

Walking Through A Wasted Land

Richard Thompson

I'm walking through a wasted land
Of soft sell concrete and rust
What ever happened to this country?
Where is the hand you can trust?
Walk down, walk down, walk down

I remember when a farmer was ashamed
If he never put his hand to a plough
You can buy a lot of shame with your money
He's riding in a limousine now
Walk down, walk down, walk down, walk down!

Sweat is the name of this town
It's an ugly old, dirty old disgrace
And now that the steel's shut down
It's fear puts the sweat in a man's face
Walk down, walk down, walk down

Oh now I should have a break like you
But somebody stacked up the decks
Heads are going to roll some day
If we ever get this yoke off our necks
Walk down, walk down, walk down, oh

Well I'm walking through a wasted land
I'm walking through a wasted land
Where is the future we planned
I'm walking through a wasted land
Walk down, walk down, walk down, walk down!