Steeltown

Red Guitars

Here I stand with my own kin
At the end of everything
Finally the dream has gone
I've nothing left to hang uponI came here with all my friends
Leaving behind the wait of years
Leaving alone in a flood of tears
Out on a prospect that never endsAll the landscape was the mill
Grim as the reaper with a heart like hell
With a river of bodies flowing with the bell
Here was a future for hands of hellWe built it all with our own hands
But who could know we built on sand
But now it's barren all too soon
There's no miracle in ruinWe set the flame and it burned so blue
With open eyes I watched it grow
A sea of palms in an ocean of snow
Hands with the courage to start anewHere was a home for the lost and scared
Out of the yards and dry docks
The call of the steel that would never stop
There was a refuge for those who daredIn a steeltown, when the heat's on
I went down and the heat turned on me
In a steeltown, when the heat's on
I went down and the heat turned on meAnd here I stand with my own kin
At the end of everything
Finally the dream has gone
I've nothing left to hang uponIn a steeltown, when the heat's on
I went down and the heat turned on me
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