

# 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