

# The Bollard

## Wuthering Heights

A strong wind blew across the bay  
A word for happiness on that day  
The workers board their trains for home  
Their shirts were dirty and damp And I stood there just like before  
A nod from a stud or a smile from a whore  
It all seemed so impermanent though  
I think that it never will change I went down the old narrow road  
That leads to the shore and to Sally's old boat  
I went aboard and I rowed away  
To get to the other side And they all lit a fire on the beach that night  
And all their troubles were out of sight  
I just walked in and I tied the boat  
To a tree in the edge of the wood And they all sang a song called the bottle of smoke  
They blew their whistles... Their drums they stroke  
And the fair young ladies they danced in the night  
To the sound of the band in the flickering light

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