

Mull Historical Society, Clones

Home of the clones
I went walking on my own
Queen of the scene
I think I knew then what could be

A real high low
On the find I'll go
On the find I'll go
On the find I'll go

And a real high low
On the find I'll go
On the find I'll go
On the find I'll go

The clones are here on the side of the street
Turning inside out
The clones are here on the side of the street
And we, we don't belong
And we, don't understand

Queens on the streets
The early evening walks with me
I tried life on a whim
You play to lose you play to win

A real high low
On the find I'll go
On the find I'll go
On the find I'll go

And a real high low
On the find I'll go
On the find I'll go
On the find I'll go

The clones are here on the side of the street
Turning inside out
The clones are here on the side of the street
And we, we don't belong
And we, don't understand

The clones are free on the side of the street
Turning inside out
The clones are here on the side of the street
And we, we don't belong
And we, don't understand
And we, we don't belong
And the chance slips through our hands