

Lost And Gone

Bert Jansch

What a bloody shame: lost and gone, the quietness of the rolling Scray

Having lost my home, no more to fish and swim in the Soolscray

Gone are the hills and the misty valleys; the pipeline's coming through

Gone are the streams where the salmon leaps; the pipeline's coming through

A city born, spreading over all; watch it take its hold

Like a barren tree, just a silhouette of black upon gold

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It's a bloody shame: eight thousand years of nature's mysterious ways

All torn apart and in her place the starkness of an industrial waste

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