

## View "5 Rebeccas"

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I love the dress sense and the colour of your hair  
The way you say that people who are working, they are  
aiming to be posh, my dear  
People flocked around you by the smokeys in our  
school  
Teacher's, they contained all their anger as you  
regularly broke their rules  
And everyone done the pill,  
but solvent abuse it can kill

The first taste of heaven there was splattered on your  
screen  
Floating with schemers and the part-time Halloweeners  
and the Lochee team  
And everyone done the pill,  
but solvent abuse can kill

5 Rebecca's, all of them are close to me  
One of them's a cock, and one of them does history  
One of them's my niece, and one lives close  
And the one I love the most has turned into a junkie

So under satisfied with minors at your age  
And something so deceiving when you find yourself  
conceiving on a holy day  
So unachievable with minors at your height,  
and something so deceiving when you find yourself  
conceiving on a Sunday night  
Everyone done the pill, but solvent abuse can kill

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One of them's a cock, and one of them does history  
One of them's my niece, and one lives close  
And the one I love the most has turned into a junkie  
Poor Miss. Rebecca, you'll be missed my girl  
Wasn't for the treasure you'd be rich my girl  
Saved your from the terrier and your so called friends,  
took a back seater but they killed it in the end though,  
You're sitting really cozy in your humble black cave  
It doesn't seem likely for a girl your age  
Us cupid little kids can never look back,  
when one of us is lying in a big brown bag

Oh oh oh  
Oh oh oh

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The way you say that people who are working  
I can tell you, that's a touch my dear

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