Wuthering Heights, The Bollard

A strong wind blew across the bay A word for happiness on that day The workers board their trains for home Their shirts were dirty and damp

And I stood there just like before A nod from a stud or a smile from a whore It all seemed so impermanent though I think that it never will change

I went down the old narrow road That leads to the shore and to Sally's old boat I went aboard and I rowed away To get to the other side

And they all lit a fire on the beach that night And all their troubles were out of sight I just walked in and I tied the boat To a tree in the edge of the wood

And they all sang a song called the bottle of smoke They blew their whistles; Their drums they stroke And the fair young ladies they danced in the night To the sound of the band in the flickering light