

## On Morecambe Bay

Christy Moore

Out beyond the street lamps where the calliopes roar  
Past the rack and samphire, beyond the shore  
I've seen them walking through the tide as rain cuts through the spray  
Chinese cockle-pickers on the sands of Morecambe Bay

I stood behind them in the corner shop and in the market too  
I should have spoken to them, told them everything I knew  
Like our mothers told us as we went out to play  
Never try and race the tide on the sands of Morecambe Bay

For the tide is The Devil, it will run you out of breath  
Race you to the seashore, chase you to your death  
The tide is the very Devil and the Devil has its day  
On the lonely cockle banks of Morecambe Bay

Saw them sending money orders home, all their hard earned pay  
Tales of crossing borders on the road to Morecambe Bay  
Sleeping in crowded rooms on cold hard floors  
Such dreamless life is not worth dying for

I see them in the distance, laid out in the morning light  
23 migrant workers were drowned last night  
Their final phonecalls halfway round the world crossed  
As between the river estuaries they raced the tide and lost

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In Fujian and Zeeland they mourn their next of kin  
Gang masters with snake tattoos call money loans back in  
Broked hearted parents watch their children stow away  
To the lonely cockle banks of Morecambe Bay

The tide is the very Devil and The Devil has its day  
On the lonely cockle banks of Morecambe Bay