

A CAVERS TAIL

When travelling from Mold to Denbeigh
By british rail,once was trendy
The views that people saw
Were mountains,valleys and more

But now these days are over
All is left is field and glover
The years they come,the years they go
But wait there,s something down below

I,m at the entrance to a mine
A rush of wind,the noise of time
600 feet down, lv,e reached the bottom
The world above lv,e just forgotten

I,m in the tunnel that goes left and right
And standing there is a wonderful sight
A mighty engine,coaches as well
Standing on track like a bat out of hell

And on the wall,a timetable that boasts
We run this train for cavers to ghosts
All dressed in blue,coaches the same
The underground princess,a name worthy of fame

We leave our station at caw-maw
To the lake we,ll be there in an hour
We past OG to powells lode junction
Disembark for a teabreak function

We change the points,reverse the train
Back on the coaches where off again
We reach the lake,the end of track
A perfect trip,now a return to go back

So once was above is now down below
The engine is there and waiting to go
So while your waiting for your train
Think of the lads who laboured in pain
They fixed the tracks and broke there backs

To take you there and back again.