

Well I work the double shift
In a bookstore on st. clair
While he pushed the burning ingots
In dofasco stinking air
Where the truth bites and stings
I remember just what we were
As the noon bell rings for
Blackhawk and the white winged dove

Hold on to your aching heart
I'll wipe the liquor from your lips
A small town hero never dies
He fades a bit and then he slips
Down into the blast furnace
In the heat of the open hearth
And at the punch clock he remembers
Blackhawk and the white winged dove

I remember your leather boots
Pointing up into the sky
We fell down to our knees
Over there where the grass grew high
Love hunters in the night
Our faces turned into the wind
Blackhawk where are you know
Blackhawk and the white winged dove
We were blackhawk where are you know
We were blackhawk where are you know

Do you still have the ring I gave you
On the banks of lake bear
Where I felt certain that I knew you
My cool and distant debonair
Now we drink at liberty station
Another cup of muscatel
Wrapped in the strong arms of the union
Raisin' kids from raisin' hell