

## Black and White

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I still can remember those far childhood days  
We went down to Cornwall to stay  
In a cheap boarding house by the edge of the docks  
Looking out over the bay  
There in the harbour, the cargo ships lay  
In those days they loaded by hand  
Coal shipped in black, clay shipped out white  
It wasn't hard to understand

*They tell me the world isn't all black and white  
But that's how it seemed then to me  
Men dusted black: men dusted white  
Circling round on the quay*

Coal shipped in black, from the mines of South Wales  
To build up the heat and the steam  
That was needed to power the works and the world  
Through the movement of piston and beam  
And there on the dockside, the pile grew and grew,  
Of the bags of the best anthracite  
And the men and the quayside were dusty and black  
As the sky on a warm summer's night

*(Chorus)*

Clay shipped out white, to the pottery kilns  
To be made into fine porcelain  
At Meissen and Minton and Dresden and Delft  
And other such places of fame  
And there on the dockside, the pile dwindled down  
Of the bags of the kaolin clay  
And the men and the quayside were powdery white  
As the snow on a cold winter's day

*(Chorus)*

But as I've grown older, I've started to see  
Life as a series of greys  
And sometimes I long for the clear black and white  
That I knew in those far childhood days  
The coal and the clay they were shipped side by side  
But the difference was easy to see,  
Coal shipped in black: clay shipped out white,  
Piled up in sacks on the quay.

*They tell me the world isn't all black and white  
But that's how it seemed then to me  
Men dusted black: men dusted white  
Circling round on the quay*