

I see the rubble alongside the river and shout  
"It's time we started looking again!"  
We seen it before, except then it was standing  
Seen the demolition, hand in hand  
We watch the cars zoom past  
Seems like nothing's ever gonna last  
Is this change? Or merely destruction?  
Wait a few months and here's the construction  
Of another supermarket, as shops close down  
Redundancy money like a dressing gown - like a dressing gown  
Barely hiding the naked fear  
Of being recognised - "I used to work here"  
Staring at the rubble was bad enough  
So we look to the river instead  
Comparison, no! It couldn't be so!  
This one flows and the other is dead  
Comparison, no! It couldn't be so!  
Comparison, no! It wouldn't be so!  
But the swans have gone with the current - moved on  
And the trees have rotted away  
The bridge that joined workers and nature  
Now a viewpoint to view the decay  
We walk round the city a few times more  
And the repetition makes us numb  
Built on a river that keeps the score  
Of replaceable scenery - What was won  
Is lost - And the cost is rising  
Pride in the city and it's horizons  
Killed by the slow destruction  
Of places to live - Now the only function  
That reaps rewards is profit  
And the making of it  
Can't afford to look after the poor  
If they really want more - we've got it  
The price is lifelong dedication  
To the status quo of this consumer nation  
Offer no alternative, don't talk back  
Work for twenty years then get the sack  
Or not! How much have you got?  
What kind of strength can take you  
The length of the ladder?  
Can you reach the top? Is it madder  
Or saner to stay off the rungs  
And start complaining?  
About the endless waste, the draining  
Off of human inspiration  
Where people and labour  
And buildings and nature are wasted  
Got a taste of it  
Stood by the rubble, by the river, on a bridge