

## Northern Industrial Town

Billy Bragg

It's just a northern industrial town  
The front doors of the houses open into the street  
There's no room for front gardens  
Just a two-up, two-down  
In a northern industrial town

And you can see the green hills 'cross the rooftops  
And a fresher wind blows past the end of our block  
In the evenings the mist comes rolling on down  
Into a northern industrial town

And there's only two teams in this town  
And you must follow one or the other  
Let us win, let them lose  
Not the other way round  
In a northern industrial town

And the streetlights look pretty and bright  
From the tops of the hills that rise dark in the night  
If it weren't for the rain, you might never come down  
To your northern industrial town

And on payday they tear the place down  
With a pint in your hand and a bash 'em out band  
Sure they'd dance to the rhythm of the rain falling down  
In a northern industrial town

And there's plenty of artists around  
Painters, steal cars, poets, nicked guitars  
'Cause we're out of the black and we're into the red  
So give us this day our daily bread  
In a northern industrial town

But it's not Leeds or Manchester  
Liverpool, Sheffield nor Glasgow  
It's not Newcastle-on-Thyne  
It's Belfast  
It's just a northern industrial town

Merry Christmas, war is over  
In a northern industrial town