

STEELTOWN

100 years ago men like my granddaddy
Toiled down the hill at Humphrey Glass
Turnin molten liquid into works of art
Blowin bottles that were world class

30 years later men like my daddy
Were sweatin in the axle forge
Hammering billets into wheels & axles
Makin shells for a far off war

Many years ago I took a walk from the Northend
I was headin out to watch the planes
Jumped across Smelt Brook, struggled up the hill
Walked straight across the runway lanes

I saw the helicopters and the turbo-props
Shinning brightly in the noon day sun
Headed down Duke Street just in time to catch the derby's
Flyin down the hill on their last run

TO THE STEELTOWN

100 years later my daddy's grandson's
Makin turbines at the Daewoo Plant
There's pride once again on the streets
Of the little town born by a river bend

You can see it at the ballfield cheerin on the Scotians
Or around at the power plant gate
It's out in front of Timmy's where the boys all gather
For the early morning debate

IN THE STEELTOWN

It's the sound of the steady rhythm lullin you to sleep
When you hear those hammers pound
It's down at Duffy's or up the fireball
Where the Renegades make that sound
You can see it on the faces of the people that you meet
Headin down by Ivy's wall
Come on Everybody and ride Tibbett's train
To the 100th Anniversary ball

IN THE STEELTOWN