

## Anchor Up

Words and Music Richard Grainger

Shipyard workers toiling  
See each flash and spark  
Hammering in the night  
And shouting in the dark  
They gave me one great engine  
And bones born out of steel  
Cast in mighty Motherwell  
Like many a Scottish keel

*Anchor up engines thump  
Pilot is on shore  
Feel her move beneath your feet  
We're out to sea once more*

See the hard - pressed riveter  
And the plater too  
Their eyes are lined with sleepless nights  
With their job to do  
Of ships I'm one of many  
My lines will not beguile  
No gadgets or fine luxuries  
They build us factory style

We're built up here in Greenock  
A purpose to fulfil  
To keep supply routes busy  
To bring us food and oil  
Food for the shipyard worker  
Who gave to me my soul  
Food for soldiers wives and bairns  
And the miners diggin coal

I've been to many places  
Seen more than you will ever know  
Heard the water pound and that hollow sound  
When the anchor chain does go  
Perhaps there is there no better end

The breakers want my bones  
Farewell I say to the sea and spray  
And the life that I have known

Their salvage men and divers  
Like whale-men dig and rip  
They strip away my skin of plate  
And all that made me a ship  
My funnel has gone my bridge and wheel  
My engine for spare parts  
These salvage men they felt no pain  
As they ripped away my heart

And as they strip away my skin  
Expose my Scottish bones  
I think of home and Motherwell  
The hills of Caledon  
They toil and I remember  
The old ship builders face  
Scottish born from the ingot torn  
To die on a rocky place

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