## Farewell to South Yorkshire

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The pithead's gone at Dinnington and it is plain to see
No jobs at all in Meadowhall for working men like me
I'll have a whirl, I'll kiss the girls and I will earn my pay
And to that plane yet once again I'll be on my way

We'd Yorkshire and black puddings by the Vatican the tops
And from a Roman market stall they'd sell you Barnsley chops
We were all aplomb and home from Rome to leave it seemed so crass
Then there came this German job, it offered us more brass

When I was but a lad at school there was strife throughout this land
The NCB shut Cortonwood, the miners made a stand
They faced financial ruin, it lasted for a year
While Dad strode proud behind the band, mother hid her tears

But business is now booming - we are doing well
Selling holidays to Yorkshire and we know how to sell
Industrial museums, the Germans love them fine
The highlight of a week long stay, a day down Caphouse mine

So are you proud Mrs. T. what you did to all I know
And Arthur Scargill told the truth, not everyone felt so
The years have rolled, the time has told its not a pretty sight
When all was done and said and won we fought for what was right

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