

The Borough Mill

Bobby Long

Chained to a Wounded Gun again,
Firing Blood on Blood,
Lost among the empty spills,
With a hound of hell in love.

A Saviour on the Picket Line,
Souls do crack and tears will roll,
The Odious Sweat of the Borough Mill,
So this time will take its toll.

Far Away,
Far Away,
To have the tide and turn.

Far Away,
Far Away,
To rush the day and learn,
To rush the day and learn.

As Edna plays the serenade,
Faded to a black and tan,
The coal draws black on chimney spires,
For all those working men.

She Lost her love on old red brick,
Spitting up iron lungs,
She's chained to a wounded gun again,
And her Boys were oh so young.

Far Away,
Far Away,
To have the tide and turn.

Far Away,
Far Away,
To rush the day and learn,
To rush the day and.