

We walk every morning in silence
Past the mills on Whetley Lane
Where the lights went out for the very last time
And they never came on again
The spokesman all shred crocodiles tears
In the glory of the News at Ten
But the proudest eyes are long since dry
And they're never going to cry again

Dear Friend, I salute your courage and I toast to your health
And I wish you all the luck in the whole wide world
May you never be broken like they say you will

Waking up sudden from a nightmare - you were walking the line i
n pain
With a shaven head to the slaughterhouse and you never came bac
k again
But she took me in her arms and she held me
Close tight for a minute or two
And we laughed and smiled and closed our eyes
Slept again thinking of you
And the way that it is, the way that it really is
With the money talking and a scapegoat lover
With the painted face of a scolding mother
And I salute your courage and I toast to your health
And I wish you all the luck in the whole wide world
May you never be broken like they say you will be

Now lost in time, cut off from history
This is not knowledge, this is information