

# View, Don

Thinking of poems of poverty  
Sitting with a tight clenched wrist, thinking how to gain authority  
Oh what a soft touch of a boy  
He'd wander with pride to sell and keep visions to his self  
Visions to his self

We'd talk of treasures, and over-rated games  
We'd steal the milk bottles, sneaking through the back round Jimmy's way.  
What we loved most of all, was sitting round the shop, while this poor boy was sitting all alone,  
Sitting all alone

Pondering times of sanctuary  
He was sitting taking his piano lessons, we were on half an E  
Invested life in medicine, had so much shit going on.  
Convinced he'd never win. Convinced he was a sin.

We'd speak of women and cheaper carryouts

We'd turn up to all the festivals, trying to bring down the touts,  
What we love the most of all was sittin' at the shop, while this young boy was sittin' all alone,  
Sittin' all alone

We'd talk of treasures and overrated games  
We'd steal the milk bottles, sneaking through the back round Jimmy's way.  
What we loved most of all, was sitting at the shop, while this poor boy was sitting all alone,  
Sittin' all alone

He couldn't find none of his own kind, he didn't have none of his own kind  
You should take interest in his mind, not spend all of his time wastin all his money and time

What we loved most of all was hanging round the shop  
What we loved most was sitting round the shop  
What we loved most was standing at the Dryburgh shop,  
What we loved the most was hanging round the shop while he was all alone