

Black Trade

The Unthanks

All you welders and riveters
And boy smiths and plate man
You gaidgers and pipefitters
Sparks and sheet metal workers
You ricers and copper smiths
Red letters and hard drinkers
Callers and lakers
You pullers and dappers

Half seven horners you crawl as a mob
From the gates into hell with a tab in your gob
Eight box a peace poke a hammering down
A day lasts a life time and life is a job
When youâ€™re black trade
Youâ€™re just black trade

Your family needs you to do as needs must
To the mercy of metal and madness you trust
In the keels and the girders dappers and dust
And a deadly concoction of sweat fumes and rust
â€™Cause youâ€™re black trade
Youâ€™re just black trade

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The bane of your life lays their snug in the slips
Sheâ€™s round at the stern and sheâ€™s wide at the hips
Sheâ€™s proud in the bow and a pout on her lips
Says this countries an island and an island needs ships
And youâ€™re black trade
Youâ€™re just black trade

And the drafts men and joiners come all spick and span

With their overalls crease shaped and tied to your wan
When youâ€™re up to your eyes and their

as tan

Youâ€™ll be fitting in with them one day if you can
â€˜Cause youâ€™re black trade
Youâ€™re just black trade

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Lyrics submitted by Peggy Cook.

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