

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