Manchester

G.MacDermot

Plains and painted trees, the long south willow street
A raging river turning.
Feelings never change, the names remain the same, and children go on learning.

Like all the town she fights, she prays she'll do it right.
With nature's sounds to guide her safely through the night.

All of Manchester together to carry on the weight that is life, that has changed over night
Let the good lend their hand and the old teach the young.
This is all of Manchester together to carry us on

Shades of red and white in the blinking of an eye, the blues not far behind.
Free to live for the price of the cold November night,
A chill that never dies

Like all the town she fights, she prays she'll do it right.
With nature's sounds to guide her safely through the night.

All of Manchester together to carry on the weight that is life, that has changed over night
Let the good lend their hand and the old teach the young.
This is all of Manchester together to carry us on

All of Manchester

Father Roger speaks, he brings us to our knees
Oh it's beautiful

All of Manchester together to carry on the weight that is life, that has changed over night
Let the good lend their hand and the old teach the young.
This is all of Manchester together to carry us on

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