

Industrial Child

Jack Bruce

Tell you a story of grief and grime
About a time left behind
So many people without a chance
Lost their place in the dance

Big ships stopped berthing
They're lost in the Clyde
All denied
Hear the tears
City still smokes with fear
Ghostly kids every year

I'll tell you a story 'bout coal and steel
So real

Hope keeps on losing
The money that's running the town
Coming down
Lights keep on hiding their eyes
There's no room for surprise

I'll tell you a story could wake the streets
From sleep

They closed down the stations
For whole generations of trains
In the grey rain

I'll tell you a story I can't forget
Tell you of faces that I remember yet