

Goodbye

Cock Sparrer

We were born by the Thames' running water, sons of the social disorder
Go to school, get a job, be a fool or a yob and prepare yourself for gaol
But we tired of the constant surrender to those with a hidden agenda
So we fought with the best, now it's time for a rest as we say our last farewell

R:

Goodbye, we're calling it day, we're having it away, we're gonna say goodbye
Goodbye, there's nothing left to say, we're getting in the way
We're gonna say goodbye

For the holidays in Devon, for the spirit of seventy-seven
For the laughs and the ligs and the drinks and the gigs
And the making of the fuss
For the friends who knew just where to find us
For the mates who were always behind us
When you're next in a pub or a bar or a club, have a drink on us