

Ezio, Saxon Street

We used to play on Saxon Street
Outside Gino's after school
That's where we'd meet
Wearing black boots on latin feet
On Saxon Street

At school they taught us
How they'd ruled the world
Then they'd smother us with their flag unfurled
And I, well I kissed my first girl
On Saxon Street

Francesca against the window
She would press her nose
She would have loved to have been with us
But they made her mind her clothes
And I'd be brave
I'd stand and watch her from outside
She'd always try and make me go
But I'd never try to hide.

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Well now, some of us run businesses
And some of us are in jail
And most of us, quite frequently
Upon a cross, get nailed
And I ask myself where am I now
Oh and if you walked beside me
Would you realise who I was
Would you recognise me
Would it be something you were feeling
Way deep down, that told you

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