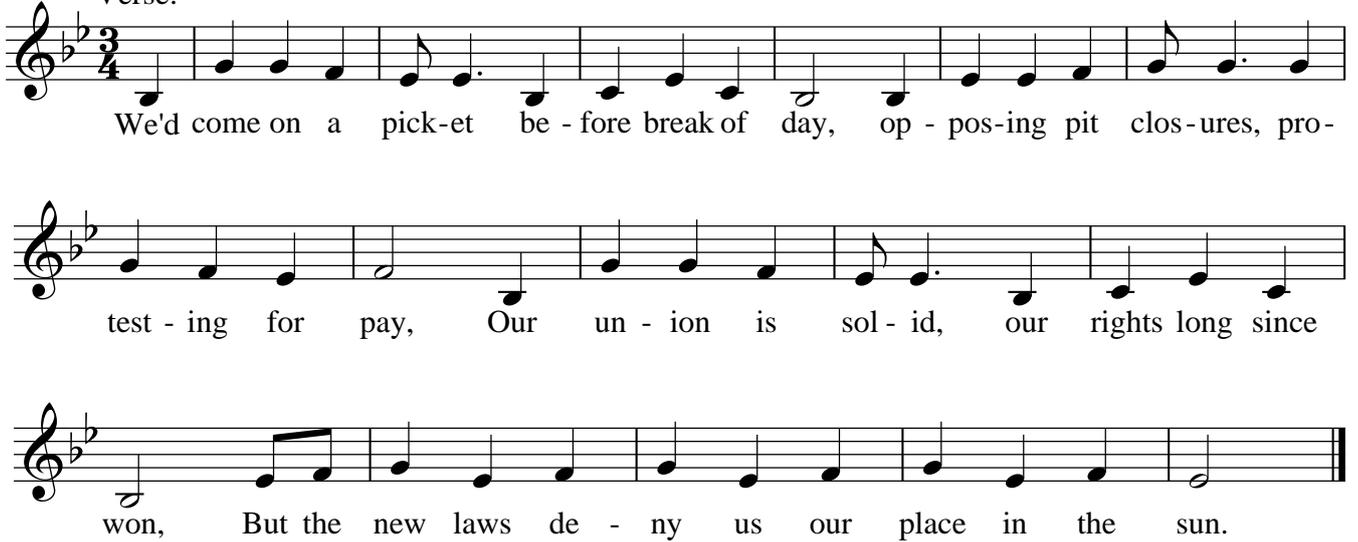


Orgreave

TYG 104

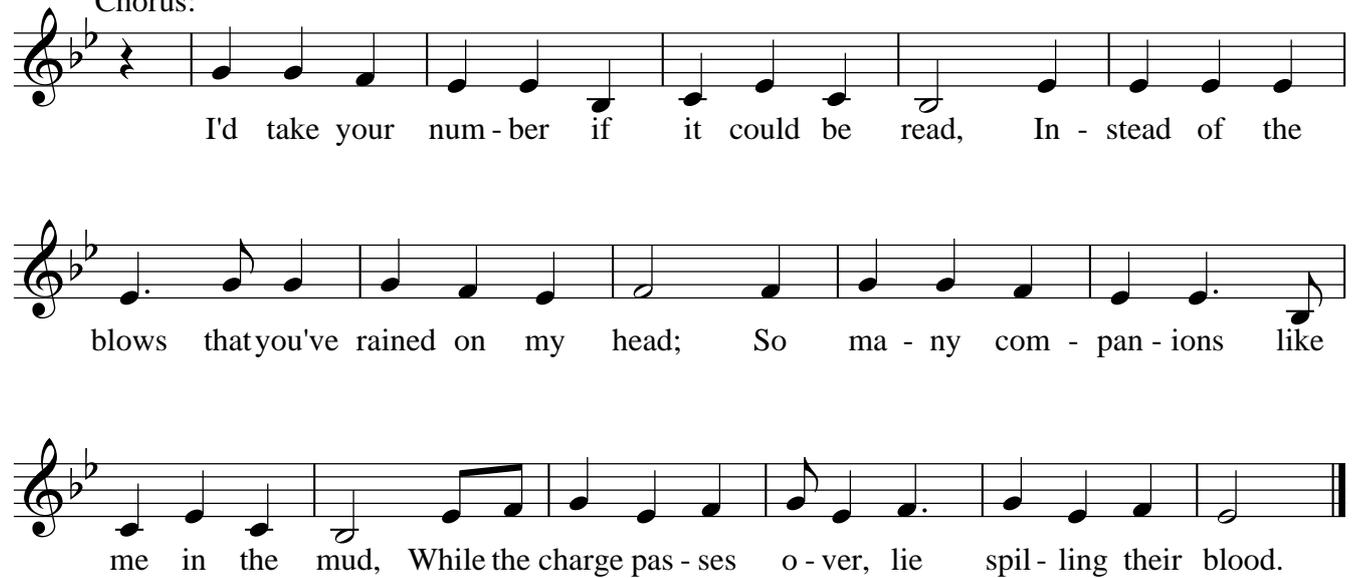
Words and music by
Henry Clements

Verse:



We'd come on a pick-et be - fore break of day, op - pos-ing pit clos-ures, pro -
test - ing for pay, Our un - ion is sol - id, our rights long since
won, But the new laws de - ny us our place in the sun.

Chorus:



I'd take your num - ber if it could be read, In - stead of the
blows that you've rained on my head; So ma - ny com - pan - ions like
me in the mud, While the charge pas - ses o - ver, lie spil - ling their blood.

Lyrics



1. We'd come on a picket before break of day,
Opposing pit closures, protesting for pay,
Our union is solid, our rights long since won,
But the new laws deny us our place in the sun.

Chorus: I'd take your number if it could be read,
Instead of the blows that you've rained on my head;
So many companions like me in the mud,
While the charge passes over, lie spilling their blood.

2. Though you don't learn politeness miles down in the mine,
We're containing our anger on our picket line.
When the lorries approach they're turned back to a cheer,
It's then the green buses in convoy appear.

Chorus

3. And then there's an army dressed up as police,
With helmets and batons, disturbing our peace,
They'd come to confront us, as we quickly found,
Turned the works entrance to a battle ground.

Chorus

4. They charged us with truncheons, their faces well hid;
We threw down our banners and most of us fled,
Some stayed defiant and they're swiftly downed,
Then arrested for riot, for standing their ground.

Chorus

5. Oh yes, it's a riot and we get the blame,
Our strike is defeated, to the press we're fair game,
Though no-one's convicted the damage is done,
For some compensation, but justice for none.

Chorus

6. Such vindication, too little, too late!
It's only a footnote, won't alter our fate,
And it isn't just pitmen they broke on their wheel,
Everyone in a union is now brought to heel.