

# 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  
Steelmen miners shipwrights and sailors  
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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