

## Mark King

### "Silvertown Blues"

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On Silvertown way the cranes stand high  
Quiet and gray against the still of the sky  
They won't quit and lay down though the action has  
died  
They watch the new game in town on the Blackwall side

From the poisonous drains a vision appears  
A new circle of cranes, a new reason to be here  
A big silver dome rising up into the dawn  
Above the church and the homes where all the silver is  
gone

If I'd a bucket of gold, what would I do  
I'd leave the story untold Silvertown blues  
Going down in Silvertown  
Down in Silvertown  
Going down in Silvertown  
Down in Silvertown

A silver dawn steals over the docks  
A truck with no wheels up on the cinderblocks  
Men with no dreams around a fire in a drum  
Scrap metal schemes rusted over and done

If I'd a bucket of gold, silver would do  
I'd leave the story untold Silvertown blues  
And I'm going down in Silvertown  
Down in Silvertown  
Going down in Silvertown  
Down in Silvertown

When you're standing on thin and dangerous ice  
You can knock and walk in for citizens' advice  
They'll tell you where you can turn, where you can go  
There's nothing they can tell me I don't already know

If I'd a bucket of gold, silver would do  
I'd leave the story untold Silvertown blues  
And I'm going down in Silvertown  
Down in Silvertown  
Going down in Silvertown

Down in Silvertown

From the Canning Town train I see a billboard high  
There's a big silver plane rising up into the sky  
And I can make out the words 'seven flights every day'  
Says six of those birds are bound for JFK

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