

## **Lightning Seeds**

### **"Tales Of The Riverbank"**

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Fourteen hours of working shifts  
In early morning Mersey mists  
Too tired to taste the cornflakes on your tongue

As morning hits the docks  
You dream of all the ships there must have been  
I river full of everything that it's not  
And if your life's not meant to feel like this  
Maybe it's time for someone to resist

The riverbank could tell you tales  
Of working lives, ship with sails  
Jobs were passed from fathers to their sons  
Sometimes it comes down to you  
The many to protect the few  
Unless you cross the line your jobs are gone

If it takes a thousand days we'll never stop  
Tel it a thousand ways you'll still be wrong

Not a word in the morning paper  
Feels like we've been out for ages  
Maybe unions and players won't save us  
But there's nothing on earth can break us

The strength to load a thousand ships  
But willing hands can turn to fists  
On picket lines emotions feelings overflow  
A decent job for decent pay  
To fight if thats the only way  
The union says well tough your on your own

If it takes a thousand days we'll never stop  
Tell it a thousand ways you'll still be wrong

Not a word in the morning papers  
Feels like we've been out for ages  
The unions and prayers won't save us  
There's nothing on earth can break us

