

Here We Stand

Ralph McTell

Why hey big brother down there in London town
How well I remember your clothes all ripped down
With your football games and your hoop and cane
Such a big strong lad you were back then

Why hey little brother up there in Northumberland
It's been many a year since we played on the sand
And you've grown so tall, you're a fine young man
Ploughing all those fields on our father's land

And here we stand at opposite ends of this pleasant land
The years have flown, I miss you so I hope you've always known

Why hey big brother of mine, just thought I'd call
To find out how you're doing in this big wide world
Huh, with your suit and tie and your big red guitar
You followed your dream, aye you've come so far

Well, hey little brother up there miles keep us apart
How I miss your easy smile and your big, big heart
As you till the soil, and you plough the fields
I'm so damn proud, you're the man of means

And here we stand I've come so far to shake your hand
Before we grow too old, the door is open wide, so come in, so c
ome on in, come out of the cold

And here we stand on solid ground not shifting sands
No gulf too wide, cos we will always cross that great divide

And here we stand we were at opposite ends of this pleasant lan
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Let's drink a toast or two? well, now I'll drink to you, brothe
r
No, I will drink to you