

There's

The Proclaimers

There's your coat upon my back
There's the irony I lacked
There's the vapour from your mouth
There's the rain spreading from the south

There's the castle on the hill
There's my final act of will
There's a bus stop in Tollcross
There's no memory I've lost
Memories never lost

There's you lying on the quilt
There's your west of Scotland lilt
Singing me your guilt

There's your voice on the phone
There's your voice on the phone
There's your voice on the phone
There's your voice on the phone
There's your voice on the phone
There's your voice on the phone

There's the snow in January
There's the beauty that you see
There's you walking down the street
Children running 'round your feet
There's you and there's me