

The Last Bird To Sing

Ewan McLennan

[Intro]

E A E B

[Verse]

E A E
As the winding path takes me down
A E
In the dust where the air grows still
A E A
Past the shattered sills to where the broken bricks
E B
Lie tossed at the foot of the hill

[Verse]

E A E
To the gentle hum of the engines far
A E
And the cry of the birds through the air
A E A
With the falling grace of dull light on my face
E B
To the city I vacantly stare

[Verse]

E A E
Down at these hands that hang by my side
A E
To the times they have twisted and bowed
A E A
For the graft they've done, the thousand tasks been run
E B
To lie still and idle now

[Verse]

E A E
As a boy I would sit here and whistle my tune
A E
And watch the world role on by
A E A
From the heat of the red-brick factories roar
E B
The smoke spun soft in the sky

[Instrumental]

E B E A E B E

[Verse]

E **A** **E**
My boyhood dreaming waned as I grew
A **E**
No more watching the race from afar
A **E** **A**
With steel-toe boots and a coarse boiler-suit
E **B**
A lad amidst the furnaces scars

[Verse]

E **A** **E**
I learned my trade, how I listened and watched
A **E**
I worked as hard as hard can be
A **E** **A**
But with passing years I grew proud with hope
E **B**
Of a future that was never to be

[Verse]

E **A** **E**
Late in the day as the Autumn turned pale
A **E**
A figure watched us work from the door
A **E** **A**
Into burning air his words spoke clear
E **B**
In a haze our jobs were no more

[Verse]

E **A** **E**
I awoke each morning, days stretched into nights
A **E**
And I lurched through a hollow routine
A **E** **A**
In the queues each week with companions I d stand
E **B**
But our fortunes had turned on our dreams

[Verse]

E **A** **E**
For two sons and a daughter we had to provide
A **E**
My wife worked long into the nights
A **E** **A**
To escape the stale air of a room with four walls
E **B**
I skimmed stones at the quarry till light

[Verse]

E **A** **E**
In the years that followed things picked up and shone
A **E**

And I hustled a job where I could
A E A
Re-skilled and re-tooled with a home of our own
E B
In a strange shifting world we were stood

[Verse]

E A E
As time wore on our children grew tall
A E
And I taught them all that I d learned
A E A
In and out of trouble, the same as their dad
E B
Dodging cops, running streets at Pikes turn

[Verse]

E A E
As some strangers say, we ve carved our own way
A E
In a world that still lists and turns
A E A
But once again there s no work for the young in this town
E B
And the queues form in air that still burns

[Verse]

E A E
With the dusk tales said, as the evening light ebbs
A E
My son walks off into the night
A E A
With only dull flapping wings of the last bird that sings
E B
He skims stones at the quarry till light