

Teesside & Yorkshire

*Tis Teesside & Yorkshire that's still in my blood
The romance of the nasty fumes, the dales that mean good
For my homes in the smoke by that cold mucky river
And my ancestors came o'er the wind bitten heather*

While others are leaving to find pastures of plenty
From cold concrete rows and signs of no entry
I'm satisfied sitting by my own River Tees
Out by the Gare where the winds make you freeze

Then I turn to the south and I see the high hills
Where the cold open moors and the high rugged fells
Look down over Blakey, the Cross and Ryedale
And beauty looks down, on the beast of Tees vale

From Dormans who make the steel finest of all
To Wilton and Billingham you must make a call
For here's the Transporter the Newport Bridge too
And that isn't all we've got better than you

So from Ayton, Chop Gate aye and Kildale an'all
To the Boro' and Stockton to the Tees river call
Lets lift up our jars and drink a toast to the tees
From the gritty old docks to the Gare where you freeze