

Abernant 1984/5

The Mekons

The wind and the rain beat on his fair head
As he stood in the darkness wishing he was dead
Only seventeen when he went down the mine
And it's a year that he's been out on the line

Bitter tears rolled down his cheek
He couldn't stand to hear talk of defeat
Despair in a terraced house and ghosts from the past
The living death they'd fought is here at last

The weeds choke and the rust corrodes
You'd think it'd have been fifty years
Since the place was closed
Vengeance is not ours it belongs to those
Who seek to destroy us
How much more is there left to lose?