

Aberdeen City, Sixty Lives

There is no one
In the front now
All the weak ones
Group together
Let them have their day
You'll have yours
Keep it quiet
Through the yelling
Watch his back don't
Lift a finger
You can make your noise
When they're gone
Fall Back it's easy
I know it happens on occasion
Friends at your back
Cause they have the guilt of sixty lives
I won't respond to prove them wrong
I know not much better
But I'll sleep well
All the barking
All the baiting
Sort of sorry
Saw it coming
Not so loud standing
On your own
So this is us
A dirty thing
We need some cleaning
We need some chain
Focus on this
A dirty thing
It needs a cleaning
It needs a change