

The Animals "The Immigrant Lad"

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And here I sit with a tear in my eye, the waters of Tyne
in between you and I

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As a child I dreamed of her, on the far banks of the
river

I knew she could not be reached, for my mind was
forever wondering

Far above his head, as he tried his best to teach me
The river was muddy and black, black as the coal she
carried

Impossible to cross, many men had tried
The old sailor told me, another life is lost

And here I sit with a tear in my eye, the waters of Tyne
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Black was the colour of my childish dreams,
impressions that would last

Black coal, coal black pit yacka's face, escaping the
coal dust blast

Blind pony stumblin' to the light of day, to retire in the
green fields forever

And I'll build me a bridge of steel, to beat the black
river forever

I'll beat that black river forever, I'll beat that muddy
river forever

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Conversation in a London Bar:

Cockney: I don't know why you geezers come down to
London all the time, 'cause you look so miserable all
the time, y'know.

Geordie: That's true, I havna been too happy but what
brought us down here was three years on the docks

and I just come down here for work and for money and
get a bit few, few more quid in me pocket.
Cockney: Yeah, but coming down to the smoke, mate,
you need people to see , you'll need friends, to goin' to
see because it's a hard town down here.

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