

## Stick It

Chris Rea

The steel mill closes down tonight  
As the dying embers fade  
And all the guys are too tired for tears  
Checking their final pay  
Those razored sabres of steel they made  
They never got to hold  
So many sold, millions  
Silence in the bar tonight  
And some aren't even here  
And red eyes gaze uncertainly  
Deep down into their beer  
And the holy ghost surrounds you with faith  
And peace of mind  
And love is all around you everywhere

Stick it  
Stick it out

We're sure if you try  
You'll get by  
Find a way

Stick it  
Stick it out

We're sure if you try  
You'll get by  
Find a way

They tell you it's all over  
They don't need you anymore  
You hear him shout "bring the next one in"  
As you're walking out the door  
Decisions for so many dictated by so few  
A free man for the first time  
What are you gonna do now

Stick it  
Stick it out

We're sure if you try  
You'll get by  
Find a way