

# Yesterday's Men

Celtic Thunder

'Twas Joey the Weasel that gave us the wire  
They were closing our factory down  
Though we didn't believe him and we called him a liar  
The redundancy letters came round  
As we read them in silence, I choked back a tear  
It was hard to believe after twenty-odd years

Farewell my companions, my friends and my workmates  
Farewell to the paydays, the pints and the craic  
Oh, We gave them our best years  
Now they've paid us back  
By making us yesterday's men  
Sure as hell By making us yesterday's men

So we said our goodbyes by the factory gates  
One cold Friday evening last year  
And I saw it all there in the eyes of ma mates  
The anger, the sadness, the fear  
Like our fathers before us we worked there with pride  
Now we fought back the bitterness burning inside

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Ah, now Jimmy, said she,  
Give the kids a few bob,  
After all, sure it is Friday night  
But how could I tell her I was out of a job  
From now on things were going to be tight  
How well I remember it cut like a knife  
I was never a day on the dole in my life

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The machines now are silent, the workbenches bare  
And there's dust on the factory floor  
They've boarded the windows and have chained up the gates  
And have padlocked the factory door  
Now I'm on the scrap-heap, and I'm thirty-nine  
Just one of the hundreds, shot down in my prime

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