

Wolfstone, Tall Ships

They used to make them tall
Now there are no shipyards here at all
They used to dig for coal here
They used to scrape and crawl
Now there are no coalfields here at all

Chorus:

Steelmen miners shipwrights and sailors
Steelmen miners shipwrights and sailors
We'll never see their like again

No more workers

It's gone the way of all good things

They used to forge their steel there

They'd sweat through every pore

Now there are no steel works anymore

They used to land their catch here

The silver darlings run

Ah but now the fishing is all gone

Tall masts would sail from shipyards

"Pride of the Clyde" they'd say

Now all the ships have gone away