

Our Forgotten Towns

The Levellers

Remember those parades and the county fair
Wearing Sunday best, so debonair
Now only ghostly spectres brawl
Echo the pavement's hard footfall
Torn by wind through empty roads
On the closed by-pass, abandoned loads
No ferry boat, pub or general store
There's nowhere open here any more.

Our forgotten towns are calling
The death of Albion they're mourning
Cracks show in the market halls
Dying in the shadow of a shopping mall

These are our forgotten towns
Slowly raised now quickly drowned
A legacy of industrial jails
The steelworks rusting and the concrete fails.

Our forgotten towns are calling
The death of Albion they're mourning
Cracks show in the market halls
Dying in the shadow of a shopping mall

One more community implodes
And you're nothing, nobody
Just another barcode