

Cockney Rejects, War On The Terraces

GO!

It's a dark place over there
the seats, and the stands are bear,
but you remember not long ago, all the times that we battled there.
The sun, it shines right on the gutter
And you remember that he was there,
And you should know, right there in the fold, that you grabbed him by his hair.

War on the terraces
(War on the terraces!)
It was war on the terraces
(War on the terraces)

The local pub, it stands silent
And all of this town, will be soon
and you remember the pints we would sink
and sing "the fuzz is watching you"
The youth remember them wagons that took us straight down the nick
when we would sing back to them, don't it make you feel like a prick?

(CHORUS)

So you're looking up, at the terrace
and smile, yeah it breaks your face.
And to the younger generation, we'll be here to take your place!

(CHORUS)