

Tales of the Riverbank

The Lightning Seeds

Fourteen hours of working shifts
In early morning Mersey mists
Too tired to taste the cornflakes on your tongue

As morning hits the docks
You dream of all the ships there must have been
I river full of everything that it's not
And if your life's not meant to feel like this
Maybe it's time for someone to resist

The riverbank could tell you tales
Of working lives, ship with sails
Jobs were passed from fathers to their sons
Sometimes it comes down to you
The many to protect the few
Unless you cross the line your jobs are gone

If it takes a thousand days we'll never stop
Tel it a thousand ways you'll still be wrong

Not a word in the morning paper
Feels like we've been out for ages
Maybe unions and players won't save us
But there's nothing on earth can break us

The strength to load a thousand ships
But willing hands can turn to fists
On picket lines emotions feelings overflow
A decent job for decent pay
To fight if thats the only way
The union says well tough your on your own

If it takes a thousand days we'll never stop
Tell it a thousand ways you'll still be wrong

Not a word in the morning papers
Feels like we've been out for ages
The unions and prayers won't save us
There's nothing on earth can break us