

Dammed  
(The true price of water)

No, I'll not move.

I'll be damned.

And I won't!

And so, it will prove,

You'll be dammed

If you don't!

For seventy long years

I have lived in this vale

Through laughter and tears

So, this land's not for sale!

Though the waters may rise

And the roof sink below

I'll die by my hearth

I refuse and won't go!

And then with a click of the latch they are gone

And this 'stubborn old fool' is left on his own

A solitary soul in the village alone

In the only damn place that he ever called home.

So high in the valley the planners move in

And the bulldozer drivers are told to begin

Though the dale is now silent

And save for the birds

That skim the lake's surface

Little is heard.

But it's said  
Of an evening  
When the moon  
It is full  
The chant of a choir  
The cries of a school  
Drift gently upwards  
And hang like a jewel  
An eerie memento  
To a 'stubborn old fool'.