

Wuthering Heights, The Bollard

A strong wind blew across the bay
A word for happiness on that day
The workers board their trains for home
Their shirts were dirty and damp

And I stood there just like before
A nod from a stud or a smile from a whore
It all seemed so impermanent though
I think that it never will change

I went down the old narrow road
That leads to the shore and to Sally's old boat
I went aboard and I rowed away
To get to the other side

And they all lit a fire on the beach that night
And all their troubles were out of sight
I just walked in and I tied the boat
To a tree in the edge of the wood

And they all sang a song called the bottle of smoke
They blew their whistles; Their drums they stroke
And the fair young ladies they danced in the night
To the sound of the band in the flickering light