The Underfall Yard

Big Big Train

Steel in the skies and the road,
somehow travelling far.
Chasing a dream of the west
made with iron and stone.

These are old hills that stand in the way
breaking the line.
It came out of the storm,
out of the sea
to the permanent way
Using just available light,
he could still see far.

Deep in the heart of the land
breaking through the old stone.
Chasing the trail of the water
down through underground streams.

Working the way through the valleys and fields,
grass grown hills and stone.
Parting the land
with the mark of man,
the permanent way,
Using just available light,
he could still see far skies,
deep time.

These are old places stood in the way.
Low cloud comes to ground.
The grey and the green and the bold and the brave
on the permanent way.
Using just available light,
he could still see far.
Using just available light,
he could still see far.

Twelve stones from the water
continents apart
the clouds are gathering again,
filling up the sky,
it rains on England.

Roofless engine houses
distant hills like bookends
frame electrical storms
moving out to sea
away from England.

Those days have gone, those days...

Those days have gone,
their names are lost
the stories left untold.
Under an ordinary star
we are just moments of time,
it is the end of the line
this place is worked out.

Those days have gone.
their names are lost
the stories left untold.

A faultline opens in the ground
waves make their way to the shore,
this is the end of the line,
time worn and broken.

These things have faded with the light
few know the stories now,
this is the end of the line,
time worn and broken.
Under steel grey skies
he is drawn across the river.
No bands played,
there was no sound.
A sunray met the dark
of the fuller's earth.
It is gone now.
It is over.

All good things and everything...
this used to be a railway town
now we're travelling without knowing,
without meaning.

Light bleeds from the world,
Starcross, the Underfall Yard,
the iron and the stone is broken,
the dream of the Western mind,
searching for reason
is gone now.

These are old places stood in the way,
grass grown hills and stone.
Parting the land
with the mark of man,
the permanent way,
Using just available light,
he could still see far.

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