

Street Dogs, Savin Hill

Savin Hill my starting point
Down the beach with a few beers
Didn't know what life had in for us
Starting out at St. Margarets
Up there on that lonely hill
I got my start in 1970
Moved on down to Motley school
Down to St. Willies from there
The catholic golden rule got hooks in me
Sister Robad, Ms. Coughlin, the teachers and their authority
I put my fists up to them at every turn

Savin Hill it was my start
Beginning of a lifetime
I still remember those days clearly
Cannot forget my roots
Or when it really started
Savin Hill down by the beach

Grades on to eight were nuts
Hi-jinx, stunts and pranks pulled out
Me and my cousin Bill, the terrible two
Danny, Joey, Robby, John, Saxon and Victoria
Many a long neck bottle cracked down there

Savin Hill it was my start
From the courts back to the park
The weekend time seemed so damn free
If you had my back, I took yours
Our obligatory creed
Savin Hill down by the beach

Do you remember the tennis courts?
The bungalow or Harpo's bench
Do you remember jumping that bridge?
The risks we took and our chances?
GO!

The later years brought on alcohol nights
Coupled with petty arguments and barroom fights
We never broke apart and we stood our ground
If a cohort was lost he was found
If things got hot, Dorchester stayed cool
No other townies came toward us fools
Savin Hill down by the beach
It's these memories I'll go preach
Savin Hill is where it all began