

Bradford

By Jim Saville

I was born and bred in Bradford.
That's always made me proud.
Yes! I was born and bred in Bradford.
I am part of the multi-racial crowd.

I went to school in Bradford.
They taught me wrong from right.
Yes! I went to school in Bradford
I learned with black and white.

I had to part from Bradford.
To continue my education
And I had to part from Bradford.
When I joined to serve our nation.

But I came back to Bradford.
I answered the homing call.
Yes! I came back to Bradford.
It had hardly changed at all.

But then things got worse in Bradford.
The city lost its cool.
Yes! things got worse in Bradford.
They've even torched a school.

I thought I should abandon Bradford.
Perhaps it was time to go.
Yes! I thought I should abandon Bradford.
As it reeled from blow to blow.

But things are quieter now in Bradford.
It's getting back to norm.
Yes things are quieter now in Bradford.
And its not just the calm before the storm.

So I'm going to stick with Bradford.
As we start to make amends.
Yes! I'm going to stick with Bradford.
As we all start again --- as friends.

Sat in a folk club at the time of the Bradford Riots (2001) a friend informed me that the school where she taught had been burnt. I was saddened and annoyed and I wrote a version of this in my head driving home through Bradford that night. I performed that version for about a year before slightly changing it and adding the closing verses when I was invited to take part in a competition for a poem to help Bradford's bid for City of Culture in 2002. This poem was short listed (but not used) for the campaign. In the competition slam I was judged 3rd.