



The plant now is empty  
like a ghost from the past  
yet the memories will linger  
for as long as we last

It's sad when you drive by  
and see it set there  
with no cars in the lot  
it just don't seem fair

For the best part of our lives  
were spend in this place  
earning a living  
so we could stay in life's race

I believe that the spirit  
of those who've gone long before  
still haunt all the hallways  
just inside the door

They still drive empty lift trucks  
if some even remain  
or play tunes on their air wrenches  
that could rattle the brain

The body shop is now quiet  
no sparks can be seen  
and the robots no longer all  
will have to be cleaned

Freight cars not longer  
set loaded on the tracks  
and no baskets of car parts  
are lined up in stacks

All the people we worked with  
have now gone their own ways  
yet a few get together  
on these kinds of days

To swap old war stories  
we've all heard before,  
that bring back fond memories  
we long for once more

To all those no longer with us  
I say here's to you guys  
for you still are remembered  
with laughter and sighs

Yes you live through these stories  
that we all love to hear  
so in a quaint sort of way  
one could say you're still here

By William Wallace