

In the heart of the industry

Brieve Morison

Oh the Wine Cellar
On the corner of my street
Sells ten bottles of champagne a night
And it's not a question of wealth
Or anything like that
But somehow it doesn't seem right
When in the heart of the industry
In the heart of the steel and coal
In the heart of history in the heart of history
A prevailing wind blows

Well someone made a crack
About celebrations
And what could there be to celebrate
Well if you've got a job
And an income
That's a good reason make no mistake
When in the heart of the industry
In the heart of the steel and coal
In the heart of history in the heart of history
A prevailing wind blows a prevailing wind blows