

# Steel

Bob Catley

Sometimes these tired old streets can feel strange  
I watch the tumbleweed now, where I used to play  
What I felt way back then was called 'change'  
Just like a thundercloud from the horizon it came

And from the start, it took control  
It burnt its way inside this soul  
It broke this heart, it cracked these bones  
As deep inside we turned to stone...

I could never change the way I feel, only this is surreal  
And trampled just like dust beneath the heels of industrial steel

The riverbed has cracked to its clay  
And it's been centuries now, since I tasted rain  
The echoes only whisper these days  
To stir the ghosts of this town where shadows remain

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