

Flight of Fancy

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*Climbing up a Flight of Fancy to a windy metal span
Over the road and the railways, the children always ran
All dressed up in our Sunday best for a sunny holiday
Walking over the old Slip Bridge to the sands of Swansea Bay*

You can tell that Dad's on holiday, he's got his straw hat on
His tie is open half-an-inch and his waistcoat button's undone
Mam is wearing the flowery dress she keeps for special days
She's got her brightest cardi on and I think she's taken off her stays

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The boys are playing football under a clear blue sky
The girls are on the swing-boats squealing as they fly.
Holy Joe's in his pulpit trying to show us the way;
We prefer the scenes at the bathing machines with the swimsuits on display

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The railways went, as the railways did, and as the years went by
They said the bridge was dangerous and took the span away
But folks said no, we won't let it go, our bridge will rise again
And we'll be looking up at the new Slip Bridge as we sing this old refrain:

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