

Ravenscraig

Runrig

Word came like a hammer
Night fell down like a shroud
And it's caught me drinking, trying to turn back the clock
Through this industrial ghost town

I've known graft and I've voted well
Trying to keep the Lowlands red
But all I gets control in foreign hands
Other colours instead

All I want is a roof over my head
All I want is a steady job
All I want to do is say I love you
With every penny I've got
And all I think about are Debbie and Jane
To give them some kind of chance in life
But the long road running out the strip mill gate
Has got me walking that line

We never stretched our dance hall dreams
We got it just about right
There's little escape from a working town
And from a working life

I placed my future in the palm of your hand
One autumn Friday at the Church of All Saints
There's no investment here in life or in love
And now it's getting too late

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