charge your lamp
Say goodbye to dark and damp
DSS will pay your stamp
Last shift, close her down

Leave your manhood, leave your pride
Back there on the mucky side
Take the cage for one more ride
Last shift, close her down

Put the business in the black
And they've stabbed us in the back
With old school ties and little white lies
They left our town for scrap

Golden handshake, sling our hooks
Now we're nursemaids, now we're cooks
Now our kids steal pension books
Last shift, close her down

Now the scrapper boys infest
And the wrecking balls caress
Like vermin round a burial ground
They catch the smell of death

Old Grimey's lost its soul
Fifty million tons of coal
And we're beggars on the dole
Last shift, close her down
Last shift, close her down