

# 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: