My father used to work the seam
Far below the ground
Digging for the coal to melt the steel
But now he stands a lonely man
Idle and forlorn
Just like the iron wheels
That took him down

I can't stop my tears from falling
Falling down like rain
Your words of wisdom
Call to me
I hang my head in shame
We're living in the calm before the storm
We're living in the calm before the storm

He used to be the fisherman
Who sailed the mighty sea
Searching for the harvest from the deep
But now the fleets are rusting hulks
Anchored at the quay
Floating on a cold gray empty sea

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My father was a working man He gave his life to me His spirit reaches out through time And guides my destiny

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