

## The Beautiful South

### "Nearer To God"

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(M. Greaves)

I work in the steel mills  
Where the sun never shines  
The pounding of hammers is all mine

And I've sailed this wide ocean  
For money and cod  
So far from my loved ones  
But nearer to God

So sing a song for the working man  
And I'll sing you a love song

And my name's Wild Bob Conroy  
I'm a hard man of old  
Now I'm a drinker  
Coming in from the cold

I fought for the fighting  
And I fought for a wage  
And I fight for survival  
Like most men my age

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