

This managed decline won't be televised
Our days are numbered on the picket line
We're destitute and we're demoralised
Our suffering disguised as pride
If you won't give it, then, we'll fucking take it
Was told from early that we'll never make it
That this is all you'll ever be
You'll live and die on the banks of the Mersey

Our suffering sold as pride
The memories plague your mind
The river is dragged and dried
Only the dirt is real
Ghosts of the docks and the factories
Are spectres of somebody's history
The river runs everything out to sea
But we're still here

From Canning Town to Birkenhead
The working class is as good as dead
If you won't give it, then, we'll fucking take it
Was told from early that we'll never make it

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But we're still here
But we're still here
Yeah, we're still here

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