

Walk the Fleet Road

Editors

A winter wind blows in from the north
Scratches your spine, cold like the forth
But you're a long way from home
Through the dark we tiptoe
The hospital looms, as we walk fleet road Hold your tongue, swallow your venom
You're too young, hold your tongue No push and no shove, spit your verbal mace
Hate can turn to love not for this human race, oh Hold your tongue, swallow your venom
You're too young, hold your tongue Hold your tongue
(My heart)
Swallow your venom
(Will explode) You're too young
(As we walk)
Hold your tongue
(The fleet road)

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