

## THE NORTH WALL

I went down dock this morning, where I used to earn my pay  
And walked by empty berths, where deep-sea trawlers used to lay  
Where we fitted out their engines, the diesel & the steam  
But their mighty power is gone, & now they're just an old man's dream

**And I know with each new generation everything must change  
Of the good things we once took for granted not much now remains  
But I ask the rain that rattles all along the bleak North Wall  
Could they not have left a little - did they have to take it all?**

We hadn't long to turn them round, for the fishing  
mustn't stop  
And when new parts were needed, then we'd make them in  
the shop  
They were glorious grand old ladies - I wish someone  
would explain  
Why they're scrapped, or half way round the world, &  
won't sail home again



I've drunk my share with trawlermen, with hands  
as hard as nails  
All risked their lives for small rewards - some  
perished in the gales  
But they were only casual labour, signing on from  
trip to trip  
So they got no compensation when they were  
signed off their last ship



When the Dogger Bank was flourishing, it was plundered night & day  
Not a thought for conservation, for there were shareholders to pay  
And not content with plenty, competition knew no bounds  
Private enterprise prevailed, & finished off our fishing grounds



Now all I've left are memories of the diesel oil &  
grime  
And the mucky, damp conditions that made me old  
before my time  
Though the memories aren't all bitter - for there  
were good times after all  
But I think I'll not return again to this empty,  
bleak North Wall