

5Rebbecas

The View

I love the dress sense and the colour of your hair
The way you say that people who are working, they are aiming to be posh, my dear
People flocked around you by the smokeys in our school
Teacher's, they contained all their anger as you regularly broke their rules
And everyone done the pill,
but solvent abuse it can kill

The first taste of heaven there was splattered on your screen
Floating with schemers and the part-time Halloweeners and the Lochee team
And everyone done the pill,
but solvent abuse can kill

5 Rebecca's, all of them are close to me
One of them's a cock, and one of them does history
One of them's my niece, and one lives close
And the one I love the most has turned into a junkie

So under satisfied with minors at your age
And something so deceiving when you find yourself conceiving on a holy day
So unachievable with minors at your height,
and something so deceiving when you find yourself conceiving on a Sunday night
Everyone done the pill, but solvent abuse can kill

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Poor Miss. Rebecca, you'll be missed my girl
Wasn't for the treasure you'd be rich my girl
Saved your from the terrier and your so called friends,
took a back seater but they killed it in the end though,
You're sitting really cozy in your humble black cave
It doesn't seem likely for a girl your age
Us cupid little kids can never look back,
when one of us is lying in a big brown bag

Oh oh oh
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They way you say that people who are working
I can tell you, that's a touch my dear