

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

[Verse]

[illegible]

[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