

I see the rubble alongside the river and shout
"It's time we started looking again!"
We seen it before, except then it was standing
Seen the demolition, hand in hand
We watch the cars zoom past
Seems like nothing's ever gonna last
Is this change? Or merely destruction?
Wait a few months and here's the construction
Of another supermarket, as shops close down
Redundancy money like a dressing gown - like a dressing gown
Barely hiding the naked fear
Of being recognised - "I used to work here"
Staring at the rubble was bad enough
So we look to the river instead
Comparison, no! It couldn't be so!
This one flows and the other is dead
Comparison, no! It couldn't be so!
Comparison, no! It wouldn't be so!
But the swans have gone with the current - moved on
And the trees have rotted away
The bridge that joined workers and nature
Now a viewpoint to view the decay
We walk round the city a few times more
And the repetition makes us numb
Built on a river that keeps the score
Of replaceable scenery - What was won
Is lost - And the cost is rising
Pride in the city and it's horizons
Killed by the slow destruction
Of places to live - Now the only function
That reaps rewards is profit
And the making of it
Can't afford to look after the poor
If they really want more - we've got it
The price is lifelong dedication
To the status quo of this consumer nation
Offer no alternative, don't talk back
Work for twenty years then get the sack
Or not! How much have you got?
What kind of strength can take you
The length of the ladder?
Can you reach the top? Is it madder
Or saner to stay off the rungs
And start complaining?
About the endless waste, the draining
Off of human inspiration
Where people and labour
And buildings and nature are wasted
Got a taste of it
Stood by the rubble, by the river, on a bridge