

This song is featured on the CD *Steel Away*, a collection of songs about the Steel Industry in Lanarkshire by songwriter Billy Stewart. This particular song is not written by Billy but was sent to him during his research for Steel Away. The words are set to the tune of Mountains of Mourne and the lyrics are very tongue in cheek.

A STRANGER IN PARADISE by Anonymous

A family who lived near the Mountains of Mourne
Were usually happy, though poverty torn,
But things, they were getting in such a bad state,
The husband decided he must emigrate.

So he kissed his wife Mary and said "Don't you cry"
Then he set off for Scotland and waved her goodbye,
He landed a job when he got off the boat,
And in his first letter, here's what that man wrote:

Oh Mary, this Craig is a wonderful sight;
Where people draw wages for sleeping all night,
They don't lift a pick, not a shovel all day,
And there's never a blush as they queue for their pay.
They don't grow potatoes, nor barley, nor wheat,
They just play at cards till the time comes to eat.
On Monday I started and clocked in at two,
It's Friday...I still wait for something to do.

I've been with the sparks and the fitter as well,
Some day they may start now, you never can tell,
One day with the plumber I spotted a leak,
He said he might fix it the following week.

Once when the rigger began to perspire
His mate brought the crane up to move back the fire,
He hasn't got over that shock even yet,
And he's claiming the firm for lossage of sweat.

I'm writing this letter from down in the Mill,
Discounting the snores, it's so peaceful and still,
Now I'm sending you money, so buy a fur coat,
And get all the family to catch the next boat.

When you ship docks at Glasgow, I'll be close at hand,
And we'll get the bus up to this Promised Land,
As far as the digs go, now everything's swell,
Just over the fence there's a Grand Hotel.

I hope that young Paddy can still count to four,
If so, I'll get him fixed up in the store,
Till Old Uncle Dennis gets over the shock,
He could take care of the amenity block.

Old Grandfather Mick he could manage with ease,
The security van or a job on the weighs,
If Father is sober and still out of jail,
He's sure of a job on the traffic control.

For a job on the Traffic, myself, I'll enquire,
To drive that wee pug now is my sole desire,
And, if this job comes off, then you'll never see me,
Where the Mountains of Mourne, sweep down to the sea.