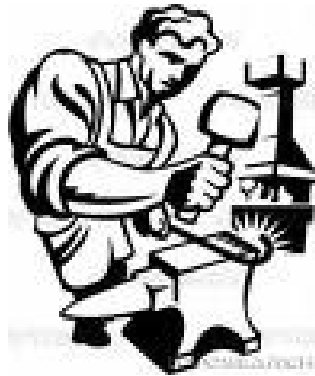


Iron in the Soul

My father was a blacksmith
Like his father was before
They kept the fire burning
In the years before the war
Then Beaching took our railways
And Thatcher took our coal
But we've got Iron,
We've got Iron in our Soul



The Hammermen of England
Forged a chain across the land
Kept this country working
by the power in their hand
When you hear the anvil ringing
And feel the bellows blow
You've got Iron
You've got Iron in the Soul

Our heart's become the anvil
Our breath, the bellows blow
Our fists, the blacksmiths hammer
And fire's burning down below
They can take away our living
For a lifetime on the dole
But we've got Iron,
We've still got Iron in our Soul

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