

Hard Road

Seth Lakeman

Round about these sordid streets
Grimy faces and dusty feet
Racked and soiled, the faded air
Another dose for those who dare
The aching sounds of machines asleep
Daylight hours they quietly creep
Steel and iron, spit and choke
Ignite the dreams that you once spoke

Chorus:

It's a hard road on your own
A hard road and you can't let go
A hard road on your own
A hard road and you can't let go

A whistle howls behind tall gates
Shattered glass as the morning breaks
All around you shadows crawl
Clocks and keys divide us all
Spark and spew, the metal flies
The embers rain and flood our pride
Tip the furnace, cast the mould
The end will lie when the money folds
Chorus:

Our clothes are stained with dust and dirt
As we leave this faded factory church
Through bitter winds and keep-out signs
Pass the gates we walk the line
When you're old in fields of waste
With leather hands and wrinkled face
The riches found in twilight rain
Will soak the sweat of labour's pain
Chorus: