

The River

An old man sits staring
At the silent city skyline
Remembering the river
Where he worked through his time
He recalls the steel monsters
That grew there day by day
Amid the noise and clamor
Of men working for their pay

Chorus

And the river flows gently by
But the ghosts they linger on
With the hopes and dreams and promises
Of a generation gone

His voice grows stronger
As he recalls with pride
How the finest ships made
Grew with every tide
And sadness comes later
When long lost friends are found
Deep inside the memory
Of one so strong and proud

But the berths now lie silent
A victim of the times
An echo of better days
Or a trick of the mind
And Salmon now glide past
Where once queens were born
Their shadows quietly lurking
In the cold mist of the morn

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