

View "The Don"

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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

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