

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*