

Spirit Of The West, The Hammer And The Bell

(Kelly/Mann)

We twisted you arm over Chinese
And led you astray
Offered the world as we know it
And a pittance in pay
And your fortune read
"Don't believe a word they've said"

Blood through your sleeve, I just couldn't
Believe that you'd been
To the shop where a prick of a needle
Embroiders the skin
We slept-on all full of drink
Pints of Guinness black as ink

Swung the hammer to ring the bell
The bell climbed up and then it fell
What got said got in-between
Sometimes whispers, sometimes screams

Got drunk with the Butcher at Walsall
On Beefeater's gin
Took a drag off your very first fag
Four decades in
But the finest hour you gave
When you turned and faced the wave