

Fellow Hoodlums

Deacon Blue

On the night that
Maxton died
I fell over
The Clyde was full of old tyres
The wind nearly pulled my
Breeches off
And Ann Kelly
She kissed my mouth

Fellow hoodlums and
Engineers
The Union's south
And we're all here
I'm going up Buchanan Street
With a box of fireworks
And two bottles of
Tizer

On the last train from St. Enochs
I saw the graveyard
It looked like our old street
People were cheering
All the way from Hampden
With macaroons and
scarves and rattles

Billy's a butcher now
Always has been
And he picks his teeth
With old rusty meat hooks
And he sends his beef with the bike boys
Monday to Saturday
Partick to Cowcaddens

[CHORUS]