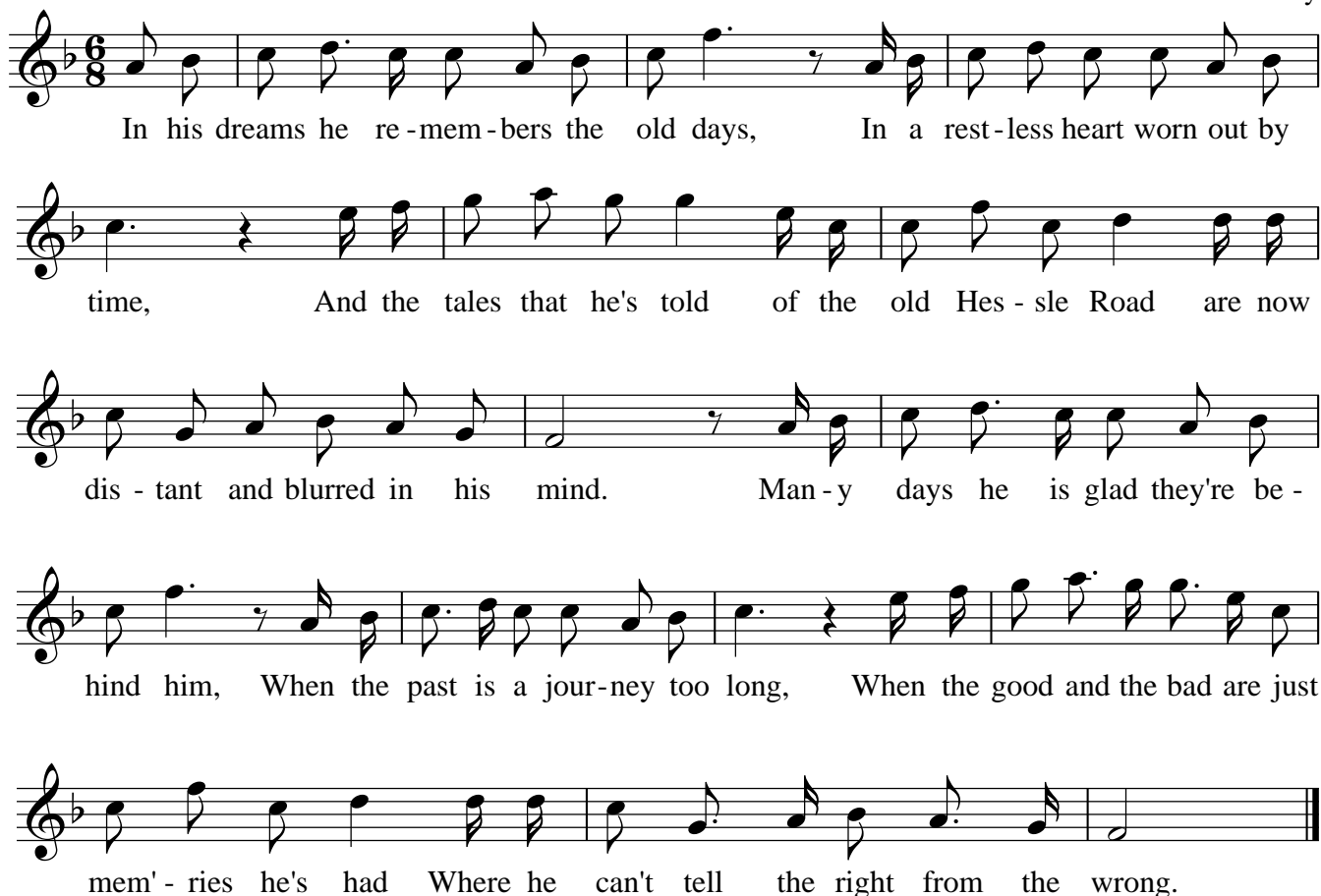


Lament

TYG 93

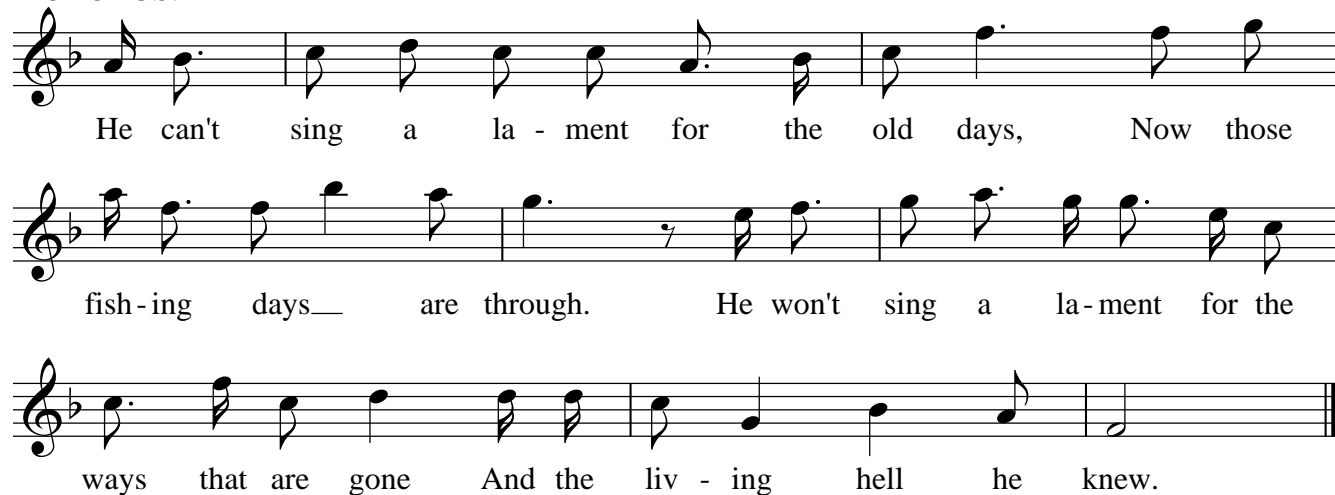
Words and music by
Linda Kelly

VERSE:



In his dreams he re-mem-bers the old days, In a rest-less heart worn out by
time, And the tales that he's told of the old Hes - sle Road are now
dis - tant and blurred in his mind. Man - y days he is glad they're be -
hind him, When the past is a jour-ney too long, When the good and the bad are just
mem' - ries he's had Where he can't tell the right from the wrong.

CHORUS:



He can't sing a la - ment for the old days, Now those
fish - ing days— are through. He won't sing a la - ment for the
ways that are gone And the liv - ing hell he knew.

N.B. The single line after
verse 4 is sung to
the tune of the first
2½ bars of the chorus



1. In his dreams he remembers the old days,
 In a restless heart worn out by time,
 And the tales that he's told of the old Hesse Road
 Are now distant and blurred in his mind.
 Many days he is glad they're behind him,
 When the past is a journey too long,
 When the good and the bad are just memories he's had
 Where he can't tell the right from the wrong.

Chorus: He can't sing a lament for the old days,
 Now those fishing days are through.
 He won't sing a lament for the ways that are gone
 And the living hell he knew.

2. There were small cobbled tenfoots and alleys,
 He remembers the filth and the grime,
 And his ma's biggest deal was to find the next meal
 And the men were all old before time.
 There were fathers and sons both together
 Would sail out on the early morn's tide,
 And the mothers and wives feared the worst for their lives
 And for those that the men left behind.

Chorus

3. He remembers the town from the old days,
 And the smell of the fish and the sea,
 Of the times he was hungry but never let on,
 Just one starving mouth more to feed.
 He can picture the girls on street corners,
 When the men were away at the trawl,
 When a few shillings more turned a wife to a whore,
 He still can't make sense of it all.

Chorus

4. So don't ask what he thinks of the old days,
 Now bulldozers are changing the land,
 If he had the last call he would damn one and all,
 And tear down the lot with his hands.

In his dreams he remembers the old days.