

Harold's Best Men
By:Alistair Hulett

Wor work is taken from us now; they've closed the pit doon;
There's eighty-five per cent unemployed in this toon;
On days filled wi' sorrow that strang beer cannae droon,
A fiver will buy ye a bag o' the broon.
We were Harold's "best men" when the pulley wheels ran;
Noo, Johnny Miner is Johnny "the man."

An ill wind blows doon Cutters Lane that brings naebody good;
It reeks of paregoric, and it stains the walls wi' blood;
There's needles in the gutter across the neighborhood;
We're told oor weans are turnin' oot nae better than they should.
We were Harold's "best men" when the pulley wheels ran;
Noo, Johnny Miner is Johnny "the man."

When the dogs of war were barkin' for mair squaddies' blood tae run,
They took oor picks and shovels; they gi'ed us tommy guns;
Marched us tae the trenches; lined us up against the Hun;
The frightened sons of mothers slaughtered other mothers' sons.
We were Harold's "best men" when the pulley wheels ran;
Noo, Johnny Miner is Johnny "the man."

And Mother Nature's cupboard's bare;
There's too many mouths tae feed:
That's what the king o' the stockpile says
When he pisses on the ones in need;
There's always cash for palaces; there's always cash for war;
None for the land of hope that we fought for.

The supermarket's empty now; the stairwell's filled wi' bricks;
The bank's have moved away, and there's nothin' at the flicks;
Accordin' tae the papers, we're vandals in the sticks
Cause Johnny's lost his job noo he steals tae buy a fix.
When the pulley wheels ran, we were Harold's "best men;"
Noo, it's a' turned tae rust, but we'll not be fooled again.

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