

## **Ghosts Of Cable Street (P. Simmonds)**

England, Nineteen Thirty Six The grip of the Sabbath day  
In London Town the only sound is a whisper in an alleyway  
Men put on their gloves and boots, have a smoke before they go  
From the west there is a warning of a wind about to blow

Like Caesar marching to the east marches Mosley with his men  
Dressed in the clothes of deepest black like a gathering hurricane  
This is the British Union with it's flag of Black and Red  
A flag that casts a shadow in Berlin and in Madrid

Listen to the sounds of marching feet  
And the voices of the ghosts of Cable Street  
Fists, stones, batons and the gun  
With courage we shall beat those blackshirts down

So mile by mile they come on down to a place called Cable street  
And other men are waiting there, preparations are complete  
Mosley comes so close they now can see his outstretched arm  
A hand held up that way never took the future in it's palm

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The battle broke as the fists and the batons fell  
Through the baracades, past the sounds of the wounded yells  
Jack Spot crept through with a chair leg made of lead  
Brought down a crushing blow on Mosley's head

So we learn from history generations have to fight  
And those who crave for mastery must be faced down on sight  
And if that means by words, by fist, by stones or by the gun  
Remember those who stood up for their daughters and their sons

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