

Fellow Hoodlums

Deacon Blue

On the night, Maxton died
I fell over Clyde was full of old tyres
The wind nearly pulled my breeches off
Ann Kelly, she kissed my mouth
Fellow hoodlums and engineers
The Union south, we're all here
I'm going up Buchanan Street
With a box of fireworks and two bottles of Tizer
The last train from St. Enoch
I saw the graveyard, it looked like our old street
People were cheering all the way from Hampden
With macaroons and scarves and rattles
Fellow hoodlums and engineers
The Union south, we're all here
I'm going up Buchanan Street
With a box of fireworks and two bottles of Tizer
Billy's a butcher now always has been
And he picks his teeth with old rusty meat hooks
And he sends his beef with the bike boys
Monday to Saturday, Patrick to Cowcaddens
Fellow hoodlums and engineers
The Union south, we're all here
I'm going up Buchanan Street
With a box of fireworks and two bottles of Tizer
I'm going up Buchanan Street
With a box of fireworks
And two bottles of Tizer

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