

Deacon Blue, The Friends Of Billy Bear

Is there a wolf in the house
Or a scapegoat or a man who's never scared
Is there anyone that can show me a photograph
Is there a friend of Billy Bear

Because he's as tough as railings and built like a hill
His head's a gentle slope for the good to fall on
And all across the weekend he'll make you aware
That come Monday morning you're a friend of Billy Bear

Is there a woman indoors or a child in disguise
Or a dog that's not sized his boot soles
Is there a board that's never felt his terrible tread
Or a window never shook by Billy Bear

Is there a mother of a son not worried when he comes
Bursting through his clothes like a sunset
Or some poor forgotten burn whose life not overturned
By the freewheeling tow of Billy Bear

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