

The Go Set, The Miner's Son

Ten thousand men,
they are bleeding once again,
on the coalfields of Rothbury Town
For the Government to say,
a reduction in your pay,
or we shall bring in a hand
from abroad O Norman Brown,
how the coppers shot him down,
while the battle for old town had raged
And the saddest day of all is a miners burial,
when the earth that is harvested is home
Even when the war is won,
and when union flags are flown
Even when the years have gone,
the government still killed the miners son.
There were riots in the street,
and the sounds of marching feet,
the protest of violence and greed
And the newspaper ran
a story that began,
of the treason for the public to read
While the years they have passed,
it will never be the last,
of a working mans blood on the ground
And for O Norman Brown,
how the coppers shot him down,
on the coalfields of Rothbury Town
Even when the war is won,
and when union flags are flown
Even when the years have gone,
the government still killed the miners son.