

Tall Ships

Wolfstone

They used to make them tall
Now there are no shipyards here at all
They used to dig for coal here
They used to scrape and crawl
Now there are no coalfields here at all

Chorus:

Steelmen miners shipwrights and sailors
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We'll never see their like again
No more workers
It's gone the way of all good things
They used to forge their steel there
They'd sweat through every pore
Now there are no steel works anymore
They used to land their catch here
The silver darlings run
Ah but now the fishing is all gone
Tall masts would sail from shipyards
"Pride of the Clyde" they'd say
Now all the ships have gone away

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