

The Beautiful South, Nearer To God

(M. Greaves)

I work in the steel mills
Where the sun never shines
The pounding of hammers is all mine

And I've sailed this wide ocean
For money and cod
So far from my loved ones
But nearer to God

So sing a song for the working man
And I'll sing you a love song

And my name's Wild Bob Conroy
I'm a hard man of old
Now I'm a drinker
Coming in from the cold

I fought for the fighting
And I fought for a wage
And I fight for survival
Like most men my age