

# 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