

# Spirit Of The West, The Hammer And The Bell

(Kelly/Mann)

We twisted your 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