

Nits "Cranedriver"

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(Hofstede/Kloet/Stips - Hofstede)

It's early in the morning

He's climbing up

The ladder to the top

Of his crane

He's smoking a cigarette

In his cockpit of glass

Look down

The town's

Still asleep

Peter and I were walking

Along the long canal

We could smell the factory

Smoke

Dirty filling-station

We arranged the row of cans

Till they said so so so so

Cranedriver lift me up

Put me in my past

Cranedriver lift me up

Cranedriver lift me up

Put me in my past

Cranedriver lift me up

Now Peter's building houses

I am a keeper of records

Both of '51

The cranedriver's climbing down

Every step a year

It takes him twenty to the ground

Cranedriver lift me up

Put me in my past

Cranedriver lift me up

Cranedriver lift me up

Put me in my past

Cranedriver lift me up

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