

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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