

It was the post-war period and all was down,
People on the streets and a miserable town.
But outside the boundaries of a plate so grey,
An island of people searched for better pay.
They put up an advert and stuck it on a wall,
They called it the Windrush, it was open for all.
People flocked to it from left, right and centre,
And from a tropical island the boat would enter.

But the people of colour would face many so unkind
As "no gypsies, no colour" was engraved on the mind.
And even when it was over, when they'd found their domain,
They found the same problem again and again.
Life was different back then, to the whites it strayed,
And the Windrush people felt backstabbed and betrayed.
But one man just couldn't take it no more,
And to help black people, he would implore.

One fair day back in Sixty-three,
A man named Roy walked down the street carefree.
And he passed the bus building that he'd seen many times,
This time he saw a fellow man, weeping from crimes.
When he'd asked for an interview, he'd been held back
Not because he was foreign, but because he was black.
Roy marched in the building, said "Give him a chance",
So they gave him a cleaning job, simply at first glance.

Both men were against this so vehemently and strong,
So they broke the rules they had to follow along.
They told of their doings and turned right against them,
Told everyone to never succumb.
They blocked the buses, raising signs with all their might,
So fiercely all could hear their plight.
National attention they got somehow,
They had gone too far to be rejected now.

So a couple of years later, they heard the news,
Now it was illegal, what had given them the blues.
The men cried just as the bus man had,
For all their doings had made them glad.
But the fight goes on, still fifty years later,
As the issue remains, though it once was greater.
All of the heroes will never cease,
And they are still here living a life of peace.

W.J.Harding