

## Our Forgotten Towns

The Levellers

Remember those parades and the county fair  
Wearing Sunday best, so debonair  
Now only ghostly spectres brawl  
Echo the pavement's hard footfall  
Torn by wind through empty roads  
On the closed by-pass, abandoned loads  
No ferry boat, pub or general store  
There's nowhere open here any more.

Our forgotten towns are calling  
The death of Albion they're mourning  
Cracks show in the market halls  
Dying in the shadow of a shopping mall

These are our forgotten towns  
Slowly raised now quickly drowned  
A legacy of industrial jails  
The steelworks rusting and the concrete fails.

Our forgotten towns are calling  
The death of Albion they're mourning  
Cracks show in the market halls  
Dying in the shadow of a shopping mall

One more community implodes  
And you're nothing, nobody  
Just another barcode