

Tales of the Riverbank

Lightning Seeds

Fourteen hours of working shifts
In early morning Mersey mists
Too tired to taste
The cornflakes on your tongueAs morning hits the docks
You dream of all the ships there must have been
A river full of everything that it's not
And if your life's not meant to feel like this
Maybe it's time for someone to resistThe riverbank could tell you tales
Of working lives, ship with sails
Jobs were passed from fathers to their sonsSometimes it comes down to you
The many to protect the few
Unless you cross the line your jobs are goneIf it takes a thousand days, we'll never stop
Tell it a thousand ways, you'll still be wrongNot a word in the morning paper
Feels like we've been out for ages
Maybe unions and prayers won't save us
But there's nothing on earth can break usThe strength to load a thousand ships
But willing hands can turn to fists
On picket lines emotions feelings overflowA decent job for decent pay
To fight if that's the only way
The union says well tough you're on your ownIf it takes a thousand days we'll never stop
Tell it a thousand ways you'll still be wrongNot a word in the morning papers
Feels like we've been out for ages
The unions and prayers won't save us
There's nothing on earth can break us

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