

## 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]