

Liverpool Fantasy

Black 47

LIVERPOOL FANTASY

I walk down the lane with me head in the clouds
Me brains may be scrambled but I don't heed the crowds
With their football and pools, their weddin's and wakes
Their political goals and their kids' 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 sleepin' just the milk bottles wait
To be taken and washed and filled up and then
I wish they'd 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 I'm sick of the dole and I'm sick of me life
And I'm sick of your politics and I'm sick of me wife
And I'm sick of your pity and I'm sick of bein' fired
And I'm sick and tired of bein' sick and tired!

I walk down the lane with me head in the clouds
Me brains may be scrambled but I don't heed the crowds
With their football and pools, their weddin's and wakes
Their political goals and their kids' 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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