

# The Cooper Temple Clause, The Clan

We loose our way so easily  
Call it distraction, but it's not for me  
They call it vicious, but we did stand tall  
It's not your fault, my timings flawed

We have our friends, few and far between  
We keep them close, and treat them mean  
We learnt from you, so thank you all  
You'll go on winning, please have a ball

The final blow  
Some time to rest, beside the ones  
We like the best  
And who's to know what's round the bend  
It can't be far  
Cos it never ends  
It never ends