

## No 7

They say God works in mysterious ways,  
well, they were bloody mysterious that day,  
and one hundred and sixteen little ones,  
who'd hardly started their lives were part of his bloody mystery  
when a wave of waste, mud and slurry, 30 feet high,  
ended those lives, drowned the little ones,  
just after nine that Friday morning  
with half-term starting lunchtime and days off school to come.

When they got to Heaven, (no delay getting there  
for innocent little ones, straight up they went)  
who knows, maybe He explained it all to them,  
told them why He was being so mysterious.

But why blame God? It was the fat cats  
on the coal board who should have got the arse-kicking or worse  
(but they never did) for piling up the waste  
at the top of the mountain and knowing it was dangerous  
one hundred and ten bloody feet of it,  
all just waiting to slide down and drown the village  
and kill one hundred and sixteen little ones,  
whose lives had hardly started.

Against the rules it was that high,  
but no one cared, why care, because we're waste, too, see,  
we're human waste, human mud and slurry that don't matter,  
human waste who'll dig up their coal for them  
from under the ground  
then fuck off when we're told to fuck off  
when that's all been done

and they don't need us any more.

Because we don't matter, see, human waste like us don't count.

Oh, they had a bloody inquiry, led by some bloody lord  
which found the coal board was certainly to blame.

Well, we knew that, didn't we, but now it was official, see,  
and they even named nine buggers,  
nine men who didn't do their bloody job, and should have known.  
But no one got it in the neck, no one,  
no one got his arsed kicked and kicked very bloody hard. No one,  
because we're human waste, see,  
even the hundred and sixteen little ones who died.

To show us the kind of shit we were,  
they refused to clear the other six tips after,  
because of cost, see,  
'it's the the cost, dear boy,  
it'll cost too much to clear them all,'  
they said, it'll cost too much,  
so you'll have to live with the other six  
because, let's face, you might have lost your little ones  
but you're still shit and the money's better spent  
on paying the managers a good whack  
and making sure there's enough booze in the cupboard  
when the board meets.

And shit don't deserve the truth, so Robens had his minions lie  
when they were asked where he was that day,  
'Directing the relief work,' they said.  
No, he bloody wasn't, his sort don't mix with shit like us  
even on a day when one hundred and sixteen of our little ones drown  
in a thousand tons of grey waste, mud and slurry.

His lordship was a hundred and sixty miles away,  
up in Surrey getting another bloody honour.

But, mate, that was fifty years ago and it doesn't do to be bitter,  
you only poison yourself  
and do no harm to any other bugger  
however much you want to.

So don't be bitter, don't poison yourself, butty,  
and, no, we're not bitter any more, we're not,  
life is life and death is death,  
though no one's yet persuaded us that if we are shit,  
(and maybe we are)  
there's another kind of human shit that stinks even more.