

THE TAIL O' THE BANK

ALAN REID

THE SUNSET FALLS BEHIND THE KYLES AND COWAL HIDES THE LIGHT
AND THE DARK HILLS LIE AGAINST THE SKY LIKE SENTRIES IN THE NIGHT
ALONG THE FIRTH TO THE HOLY LOCH THE LIGHTS ARE SHINING BRIGHT
AS WE STAND ACROSS THE WATER AT THE TAIL O' THE BANK

OUR FATHERS STOOD HERE YESTERDAY AND GAZED UPON THE FIRTH
WHERE THE OLD MAJESTIC LINERS LEFT BEHIND THEIR PLACE OF BIRTH
AND THE SEA SALT AIR EMBRACED THEM AS THEY STOOD UPON THAT EARTH
AND THEY DREAMED OF BETTER FORTUNE FOR THE TAIL O' THE BANK
BETTER FORTUNE FOR THE TAIL O' THE BANK

WE HAVE SEEN THE EMIGRATION BOATS DEPARTING WITH THE TIDE
WE HAVE HEARD THE DYING ECHOES OF THE SHIPYARDS ON THE CLYDE
AND THE PROMISES OF THOSE WHO SAID THAT THEY WERE ON OUR SIDE
LIE STRANDED LIKE A SHIPWRECK ON THE SHORLELINE

THERE ARE FACES YOU REMEMBER, THERE ARE SOME YOU SOON FORGET
THERE ARE PLACES THAT WON'T LEAVE YOU NEVER MIND HOW FAR YOU GET
BUT WHEREVER THERE'S A HUNGRY HEART A SPARK IS LIVING YET
AYE, AND THAT'S WHAT KEEPS THEM GOING AT THE TAIL O' THE BANK
THAT'S WHAT KEEPS THEM GOING, THE FOLK AT THE TAIL O' THE BANK