

# Liverpool Fantasy

## Black 47

### LIVERPOOL FANTASY

I walk down the lane with me head in the clouds  
Me brains may be scrambled but I donâ€™t heed the crowds  
With their football and pools, their weddinâ€™s and wakes  
Their political goals and their kidsâ€™ birthday cakes  
I shout at the rooftops and I scream at the breeze  
Hey, you out there, can you hear me Liverpool Fantasy?

And I look at the dawn through the Everton rain  
The whole city is sleepinâ€™ just the milk bottles wait  
To be taken and washed and filled up and then  
I wish theyâ€™ take me and remake me again  
So I shout at the chimneys and I scream at the breeze  
Hey, you out there, can you hear me Liverpool Fantasy?

And Iâ€™m sick of the dole and Iâ€™m sick of me life  
And Iâ€™m sick of your politics and Iâ€™m sick of me wife  
And Iâ€™m sick of your pity and Iâ€™m sick of beinâ€™ fired  
And Iâ€™m sick and tired of beinâ€™ sick and tiredâ€¦

I walk down the lane with me head in the clouds  
Me brains may be scrambled but I donâ€™t heed the crowds  
With their football and pools, their weddinâ€™s and wakes  
Their political goals and their kidsâ€™ birthday cakes  
So I shout at the milkman and I scream at the priest  
Hey, you out there, can you hear me Liverpool Fantasy?

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Lyrics submitted by Larry.

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