

# Cock Sparrer, Goodbye

We were born by the Thames' running water, sons of the social disorder  
Go to school, get a job, be a fool or a yob and prepare yourself for gaol  
But we tired of the constant surrender to those with a hidden agenda  
So we fought with the best, now it's time for a rest as we say our last farewell

[Chorus]

Goodbye, we're calling it day, we're having it away, we're gonna say goodbye  
Goodbye, there's nothing left to say, we're getting in the way  
We're gonna say goodbye

For the holidays in Devon, for the spirit of seventy-seven  
For the laughs and the ligs and the drinks and the gigs  
And the making of the fuss  
For the friends who knew just where to find us  
For the mates who were always behind us  
When you're next in a pub or a bar or a club, have a drink on us

[Chorus]