Spirogyra, A Northern Lament

Let me take you traveling
Let me take you riding along
On a steam train, its none stop to Manchester
Mighty station Victoria
The grey stone is standing so tall
As the old men, the railway men, locked in the past
Did you see that caravan? she said as we picked up some speed
Do people live there, or is it left by from the war?
Yes I said softly, but the flowers are all gone
His son must have moved south
It seems that he is now long gone
Look at that mine, so empty so bare
I think its a closure, the new gas is cheaper by far
And what of the men now that their jobs are not there
I cannot say Jenny but their ghost is haunting the air

Jenny I do not feel happy at all
The heart is not here, something is gone
It seems as to be that the soul of the north
Is floating away in the air

On the canal did you see those factories there
They once made an Empire, but now people buy from elsewhere
And as for the grey stone, the dark stone, the black stone
Once it was strong, but now it rolls over and over

She rested her head on my shoulder and started to sleep
As I gazed from the window out into the day
Jenny I do not feel happy at all
The heart is not here, something is gone
It seems as to be that the soul of the north
Is floating away in the air