

## **Last Light On The Row**

Watch the clock as it passes each hour  
Another blight it will bring to your door  
Beware the new age, turning each page  
Another light will go out on the row  
Another light will go out on the row

Our boats sold and rusting away  
The last of the nets stowed away  
From Fleetwood to Shields, the golden age yields  
The fish harbour lights are now dim

From the Humber, the Tees and Tynemouth  
Even more jobs are lost to the south  
Another factory is sold, more skill on the dole  
The buyers don't pay for lost souls

Shipyard gates closed there's no world demand  
The jetty soon silted and sand  
Steelworks are shutdown, the grass grows around  
The can a' tea cabin lights gone

Another coal dusty pit head is closed  
The new age decreed it be so  
Old miner he stands, his coal calloused hands  
Tears stain the coal that he's hewed

Watch the clock as it passes each hour  
Another blight it will bring to your door  
Beware the new age, turning each page  
And watch the last light go out on the row  
Watch the last light go out on the row

