

# 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