

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