

RIVER CHAT by John Warner Learnt from Polly Bolton Start C

River, river, where do you flow with your water the colour of tea?

Golden red in your sandy bed, do you flow to the wide green sea?

No, said the river, I flow inland, Sink down deep beneath the rocks and the sand.

Under the gidgee and the mulgar tree, where the desert people can find me.

Earth belongs to all, she belongs to no-one, she belongs to herself.

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On the Manchester Metro

We've got to limit pollution, here's a solution, here's a solution.

We've got to limit pollution, here's a solution – we'll take a tram.

Jump on a tram for a ride, there's no need to worry, even if you're in a hurry,

Jump on a tram for a ride, now we've been electrified.

Here we go, and it's the finest city ride we know,

Here we go, and it's the finest city ride we know!