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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