

War On The Terraces

Cockney Rejects

Go!

It's a dark place over there
The seats and the stands are bare
But you remember, not long ago
All the times that we battled there
The sun, it shines right on the gutter
And you remember that he was there
And you should know, right there in the fold
That you grabbed him by his hair

War on the terraces
War on the terraces
It was war on the terraces
War on the terraces

The local pub, it stands silent
And all of this town will be soon
And you remember the pints we would sink
And sing, "The fuzz is watching you"
The youth remember them wagons
That took us straight down the nick
When we would sing back to them
"Don't it make you feel like a prick"

So you're looking up at the terrace
And smile, yeah it breaks your face
And to the younger generation
We'll be here to take your place