

Yesterday's Men

Into Paradise

'Twas Joey the Weasel that gave us the wire

They were closing our factory down

Though we didn't believe him and we called him a liar

The redundancy letters came round

As we read them in silence, I choked back a tear

It was hard to believe after twenty-odd yearsFarewell my companions, my friends and my workmates

Farewell to the paydays, the pints and the craic

Oh, We gave them our best years now they've paid us back

By making us yesterday's men

Sure as hell

By making us yesterday's menSo we said our goodbyes by the factory gates

One cold Friday evening last year

And I saw it all there in the eyes of ma mates

The anger, the sadness, the fear

Like our fathers before us we worked there with pride

Now we fought back the bitterness burning insideFarewell my companions, my friends and my workmates

Farewell to the paydays, the pints and the craic

Oh we gave them our best years now they've paid us back

By making us yesterday's men

Sure as hell

By making us yesterday's menAh, now Jimmy, said she,

Give the kids a few bob,

After all, sure it is Friday night

But how could I tell her I was out of a job

From now on things were going to be tight

How well I remember it cut like a knife

I was never a day on the dole in my lifeFarewell my companions, my friends and my workmates

Farewell to the paydays, the pints and the craic

Oh, We gave them our best years now they've paid us back

By making us yesterday's men

Sure as hell

By making us yesterday's menThe machines now are silent, the workbenches bare

And there's dust on the factory floor

They've boarded the windows and have chained up the gates

And have padlocked the factory door

Now I'm on the scrap-heap, and I'm thirty-nine

Just one of the hundreds, shot down in my primeFarewell my companions, my friends and my workmates

Farewell to the paydays, the pints and the craic

Oh, We gave them our best years now they've paid us back

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By making us yesterday's men
Farewell my companions, my friends and my workmates
Farewell to the paydays, the pints and the craic
Oh, We gave them our best years now they've paid us back
By making us yesterday's men
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