

## Clones

Mull Historical Society

Home of the clones  
I went walking on my own  
Queen of the scene  
I think I knew then what could be  
A real high low  
On the find Ill go  
On the find Ill go  
On the find Ill go  
And a real high low  
On the find Ill go  
On the find Ill go  
On the find Ill go  
The clones are here on the side of the street  
Turning inside out  
The clones are here on the side of the street  
And we, we dont belong  
And we, dont understand  
Queens on the streets  
The early evening walks with me  
I tried life on a whim  
You play to lose you play to win  
A real high low  
On the find Ill go  
On the find Ill go  
On the find Ill go  
And a real high low  
On the find Ill go  
On the find Ill go  
On the find Ill go  
The clones are here on the side of the street  
Turning inside out  
The clones are here on the side of the street  
And we, we dont belong  
And we, dont understand  
The clones are free on the side of the street  
Turning inside out  
The clones are here on the side of the street  
And we, we dont belong  
And we, dont understand  
And we, we dont belong  
And the chance slips through our hands